A MEMOIR OF
DR. JAMES JACKSON

James Jackson Putnam

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A MEMOIR
OF
DR. JAMES JACKSON

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A MEMOIR

OF

DR. JAMES JACKSON

WITH SKETCHES OF HIS FATHER
HON. JONATHAN JACKSON, AND HIS BROTHERS
ROBERT, HENRY, CHARLES, AND PATRICK
TRACY JACKSON; AND SOME
ACCOUNT OF THEIR
ANCESTRY

BY

JAMES JACKSON PUTNAM, M. D.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1905

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Published November, 1905

DEDICATED TO

Elizabeth Cabot Putnam

OLDEST GRANDDAUGHTER OF DR. JAMES JACKSON;
THE CONSTANT COMPANION AND DEVOTED ALLY OF
"HER YOUNG PLAYFELLOW AND OLD GRANDPAPA"

MEMOIR OF DR. JAMES JACKSON

The following errors were noted by the author too late to be corrected in the text: —

Pages 9, 21, 69. Major-General Gookin was the great-grandfather of Dorothy Quincy and Hannah Gookin.

Page 30. Jonathan Jackson was a member of the Continental Congress for the first time in 1782. In the "Memorial History of Boston" (vol. iv, p. 155) he is said to have been a member of the Provincial Congress of 1775, but his name does not appear in the list of members.

Page 39. For Livingstone read Livingston; for Secretary of State read Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

Page 115. For Miss Pratt read the Misses Pratt.

Page 389. For Miss Louisa Higginson read Mrs. Louisa Higginson.

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In Nathaniel Ames's Almanack for 1769 is the following: "The old Slitting Mill, formerly owned by Mr. Jackson at Milton, which has been long out of repair, is now in good order, and will cut iron in a few days: those persons who will send iron to the Mill may have it cut for £6. 13s. 4d. per ton, which is £4. cheaper per ton than ever it was cut before. James Boies. The Paper Mill there is still in want of RAGS."

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Dr. Jackson tells in his "Reminiscences" that the unoccupied portion was selected for the use of General Washington during his visit to Newburyport. "The introduction here took place in the evening, and Mr. Jackson then requested the honor of the President's company at tea. It had been well settled that the President should not make any private visits, and when Mr. Jackson offered to conduct him across the passage, Washington expressed some surprise and seemed to feel as if he had been led into a private house by some undue influence. But the case was easily explained, and he crossed the passage with the same regard to etiquette which he always showed in small as in great things. The family well understood that this was not intended as an honor to them, but it was indeed a gratification to us children at least, that they passed the night under the same roof with the Father of his Country."

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Judge Jackson moved to Bedford Place in 1820, and lived there until his death. The sketch from which this cut is taken was made from an old photograph, now in possession of Justice O. W. Holmes. On account of the narrowness of the street, it was necessary to take the photograph in three parts, and of course from a point very much above the street. The irregular line of frontage thus given was straightened in the sketch. On the left of the picture is the Second Church of Boston, which was afterwards removed to Copley Square.

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After the death of Mr. Hubbard and his widow, the property came into the possession of Frederick Geyer, a Loyalist, and was therefore confiscated. In 1791 it was reconveyed to Mr. Geyer, who lived here till 1800, when it was bought from him by Mr. Gardner.

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Having been graduated from Harvard College at twenty years of age, he studied medicine for two years at the Harvard Medical School, where his father was still teaching, and then went abroad and placed himself mainly under the guidance of Louis, the leading investigator of his day. After two years he returned, the warm friend of his distinguished master and an accepted leader of medicine in America.

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PART ONE

DR. JACKSON'S ANCESTORS, FATHER, AND BROTHERS

A MEMOIR OF DR. JAMES JACKSON

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY

The Jacksons [1] were originally an English family, and the representatives of that branch from which James was descended were Christopher Jackson and Susan Johnson,[2] his wife, of London, whose two sons, John and Edward, came to this country — John in 1635, and Edward in 1643 — and established themselves in Cambridge, already a thriving settlement. Christopher Jackson was registered as a "nailor," but is said to have owned a fine estate in the east part of London. The parish records of St. Dunstan, Stepney, show that Susan Johnson and he were married from that parish, and that there also their children were baptized, Edward on February

[1] The following authorities have been consulted: State, county, court, town, and church records, at the City Registrar's office; Court House, Boston; East Cambridge Court House; Boston State House, etc.; Jackson's *History of Newton;* Paige's *History of Cambridge;* Savage's *Genealogy; The Warren, Jackson, and Allied Families, being the Ancestry of Jesse Warren and Betsey Jackson*, by Betsey Warren Davis, Philadelphia, 1903; *Life of Josiah Quincy*, by Edmund Quincy; *Lineage and Family Records of Alfred Wyman Hoar and his Wife, Josephine Jackson*, printed in Monticello, Minn., February, 1898.

[2] Christopher Jackson is said to have been twice married, and to have had five sons and ten daughters (see *Lineage of Hoar and Jackson Families*, by Alfred Wyman Hoar, Delano, Minn., 1898), but no record is preserved of those members of the family who remained in England.

3, 1605, and John about two years earlier. Edward Jackson had also been brought up as a "nailor." He came to New England a relatively prosperous man, and as the records show that he brought various specified parcels of "light money and plate" to the General Court, which were delivered and receipted for shortly after his arrival, he was probably already a person of consideration.

Edward Jackson was married in England to Frances ——, and they had eight children, the youngest of whom, Sebas, is thought to have been born during the voyage to America. Four of the English children died in infancy or youth. The three others accompanied their parents to these shores, and the youngest of these, Jonathan, was the ancestor of Dr. James Jackson and his brothers.

In 1649 Edward was married again, this time to Elizabeth, widow of Rev. John Oliver of Boston and daughter of John Newgate, also of Boston, a merchant, and a friend to Harvard College; they had four daughters and one son. Altogether, Edward Jackson had thirteen children and sixty grandchildren. John Jackson also had a goodly number of children, and it is interesting to note that his great-grandson, the son of Ephraim Williams and Elizabeth Jackson, was the founder of Williams College, while his brother, Thomas Williams of Hadley, seems to have been the only descendant of either brother who followed the profession of medicine, until we come to James Jackson, the subject of this memoir.

Shortly before the immigration of John and Edward, the Cambridge farmers, suffering from "straightness

for want of land," had petitioned the General Court for leave to remove or to expand, and had received large grants of land beyond the Charles, designated variously as the "south side of the river," or "Cambridge Village," or "New Cambridge," a great district comprising large parts of Brighton, Brookline, and Newton.

John Jackson was one of the first to avail himself of the chance to move into these new quarters, and is looked upon as the first permanent settler in that district, which in 1691 was formally designated as New Town or Newton, thus taking the name which the mother settlement had adopted at first, but had abandoned, in 1638, for that of Cambridge, chosen in honor of the ancient seat of learning in England, the intellectual parent of Harvard College.

Edward Jackson followed in his brother's footsteps, and very soon bought up the greater part of the few farms which were under cultivation in New Cambridge at the time of John's arrival, thus becoming the largest landowner of that portion of Cambridge. A little later this property was increased by the large share which was granted to him in 1756, at the division of the public lands apportioned to Cambridge by the General Court and divided among the original proprietors. Four hundred acres of this land lay in Billerica, the rest within the boundaries of Cambridge proper. The Billerica property was eventually bequeathed to Harvard College.

The largest piece of land in Newton which came into Edward's hands was bought by him of Governor Simon Bradstreet, who is said to have had it from Thomas Mayhew for six cows. It consisted of five hundred

acres, and extended westward, through what is now Newtonville, from near the present line of Newton and Brighton.

The original house stood near the Roxbury Road, and the site is opposite Bellevue Street as it comes down from Mt. Ida. It is now occupied by a house built about 1809, wherein lived until recently the descendants of Edward through his son Sebas, to whom he willed it.

The house in which he lived in his later years, and in which he died, he left to his wife and his son Edward, and it passed later into the hands of strangers. It was about three quarters of a mile east of the old house.

Edward Jackson was a man of fine character and generous instincts, reasonable, public-spirited, and deservedly popular, showing traits, in brief, similar to those which won for many of his descendants the affection and respect of the communities in which they lived.

In 1647, that is, within a few years of his first settlement in Cambridge, and when he was forty-five years old, he was chosen one of the two deputies to represent the town in the meetings of the General Court. John Winthrop was then governor, and the number of deputies from the whole Colony was twenty-nine. From that time on he was chosen each year until 1654, and again eleven times between 1656 and 1676, serving for the last time when he was seventy-five years of age. No other man represented the town so often, during this period, except the able and public-spirited Edward Collins, whose services were continuously in demand. Even when he was not a deputy, Edward Jackson was once or twice intrusted by the General Court with the

task of deciding boundary disputes between the towns near by, or arranging treaties of trade with the neighboring Indians. As deputy he was frequently appointed on important committees, and in company with men of prominence and ability. Thus, in 1648 he was one of a committee of ten to peruse the Articles of Confederation of the United Colonies; in 1650 one of three "to lay out bounds between Watertown and Sudbury," and one of two "to lay out the bounds of the new Village issuing out of Dedham" (Medfield). Two years later he was chosen to lay out the Indian plantation at Natick, and "to examine the accounts of Henry Dunstan in regard to the Glover children." In 1654 another pious duty was assigned to him, which rings strangely in our ears, that, namely, of "advising with some of the Elders in cases of blaspheming, etc., and to draw up some laws to present to the next Court."

But such tasks as these, taken together with their weightier duties, were evidently getting too numerous for the General Court to handle; for in 1653 Mr. Jackson was made one of an important committee of eleven "to consider how the charges of this Court may be lessened, more power given to the Inferior Courts," etc.

Toward the end of his long term of service, an event occurred by which the intelligence and prudence of the colonists were severely taxed, and Edward Jackson was one of the knot of men whose firmness and sagacity upheld for the time those rights which, a little later, were roughly overriden by the revocation of the charter and the nomination of Andros as representative of the Crown. For some time past rumors had been reaching

the ears of King Charles that the colonists of Massachusetts Bay had been remiss in the tokens of their allegiance, — particularly as regards the Navigation Act and in the matter of affording an asylum to the regicides, — and in 1664 five commissioners were dispatched, under the leadership of Colonel Richard Nicholls, partly to provide for the reduction to submission of the neighboring colony of the Dutch, partly to inquire into the affairs of his Majesty's provinces, and to reassert the royal authority.

The first intimation of the appointment of the commissioners called forth a long and vigorous protest from Governor Endicott and the deputies, who were quite ready to give proofs of personal loyalty to the Crown, but stood out stoutly for such rights of self-government as their charter had secured to them, and against the arbitrary jurisdiction of a parliament in whose deliberations they could have no voice. Fortunately, Colonel Nicholls was a man of good feeling, and through this and other more accidental causes the threatened danger was temporarily turned aside. Throughout the long controversy the towns held firmly by their local government, and Cambridge was the first to offer a petition of confidence, presented in person to the General Court by a deputation of citizens, with Edward Jackson at their head. The quaint language of the Records thus describes the picturesque occurrence : —

"19 Oct. 1664. The Court being mett together and informed that severall persons, inhabitants of Cambridge, were at the doore, and desiring liberty to make knowne theire errand, were called in, and Mr. Edward Jackson, Mr. Richard Jackson, Mr. Edward Oakes, and Deacon Ston coming before

the Courts, presented a petition from the inhabitants of Cambridge, wh^{ch} was subscribed by very many hands, in wh^{ch} they testified and declared their good content and sattisfaction they tooke and had in the present go$\tilde{u}^{ment}$, in church and comonwealth, with their resolution to be assisting to and encouraging the same, and humbly desiring all meanes might be used for the continuance and preservation thereof," etc., etc.

Mr. Jackson was not a deputy that year, but the next year, 1665, he was again chosen. The royal commissioners had by that time arrived, and several important committees were appointed, of two of which Edward Jackson was a member, to receive, consider, and report upon the papers which the commissioners had brought with them, and to confer with them in person upon specific issues. In the make-up of one of these committees, ties and friendships of great importance for the future generations of the Jackson family were foreshadowed; for Captain Daniel Gookin, another member, was the grandfather alike of Dorothy Quincy, who became the wife of a later Edward Jackson, Dr. Jackson's paternal grandfather, and of Hannah Gookin, who married Patrick Tracy, Dr. Jackson's grandfather on the mother's side. The measures advised by these committees were of controlling importance to the colony during the long and delicate negotiations.

It was due largely to John and Edward Jackson that the settlements of Newton and Cambridge were eventually separated into independent towns. The movement looking to this end was bitterly opposed for many years by the citizens of Cambridge, and the only concession gained during John's lifetime was the passage, in 1661,

of an order "that all who resided more than four miles from the meeting-house should be freed from contributing toward the ministry on the north side the river so long as the south side the river shall maintain an able ministry."

The desire for complete severance continued, however, to make itself felt, and finally, in 1679, four years after the death of John, a strong petition to the General Court, supposed to have been drawn up by Edward Jackson, and signed by him with fifty-one others, brought the wished-for result nearer to a successful issue, though the actual separation did not legally take place till several years more had passed. The petition was met by a vigorous remonstrance on the part of the selectmen of Cambridge, which contains a pleasant reference to Edward Jackson, the prime mover. Many of the petitioners, the selectmen urged, had come to Cambridge with empty purses, and having made a good thing of their removal to the new village, were in duty bound to make some return, in the form of gratitude and taxes, to the old town, which had helped them in the time of their necessity. "Yet," they said, "we would not be understood to include every particular person; for we acknowledge that Mr. Jackson brought a good estate to the town, as some others did, and hath not been wanting to the ministry or any good work among us; and therefore we would not reflect upon him in the least."

It is an interesting fact that although Edward Jackson strove to gain independence in ecclesiastical matters, and exemption from unnecessary taxation for his townsmen of Newton, yet he requested the privilege of

retaining his own membership in the church of Cambridge and contributing to its maintenance. As a part of his devotion to the affairs of Cambridge, he took an active interest in the welfare of Harvard College, both as representative to the General Court and as a private benefactor. He was a member of an important committee of inquiry whose proceedings are recorded in the records of the Colony, and his name occurs several times in the quaint old "College Books," as follows: —

"At a General Court held in Boston in the year 1642. Whereas through the good hands of God upon us there is a colledge in the County Middlesex called Harvard College. . . .

"For the furnishing the colledge with a library that might be of publick use to the students therein the Honorable Magistrates and Reverend Elders gave toward the same out of their own library to the vallue of two hundred pounds."

Then follows a list of personal subscriptions, including the following: —

"Mr. Edward Jackson gave toward the furnishing of the Colledge edifice nine pound."

Mr. John Newgate, the father of Mr. Jackson's second wife, was also among the college benefactors in these early days, and in 1650 he "gave an annuity to the colledge of five pound per annum forever, for the payment whereof his Farme at Rumbly Marsh stands bound."

In 1654 and 1655 both Edward Jackson and John Newgate are mentioned as contributing small sums toward the repairs on the college.

The public labors of Edward Jackson were not limited to those which he performed as representative for Cambridge in the General Court. His services were constantly in demand at home, as well, for the surveying of lands, the "ending of small causes," the laying out of highways and boundaries, serving in the councils of the church, and "catechising the youth" of Newton; and when the Apostle Eliot went out to preach as missionary to the Indians at Nonantum Hill, Mr. Jackson was frequently by his side,[1] to note down the questions and the answers.

[1] In 1646 John Eliot of Roxbury began preaching to the Indians at Nonantum (Newton), and in 1647–48 Rev. John Shepard of Cambridge writes: —

"There were this winter many other questions propounded which were writ down by Mr. Edward Jackson, one of our town, constantly present at these lectures, to take notes both of the questions made by the Indians and returned by Mr. Eliot to them. This man having sent me his notes, I shall send you a tast of them. . . . The man who sent me these and the like questions with their several answers in writing, concluded his letter with this story. 'Upon the 25th of April last (1648) I had some occasion to go to speak with Waban (an Indian Sachem) about Sun-Rising in the morning, and staying some half an hour's time, as I came back by one of the wigwams, the man was at prayer at which I was so much affected that I could not but stand under a Tree within hearing though I could not understand but little of his words, and consider that God was fulfilling his Word. . . . Also the present September, I have observed one of them to call his children to him from their gathering of Corne in the field, and to crave a blessing, with much affection, having but a homely dinner to eat. These things me thinkes should move bowels and awaken English Hearts to be thankful, it is no small part of Religion to awaken with God in family prayer (as it seems these doe it early) and to crave a blessing with affectionate hearts upon a homely dinner, perhaps parcht corne or Indian stalks. I wish the like hearts and wayes were seen in many English who professe themselves Christian.'" *Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll.*, series 3, vol. iv, pp. 46, 48.

Edward Johnson, in his "Wonder-Working Providence,"[1] speaks of Mr. Jackson as "one who cannot endure to see truths of Christ trampled under foot by the erroneous party." Altogether, he was a stout pillar of the Established Church, and it is not to be wondered at that one of the provisions of his quaint will gave "To my grandchildren and great-grandchildren, to the number of thirty-six, 10 shillings apiece, to buy them bibles." For this his executors were to sell his land at Brush Hill.

Edward Jackson died in 1681, aged about seventy-nine years, as is attested by the stone in the cemetery at Newton which marks his grave. The inventory of his estate covers five pages. The whole estate was valued at £2477.19. Among the other items in the will is the following: —

"I do give unto y^e^ Colledge at Cambridge Broughton's Chronology in a manuscript containing 22 sheets of parchment, requesting that the Reverend President and Fellows should promote the printing thereof." "Also I do give to y^e^ said Colledge a tract of Land at Billerica, being four hundred Acres granted to me by y^e^ Town of Cambridge as by their Town Book doth appear. Also such debts as my executors shall receive at any time from any debtor or debtors of mine in old England my will is y^e^ such debts shall be given to y^e^ said Colledge."

The tastes of Edward and the personal characteristics of most of the subjects of this memoir seem to have been for employments of a pacific sort, and such as to

[1] *Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll.*, series 2, vol. iv, p. 24.

fit them rather for civil than for military life.[1] Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to conclude that soldierly qualities were lacking among the family traits. In fact, thirty-eight Jacksons, all direct descendants from Edward, and all enlisting from the town of Newton, fought in the armies of the Revolution, while seven others served in the militia at different periods of the war. Newton was then a place of fourteen thousand inhabitants, and the Jackson contingent comprised about one seventh of the whole number of men that marched from that town. Eleven of the band consisted of the brave and spirited Colonel Michael Jackson with his five brothers and five sons. Four of the soldiers bore the name of Jonathan, and were cousins, by several removes, of the Jonathan who was the father of Dr. Jackson. This latter Jonathan was not a citizen of Newton, and did not enter the army during the Revolutionary War, though he was otherwise occupied in the public service. He did, however, take an active part in the suppression of Shays's Rebellion. It is also noteworthy that fourteen of his descendants were in active service in the army during the Civil War of 1861.

The fourth son of Edward Jackson and his English wife Frances (of family name unknown) was born in England about 1641, and received the name of Jonathan. He and his younger brother, Sebas, married sisters, Elizabeth and Sarah Baker, daughters of Thomas and Elizabeth Baker of Roxbury. Sebas remained in

[1] Even when a man of sixty, Edward Jackson had to pay eight shillings per annum to "ye Military company of Cambridge," in order to be "released from traynings." *Middlesex Court Records*, East Cambridge, vol. i, p. 298.

Newton, but Jonathan settled in Boston as a merchant, carrying on a trade of some sort with London, and keeping a store at home for the sale of his goods. In 1670 he was admitted as a member of the South Church, and in 1671 was made freeman of the Colony. He lived on the west side of Mackerel Lane (Kilby Street), not far from State Street, and therefore must have been burned out in the great fire of August 5, 1679. Nevertheless, it is recorded that his wife died in a house on this property in 1681. A century later, in 1783, this property on Mackerel Lane, which had then come into the possession of Jonathan's grandson, Edward Jackson, the grandfather of Dr. James Jackson, was sold for £700 to Edward Perkins. Jonathan's business ventures were perhaps unsuccessful, or he may have lost property through the fire. At any rate, in 1683 he found himself obliged, "being in necessity," to seek permission of the General Court to sell portions of the land in Cambridge and Newton, "which his late Honored father, Edward Jackson, gave him by his last will," and within the next few years he actually sold more than two hundred acres of this land, for an average price of one pound an acre. Little else of this Jonathan is known, beyond the fact that he died in Boston on August 28, 1693; but with his third son, who likewise bore the name of Jonathan, an interesting character comes onto the field, whose life seems much closer to our own.

This second Jonathan, the grandson of Mr. Jackson, Sr., as he is respectfully styled, and the great-grandfather of Dr. James Jackson, was born in Boston, De-

cember 28, 1672. He was a brazier by trade, but became a successful merchant and manufacturer, and died in 1736, leaving an estate valued at nearly £24,000. In 1700 he was married by Cotton Mather to Mary Salter of Boston, daughter of Jabez Salter, blacksmith, and they had seven children. Four of these died in infancy or early life, while the other three, Mary, Elizabeth, and Edward, lived, and were married in their turn: Mary to Thomas Hubbard, treasurer of Harvard College, and an eminent man of first-rate ability and character; Elizabeth to the Rev. John Webb, pastor of the New North Church on Hanover Street; Edward to Dorothy Quincy. The Hubbards owned and lived in the old Vassall House on Summer Street, near where the residence of Dr. Jackson and his brothers afterwards stood.

Jonathan Jackson was admitted to the South Church in July, 1703, but in January, 1717, he was transferred to the First Church, and of this he served as treasurer from 1732 to 1736, the year of his death. The executor's inventory of his property, drawn up in January, 1745, covers eighteen pages, and contains some interesting details.

In 1710 he bought of his wife's father a piece of land on Queen Street (now Court Street), and in 1722 an adjoining piece, the whole lying just west of the present old Court House, and established here his dwelling-house and warehouse. He also owned eventually several other pieces of land in Boston and considerable tracts in Hebron, Braintree, Norwich, and Milton. His shop was on the site of (the present) Washington Street, near Dock Square.

Mr. Jackson was not only prosperous, but public-spirited and respected. He served as one of the tithingmen from 1717 to 1722, and held, with six others, the responsible office of Overseer of the Poor from 1726 to 1733. The Almshouse then stood at the corner of Park and Beacon streets, while the "Granary" occupied about the position of Park Street Church, with the South (now "Granary") Burying-Place adjoining it on the east. In this burying-place Mr. Jackson was given permission to build a tomb.

It was then the custom for the city officials to make, from time to time, "walks or visitations" of inspection through the town, and on February 10, 1735, Mr. Jackson was appointed one of six to visit one of the city wards, in this fashion.

In 1726 this energetic grandson of Edward Jackson, Sr., bethinking himself, perchance, of his nail-making ancestors, bought a mill with water-power rights in Pembroke,[1] proposing to set up a nail factory, which would have been the first one of its kind in the Province. Believing his enterprise to be of public importance, he petitioned the General Court for aid in its prosecution, and in a memorial[2] presented by him on

[1] *Registry of Deeds*, Plymouth, Book 21.

[2] *Court Records*, Boston State House, January 9, 1727–28. The first paragraph of this memorial runs as follows: "Tuesday, January 9, 1727–8. A Memorial of Jonathan Jackson of Boston, Brazier, showing that he hath undertaken to build a Slitting Mill in Pembroke, for the slitting of iron in order to the making of nails for the supply of the Inhabitants of this Province which will be of great benefit if it succeeds, by preventing the Importation of that commodity. And for as much as it is the first projection of this kind that hath been undertaken in this Province, and will be very expensive, Therefore praying a Premium for a certain term

January 9, 1728, set forth the merits of his scheme. He asked for a premium of from one shilling and twopence to one shilling and tenpence a thousand for his nails, promising at the same time to manufacture as much as ten tons the first year, and twenty tons by the seventh year, "of good merchantable nails," etc.

A resolve embodying this request was passed by the House of Representatives, and first concurred in, but finally non-concurred in by the council. The same adverse reception at the hands of the council met a subsequent resolve, which, like the other, passed the lower house, to lend Mr. Jackson £10,000 on security, to be repaid in seven and a half years, and also an act, introduced a few months later, "to encourage the erection of Slitting Mills within this Province." As the General Court at that day held the only purse from which money could be borrowed in large sums, the Pembroke scheme came to an end. Not so, however, the energy of the enterprising manufacturer. In the very next year, 1728, he bought, for £2350, several adjoining pieces of land, amounting to about fifty acres, in Dorchester and Milton, with mill-dams and water-rights on the Neponset River, by which then, as now, the two districts were divided, together with certain dwelling-houses, cider-mills, grist-mills, and fulling-mills, and proceeded to erect a slitting-mill and to make his nails. Three years later he took his son Edward into partnership, making over to him one-third interest in the property, and

of years, for every Tun which he shall cause to be slit at the aforesaid Mill, the better to enable him to carry on the said design, for the public good, as well as for his private interest," etc.

OLD JACKSON HOUSE AT MATTAPAN

probably then set up another mill. The Massachusetts Archives of 1761 contain an interesting statement, bearing on this enterprise. The statement avers "that the Bridge was made and used, 50, 60, or 70 years before the year 1734, and the old Slitting Mills at the Bridge were erected about the year 1732, and were then of great public advantage to the country. And many of the inhabitants of the neighboring towns had reason to frequent that road on account of the mills. These Mills stood about ten or twelve years, were then burnt and never rebuilt again." Jonathan Jackson had then been dead for some years (since 1736), and Edward's interests lay mainly elsewhere. The old "Hollingsworth house," on Blue Hill Avenue near the Mattapan railroad station, and close to the Neponset River, marked the site of this old property, and is believed to have been built and occupied by Jonathan Jackson. Within the past year (December, 1904) the venerable house was sold for the last time, and has been demolished. It was therefore a grateful task on the part of a lady who had spent her life in that neighborhood, and was a lover of the honorable history of old Milton,[1] to narrate the story of the place and of its various noted occupants.

It appears that, after the death of Edward Jackson, in 1757, and of his mother, Madam Jackson, who survived him some few years, the property was sold, in 1764, by the executors of Edward Jackson's will, to James Boies. Mr. Boies made over the Jackson house, in 1771, to Hugh McLean, who died in 1800. His son, John McLean, became a prosperous merchant, and

[1] Miss Mary H. Hinckley, in the Milton *Record*, December 3, 1904.

married Ann Amory of Boston, thus coming into connection with the Lowell family, with whose history the interests of the Jacksons of two later generations had already become closely blended. John McLean lived mainly in Boston, but passed portions of his summers with his mother, at the Milton house. He was a generous and honorable man, and not only did he, a few years after a business failure, pay his creditors all he owed them, — inviting them to dinner and placing a check for principal and interest under the plate of each,[1] — but he bequeathed to the Massachusetts General Hospital more than $100,000.[2] He thus handsomely furthered the professional success of Dr. James Jackson and the Harvard Medical School, as well as the good health of the community in which he had lived.

It is also of interest, in connection with Dr. Jackson's relation to vaccination, that Mr. Gourgas of Milton, who was the chief leader of the important vaccination movement in that town, lived in the Jackson house during the period of his activity.

In 1824 the trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, into whose hands (as the residuary legatees of John McLean) the old Jackson house had passed, conveyed it to Mark Hollingsworth, already for some years its occupant. In possession of this family it remained until, in 1899, it was bought by the Metropolitan Park Commission, by whose order it has recently been sold and taken down.

[1] See Miss Hinckley, *loc. cit.*, for this and other facts here recorded.

[2] Mr. McLean's name was given to the Hospital for the Insane, now at Waverley.

Jonathan Jackson, like every one at that period who could afford the luxury, kept one or two negro slaves. They are mentioned in the inventory of his estate, with valuations attached to each. Fortunately, the times were soon to change, and the next Jonathan Jackson was to be found rejoicing at the fact that in the first census of the new republic slavery no longer existed in the district of Massachusetts.

Edward Jackson,[1] the only surviving son of Jonathan and the grandfather of Dr. James Jackson, was born at Boston on February 26, 1708, and died in the same town in June, 1757, when his son Jonathan, Dr. Jackson's father, was but fourteen years of age. He was graduated at Harvard College, the second of his name, in 1726, and established himself in Boston, like his father, as a merchant, nominally "a brazier." On December 7, 1738, he was married by the Rev. John Webb (his brother-in-law) to Dorothy Quincy, daughter of Hon. Edmund and Dorothy (Flynt) Quincy of Braintree, and niece of Josiah Quincy. This marriage brought to the children of Dorothy and Edward a new strain of noble qualities. Besides the able and prominent ancestors of her own name and that of her mother, Dorothy Quincy was a granddaughter of the eminent and patriotic Major-General Daniel Gookin of Cambridge (a contemporary of Edward Jackson, Sr), who was an important character in the history of his time, and took a prominent part in the events growing out of the visit of the royal commissioners, already referred to in these pages.

[1] A son had been born the year before, who was also called Edward, but who died in infancy, before the birth of his brother.

Edward Jackson became a member of the First Church, and was elected as one of the "Committee of Seaters" (later called Standing Committee) every year from 1643 until his death. So far as is known, he continued to live in his father's house on Queen Street (Court Street), and in the inventory of his estate, which covers eighteen pages, the contents of each room are noted down. The whole value of his property is given as £16921.03.4, the real estate embracing several pieces of land in Boston, the land and buildings at Milton, and farms or lands in Braintree, Gloucester, Hampshire, and Pegnoag.

Like his father, he held town offices in Boston, that of constable in 1734–35, and grain purchaser for the Granary in 1739–40 and 1740–41.

On "14 Feb. 1753–54, A General Walk or Visitation of the Town is agreed upon, to be attended on Friday the 16th inst. at 9 o'clock in the morning if the weather be fine, if not the following Monday. And it is agreed to meet at Faneuil Hall at 5 in the evening to report on the State of the Town. Ward 10. Edward Jackson one of 7."

Besides carrying on the slitting-mills at Milton, Edward Jackson bought, in 1735, a large amount of land in Bellingham, Wrentham, and Medway, with water-rights on the Charles River, together with "mines, Iron ore, and Minerals," etc., etc., for "erecting a Furnace and iron works." What came of this enterprise is not clear. For some years, also, he was engaged in commerce and shipbuilding, in Boston, in partnership with his brothers-in-law, Edmund and Josiah Quincy; and the "Life of Josiah Quincy," by his son, Edmund Quincy, contains

DOROTHY QUINCY

(*Mrs. Edward Jackson*)

the following interesting story of an adventure which greatly augmented their prosperity: —

"In 1748 the partners owned a ship named the Bethell, which had been on a voyage to the Mediterranean. At that time England was engaged in the war with France and Spain which the Colonists distinguished as King George's War, and the Spanish privateers were the especial dread of English commerce. By way of precaution, the Bethell had taken out a letter of marque, and was armed, though six of her twenty guns appear to have been of the Quaker persuasion. Not long after issuing from the Straits into the Atlantic, she fell in, just at nightfall, with a ship of greatly superior force, under Spanish colors. Escape was impossible; so, instead of attempting it, she bore down upon the Spaniard, and peremptorially summoned her to surrender. The captain, by way of putting as good a face upon the matter as possible, made the best display he could of lanterns in the rigging, and had all the spare coats and hats which the sailors' chests contained picturesquely disposed, so as to make the enemy believe that his ship was full of men. The Spanish captain, after some demur and parley, taking the Bethell for an English sloop-of-war, struck his colors, and gave up his ship without firing a gun. His rage and that of his crew, on discovering the stratagem to which they had fallen victims, was infinite, but unavailing. The gallant captain of the Bethell, Isaac Freeman, whose name certainly deserves to be preserved, says, in his letter to his owners: 'At Daylight we had the last of the Prisoners secured, who were ready to hang themselves for submitting, when they saw our Strength, having only fourteen Guns, besides six wooden ones; and you may easily imagine we had Care and Trouble enough with them till they were landed at Fyal.' The Jesus Maria and Joseph was a 'register ship,' bound from Havana to Cadiz, with one hundred and ten men and twenty-six guns; while the Bethell had but thirty-

seven men and fourteen guns. Her cargo 'consisted of one hundred and sixty-one chests of silver and two of gold, registered,' besides cochineal and other valuable commodities. The prize was brought safely into Boston, duly condemned, and the proceeds distributed. My great-aunt, Mrs. Hannah Storer, Mr. Quincy's daughter, who died in 1826, at ninety, used to describe the sensation this event caused in Boston; and how the chests of doubloons and dollars were escorted through the streets, by sailors armed with pistols and cutlasses, to her father's house, at the corner of what is now Central Court and Washington Street, where they were deposited in the wine cellar, and guard mounted over them by day and night while they remained there."

In 1755 Edward Jackson bought the Edmund Quincy estate; but two years later he died, and the estate was sold by his executors to Robert Williams.

Dorothy (Quincy) Jackson died in 1762, and the next year her executor, Oliver Wendell, drew up the following list of her possessions: —

INVENTORY, MAY 20, 1763

Suff. Probate Rec. Lib. 62. Fol. 107

Wearing Apparell	£107.11.4
Coffee-pot silver	12.12.4½
Sugar dish	7.12.4
Teapot, 2 plates, 1 Salver, 4 Porringers, 8 large spoons, 6 Tea spoons	32.18.1
A silver Tweeser case	1.10.0
A pearl snuff box	6.0
3 pair Buckles	1.12.0
1 pr Stay Hooks, 10/ Gold Thimble 8/	18.0
1 silver thimble 1/8. and a pair of sleeve buttons sett in gold 10/	11.8

A gold necklace, 4 gold rings	6.18.2
1 gold ring with a seal	1.11.1
A pair stone earrings sett in gold	16.0
1 pair pendant earrings	1.16.0
1 pair purple earrings 2/ Corrall and amber beed 1/4	3.4
A number of books	3.19.5
A negro man named Portsmouth	53.6.8
A negro boy named Andrew	40.00.0
A chaise £10 A horse £7	17.00.0
An India Japanned table	1.10.0
A Petrified Rice Salver 12/ Travelling trunk 6/	18.0
	£293.10.5½

A quarter part of a thousand acres of land near Stockbridge in the County of Berkshire " £125.00.00

Edward and Dorothy Jackson had two children, Jonathan, the father of Dr. James Jackson, and Mary, who became the wife of Oliver Wendell. Dr. O. W. Holmes was the grandson of this latter couple, and thus in marrying Amelia, the daughter of Judge Charles Jackson, he renewed the blood relationship of a previous generation.

CHAPTER II

JONATHAN JACKSON

JONATHAN JACKSON, father of Dr. James Jackson, was the only son of Edward Jackson and Dorothy Quincy.

Dr. Jackson says that his father regarded Boston as his home, and lived there until he left college, but that he spoke often of long visits, during his boyhood and afterwards, to the residence of his uncle, Josiah Quincy, whom he looked on as his best friend and counselor, after his father's death in 1754, and from whom he always sought and obtained sound advice. "To the hospitable house of this uncle . . . now standing in the town of Quincy, . . . my father always looked back with the strongest associations of love and gratitude."

The materials for a life of Jonathan Jackson, although not extensive, are sufficient to give a consistent and fairly adequate impression of his character, disposition, and career. Most of the facts relating to his public life have indeed been utilized in the excellent sketch written by his grandson, Mr. Henry Lee, for the "Memorial History of Boston;"[1] but besides these there are a number of unpublished private letters from Mr. Jackson to his son Henry, and others, mostly published, to John Adams. Notice has also been taken of a lengthy and little known address on a variety of political sub-

[1] Vol. iv, p. 154.

Jon^a Jackson

jects, published soon after the Revolutionary War; of the Town Records of Newburyport, and of a number of contemporary estimates, as well as of a brief biographical sketch by his son, Dr. James Jackson, written when he himself was more than eighty years of age. Although not intended for general circulation, this sketch was printed and placed in the library of Newburyport, together with similar reminiscences of Dr. Jackson's brothers and of himself, and has been utilized so far as practicable in the preparation of the following account.

The impression which one gets of Mr. Jackson from these various sources of information is that of a man of transparent, straightforward character; ardent, loyal, care-taking, and devoted; judicial and conservative in temperament; eminently fair minded; not remarkably talented or studious, but disposed, in the face of present needs, to make the most of his powers for the welfare of the public and of his friends; a lover of law and order, and consequently a warm supporter of the builders of the federal Constitution, and of the government of Washington and Hamilton.

Throughout his life, his personal friends and associates were among the best and ablest people in Essex County and the State. In 1761 he was graduated from Harvard College in company with a number of men who afterwards gained distinction.

Jonathan Jackson's youth was passed in Boston, presumably in the Queen Street (Court Street) house, which must have stood near where Dr. Jackson afterwards had his office; but shortly after his graduation, his own

parents having died, he came to Newburyport to be near his friend John Lowell, and thenceforward identified himself with the fortune of that town, serving, year after year, on committees appointed to consider matters of importance, — the public schools, questions of representation in the General Court, of raising recruits for the army, of the education of girls, of the problem of the Embargo. He was elected several times as representative or senator to the General Court, and also as representative to Congress.

The New England seaport towns of this period were highly prosperous, and the social customs were luxurious and gay.[1] A nominal slavery still existed, and lent a picturesqueness to a life which was easy for all classes. The black servant still stood behind his master's chair, and black footmen and coachmen in livery attended his carriage when he drove. The older families in Newburyport, of which Mr. Jackson was counted as one, occupied the beautiful row of houses that crested the

[1] The *Reminiscences of a Nonagenarian*, by Sarah Anna Emery, though actually referring to a later period, give nevertheless a good notion of Newburyport in the days of its prosperity. Her description of the New First Church of Newburyport (successor to the Third Church of Newbury), of which Mr. Lowell was in his day the minister, and after him the Rev. Thomas Cary, is especially interesting. The organ was then a novelty, and its introduction was looked upon with much suspicion. Among the parishioners, who represented a good share of the "best society," were the Tracys, Parsonses, Fraisers, Carters, Davenports, Crosses, Hodges, Wigglesworths, Marquands, Moodys, Greeleys, Grays, Baldestones, Johnsons, Noyeses, Toppans, Coffins, Jenkinses, and Bromfields.

The recent *Diary of John Quincy Adams*, written while he was a law student in the office of Theophilus Parsons, and the *Life of Justice Parsons*, by his son, the Hon. Theophilus Parsons, also supply descriptions that serve to complete the picture given by the more formal histories of the place.

upper portions of the hill, while the busy merchants whose fortunes were in the making lived on the lower streets of the town, near the wharves where their cargoes were landed. Among these was Mr. William Bartlett, to whom, at a later day, Patrick Jackson, the fifth son of Jonathan, became apprenticed. There was a tinge of formality in the social life which reflected the customs of the mother country. Even in the Jackson family, although the intercourse between its members was in reality free and unconstrained, there was an infusion of ceremoniousness which made a real impression upon the habits of the children. Dr. Jackson used to say that he remembered that each one of the children, on entering the breakfast-room, was expected to greet the company with a "Duty to father and mother and love to brothers and sisters;" and in fact a tendency to stately formality, and a certain courtly courtesy of manner, which remained among his traits through life, had its roots, no doubt, in the aristocratic customs of colonial New England.

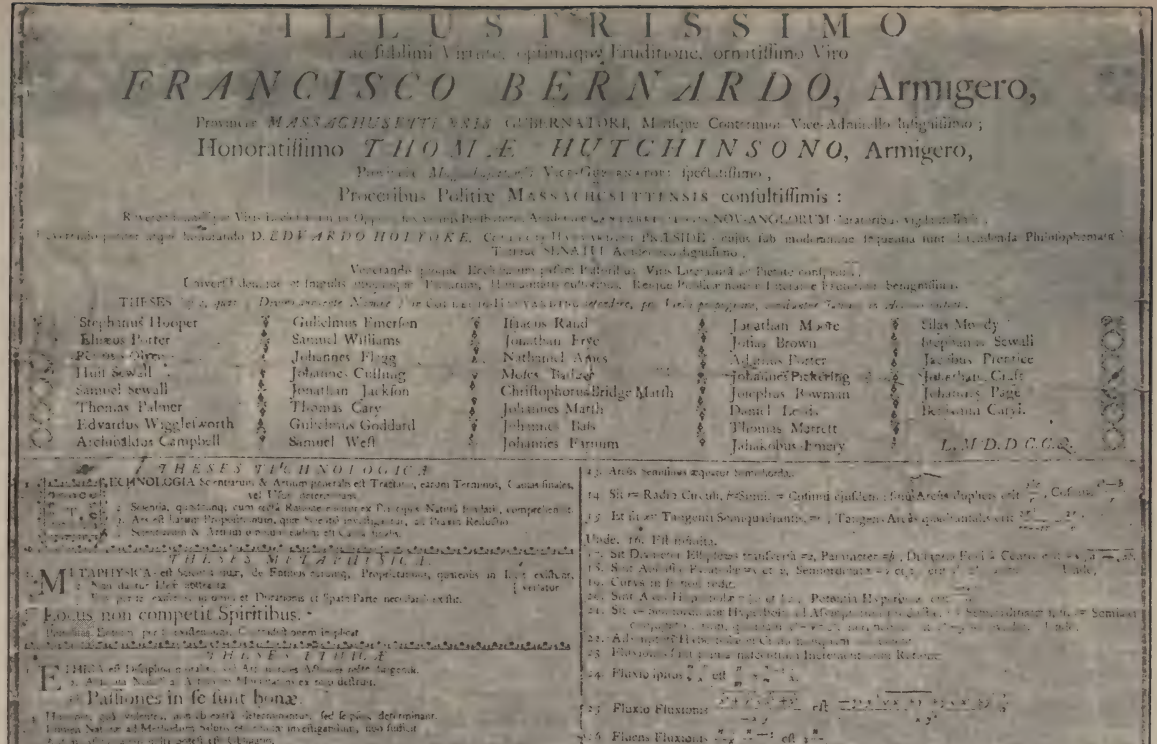
In this smooth and pleasant life Jonathan Jackson passed the days of his early manhood, looked upon as a leader in social assemblies, and gaining friends and well-wishers by his amiability and his "refined and polished manners." He was fond of good form, and his son James remembered him as careful of his dress and as a "slave to his black barber," and says he long continued to wear the "coat of deep blue color, with gilt buttons, and the handsome waistcoat with broad stripes," which he had on when the likeness here given was first painted.[1] He also states that his father had inherited a

[1] Mr. Henry Lee states that five portraits of Mr. Jackson are extant,

property of twenty thousand guineas, and that before the breaking out of the war his business ventures had turned out so successfully that he could count himself a very wealthy man. Then came the rough furrow of the Revolution, with its demand for courage, sacrifice, and forbearance, and Mr. Jackson showed himself a fit associate of the men whose wisdom and labor were to found a new republic. In 1775 he was chosen to represent his district in the first Continental Congress, and from then on he devoted himself to the support of the government and to the success of the new cause, working on local committees of the public safety, and contributing money for the public needs.

In laying the new foundations for a stable government in Massachusetts, which began early in the war and culminated in the adoption of the Constitution of 1780, he took an active part. The need of a new constitution, to replace the charter, had been urged upon the States by the federal government from the very moment of the outbreak, but the principles which were embodied in the first draft of such an instrument for Massachusetts, as agreed upon by the General Court and offered to the people early in 1778, were not satisfactory to the conservative and able group of Essex gentlemen, recognized later as the nucleus of the Federalist party, and without delay a meeting was called at Newburyport, which adjourned to meet again a few weeks later at Ipswich, this time with representatives from many of the Essex towns.

two of them being by Copley. The copy here reproduced is from one of these, the original, which was painted in London in 1784, being now in the possession of Mrs. James Jackson of Boston.



ILLUSTRISSIMO

ac sublimi Virtute, optimaque Eruditione, ornatissimo Viro

FRANCISCO BERNARDO, Armigero,

Provinciæ MASSACHUSETTI VSUS GUBERNATORI, Magistratuque Conterminis Vice-Admirallo Dignissimo;

Honoratissimo THOMÆ HUTCHINSONO, Armigero,

Provinciæ M[illegible] Vice-Gubernatore spectatissimo,

Proceribus Politiæ MASSACHUSETTENSIS consultissimis:

Reverendis [illegible] Viris Facultatis [illegible] Oppidanis [illegible] Academiæ [illegible] STABILIMENTUM NOVANGLORUM [illegible] vigilantissimis,

Præceptore patrono atque benefactore D. EDVARDO HOLYOKE, [illegible] Præside; cujus sub moderamine [illegible] Philosophiæ Tentat SENATUI Academico dignissimo,

Venerandis quoque Ecclesiarum gallicæ Pastoribus, Viris Literatissimis ac Patriæ confultissimis,

Universi denique et singulis magnique Terrarum, Hominumque cultoribus, Reique Publicæ nostræ Literariæ Fautoribus benignissimis,

THESES [illegible] Dissertationis Mensem [illegible] Gratulationis, [illegible]

Stephanus Hooper	Gulielmus Emerson	Hiacus Rand	Jonathan Moore	Silas Moody
Elisæus Potter	Samuel Williams	Jonathan Frye	Julius Brown	Benjamin Sewall
Phineas Pierce	Johannes Flagg	Nathaniel Ames	Adamus Porter	Jacobus Prentice
Hull Sewall	Johannes Cushing	Moses Parker	Johannes Pickering	Jonathan Craft
Samuel Sewall	Jonathan Jackson	Christophorus Bridge Marth	Josephus Bowman	Johannes Page
Thomas Palmer	Thomas Cary	Johannes Marth	Daniel Lewis	Bernardus Capel
Edvardus Wigglesworth	Gulielmus Goddard	Johannes Bass	Thomas Marrett	
Archibaldus Campbell	Samuel West	Johannes Farnum	Johannes Emery	

L. M. D. C. C. [illegible]

THESES TECHNOLOGICÆ

1. Technologia est [illegible]
2. Technologia [illegible] vel Usus determinatus.
3. Scientia, quæ tum nulla Ratione exempta ex Fine cujus Naturâ [illegible] comprehenditur.
4. Ars est Finis Propositum, quæ Scientiæ inveniuntur, ad Finem Redactum.
5. Scientiarum & Artium omnium [illegible] est Cognitio.

THESES METAPHYSICÆ

1. METAPHYSICA est Scientia [illegible], de Ente [illegible], Proprietatibus, quatenus in Ente existunt, [illegible] Ente Creatore.
2. Ens [illegible] Deo [illegible]
3. Ens [illegible] existit in [illegible] et Divisione et Spatii Parte necessario existit.
4. Locus non competit Spiritibus.
5. [illegible] Entium per se existentium, Connexionem implicat.

THESES ETHICÆ

1. ETHICA est Disciplina [illegible] est Ars [illegible] Actiones [illegible] tangendi.
2. Actiones Naturales & Actiones Moriales ex eodem desiderio.
3. Passiones in se sunt bonæ.
4. [illegible] quod voluntas, non ab extra determinantur, sed seipsa determinant.
5. Homines Natura ad Mutuum Solatium [illegible] invicem investigandum, non fortuito [illegible]
6. [illegible] Anima humana semper cogitat.

13. Arcus Semilimes æquatur Semichordæ.
14. Sit r= Radius Circuli, s=Sinus, c= Cosinus ejusdem. Sinus Arcûs duplicis est [illegible], Cosinus [illegible]
15. Et sit t= Tangenti Semiquadrantis, [illegible], Tangens Arcûs quadrantalis erit [illegible]

Unde, 16. Fit infinita.

17. Sit Diameter Ellipseos transversa =a, Parameter =b, Distantia Foci à Centro [illegible]
18. Sint Axes duo Parabolæ de [illegible] et z, Semiordinatæ [illegible] Unde,
19. Curvæ in se mutuo rectæ.
20. Sint Axes Hyperbolæ [illegible], Potentia Hyperbolæ [illegible]
21. Sit c= Semicurvæ, seu Hyperbolæ, [illegible] Semichordæ [illegible]
22. Adjunctæ Hyperbolæ [illegible]
23. Hyperbolæ [illegible]
24. Fluxio ipsius [illegible] est [illegible]
25. Fluxio Fluxionis [illegible]
26. Fluens Fluxionis [illegible]
27. Finiti Maximi vel Minimi est aut Nihil aut infinita.

JONATHAN JACKSON'S COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMME

Five delegates were chosen from Newburyport, — Theophilus Parsons, who was one of the leading spirits of the enterprise, Tristram Dalton, Jonathan Greenleaf, Jonathan Jackson, and Stephen Goss. The outcome of this gathering was the "Essex Result," a document both critical and constructive, which has ever been considered to embody a remarkable series of sound political principles. Hon. James Savage, a thorough student of constitutional history, delivered in 1832 an interesting address upon this movement, from which the following extract is taken.

After speaking of the rejection of the Constitution proposed in 1778, he says: —

"Yet the demerit of this plan would not, I believe, have been so generally perceived, had not the trained sagacity which detected and denounced the injustice of the scheme of representation in the Act of August, 1775, been again called into exercise. A convention of delegates from the towns of Salem, Danvers, Wenham, Manchester, Gloucester, Ipswich, Newburyport, Salisbury, Methuen, Boxford, and Topsfield was early holden; and, after debate, at an adjournment on the 29th of April, they adopted a series of eighteen resolutions, each containing a brief exposition of the grounds of objection. They then appointed a committee to 'attempt the ascertaining of the true principles of government' applicable to this Commonwealth, 'to state the non-conformity of the constitution proposed, to these principles, and to delineate the general outline of a constitution conformable thereto.' At an adjournment on the 12th of May the committee reported. To this report then accepted, together with the resolutions adopted, is usually given the honored name of the 'Essex Result;' and I am unable to refrain from calling it the most admirable condensation of political wisdom that our country, or perhaps any coun-

try, in so small a compass, has ever produced. No man should feel himself authorized to speak definitely of our present constitution, as a whole, without maturely considering this broad foundation of it, laid nearly two years before the superstructure was attempted. Gladly would I persuade myself, gentlemen, that no essential amendment to our great charter will ever be urged by the leading minds of our country, without recurrence to its pages for illumination."

This step was followed in the next year, September, 1779, by the calling of a convention at Cambridge, to frame a state constitution. To this end a committee of twenty-six members was selected from among the representatives of the different counties, in the proportion of one to three from each. James Bowdoin, John Adams, and John Lowell stood for Suffolk County, Theophilus Parsons, Jonathan Jackson, and Samuel Phillips, Jr., for Essex. The main credit for the finished work, remarkable for its soundness and completeness, is usually accorded to John Adams, but such records of the convention as have been preserved show that Jonathan Jackson was a member of several important and working committees. It is interesting to note that, forty years later, Jonathan Jackson's son Charles, then associate justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, was called upon to aid in making the first revision of this constitution which his father had thus assisted to frame.

The leaders in the party which was then coming rapidly into prominence[1] were largely from Essex County, and formed a circle of personal friends, of whom Mr.

[1] See, especially, the *Memoir of Chief Justice Parsons*, by his son, Hon. Theophilus Parsons.

Jackson was one. Their activity won for them the designation of the "Essex Junto," and the following letter to the editor of the "Columbian Centinel,"[1] though published at a much later date, may serve to indicate the composition of this little group, and their standing with the rest of their party and in the State.

THE ESSEX JUNTO

MR. RUSSELL.

. . . To understand this subject rightly, it would be proper that we should define *our terms*, and as *the phrase* in question is of *Jacobin growth* and manufacture, it is but just that we should resort to them for explanations.

Some gentlemen in the county of *Essex*, having rendered themselves in some degree conspicuous during the Revolutionary War, and having, in a County Convention, first suggested and proposed a form of Constitution for the State, the jealousy and envy of some other men, who esteemed themselves greater politicians, was violently excited. When the contest came on between the late Governors Hancock and Bowdoin, it was found that the County of Essex generally preferred the administration of the latter. And when the turbulence of those disastrous times terminated in an *open insurrection*, the same *spirited gentlemen* of Essex, in common with many others of their fellow citizens in every *County*, made great exertions to quell that insurrection and put a period to the progress of anarchy and *mad misrule*. This was a sin not to be forgiven by Jacobinic souls — and these gentlemen were accordingly abused, vilified, and calumniated. At that period, in the papers of Edes, Adams and Nourse, originated the phrase, so potent in later times, of *Essex Junto*, in other words, "Friends of order, and suppressors of Insurrections."

As the gentlemen, who are charged in the Jacobin papers of

[1] *Columbian Centinel*, July 2, 1800.

composing that *Junto* — though it is well-known no such combination or association ever existed — have been the objects of Jacobin persecution, and calumny, and as some *one* or *two* Federalists have lately undertaken to join the hue and cry, it may not be uninteresting to the public, to examine the public and private character of those men who are charged with composing this "*tremendous association.*"

Theophilus Parsons, Esq., in point of talents, may perhaps be considered as the most prominent character. . . . This gentleman, the son of a clergyman in the county of *Essex*, was bred to the bar. . . . With powers of discrimination unequalled, with an argumentative and fertile mind, with a most retentive memory, and wonderful habits of application, it is not extraordinary that he has attained what no man will presume to deny him, the first reputation in his profession. . . . In private life, in his domestic and social connections his morals have been exemplary and his character unimpeachable. . . . As a *public* character, we are indebted to him for a considerable portion of the correctness and purity of the State Constitution, and as much as to any *one man*, for the adoption of the Federal Constitution. . . . If he preferred Mr. Bowdoin to Mr. Hancock, or if in any of his opinions he differs from any violent Jacobins or trimming Federalists, he can say what many of his calumniators cannot, "I have never derived any pecuniary or honorary benefits from my political principles, I have neither sought office or begged employment, — I have no object but the protection of my property, my person, and the future welfare of my children, and surely for the best means of attaining these objects I may be allowed to form my own opinion."

Jonathan Jackson, Esq., has been coupled with some of his friends in this *pretended* society. Mr. Jackson was originally from *Boston*, though he resided in the county of Essex during the most active part of his life. He was a commercial man by profession, and an honor and ornament to that useful and

honorable class of men. In private life he has shone with uncommon luster; considered in every domestic and social relation, few men have acquitted themselves with more reputation. In his manner polished and refined. In his notions of honor, delicate and punctilious. In his understanding strong and clear. In his acquirements profound. Rather overzealous in the beginning of our revolutionary war, from that high spirit of independence which spurns aggression, by the force of his own mind, he gradually abated to the standard of rational patriotism. Distinguished by feats in the State Legislature, and in the Congress of the *United States*, during the most critical and trying period of the war, he laid the foundation for Jacobinic hatred by his spirited resistance of Gallic intrigue. In later times, he was peculiarly and personally active in the family of Gen. Lincoln, at the suppression of the western Insurrection. As a Marshall and a Supervisor, of this State, he has demonstrated the integrity, fidelity, and ability of his character, and I am authorized in saying that no public officer in the fiscal department stands higher with the head of the Treasury.

John Lowell, Esq., District Judge, has also been aspersed as one of this "*conjurea phantom*." So exemplary and so well known is the private character of this gentleman, that it will be unnecessary to enter into details. The tongue of party malice, moved by even the lying spirit of Jacobinism, has never ventured to assail his private reputation. His talents have commanded him the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens. Possessed of a sound and correct judgment, an intuitive and rapid perception, a lively fancy and a correct and chaste taste, his eloquence was impassioned, impressive and influential. Beneficent and amiable in his feelings and mild in his manners, even his political enemies have given him the credit of candor and liberality. In public life his success has been correspondent to his merit. Introduced into the State Legislature in the first year of the war, he continued in

that station until he was chosen member of Congress in 1781, where he continued until he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals, in which office he remained until the dissolution of that Court. After which he represented the county of *Suffolk* for many years in the Senate of this State. After the adoption of the Federal Constitution he was appointed to the office which he now fills with honor to himself and advantage to his country.

Stephen Higginson, Esq., has been more peculiarly obnoxious to the Jacobins than any of those whom they have been pleased to denominate the *Essex Junto.* This gentleman is one of *those rare* examples of the force of *native* powers, which excite our admiration. Without the advantages of a public literary education, and destined by *fortune* to encounter many of the adversities to which commercial men are so often subject, he has not appeared to have had leisure to cultivate his mind by literary pursuits. But endued by nature with a strong, clear, comprehensive, and masculine understanding, with a firm, inflexible, independent spirit, he was eminently qualified either to fill any public arduous office with undeviating rectitude, or to discharge the important duties of a private citizen in the turbulent and trying times. For many years he represented this town in the State Legislature, and during three years' residence in Congress he was a *sharp thorn* in the side of the *gallic* faction, when that faction was in its infancy. It is not to be wondered that as "*Haeret lateri lethalis arundo*," Mr. Higginson should have always been the object of Jacobin persecution — but "original and unaccommodating, the features of his character wear the hardihood of antiquity;" and although he may retire with the hatred of rogues, he will always enjoy the esteem and regard of *all honest* men.

George Cabot, Esq., is a man of whom any party may be proud, and with whom one would almost be willing to be stigmatized *as a Junto.* For when such virtue and such

talents *really* become a minority, we need not wait with *great* impatience to see a majority of the well disposed go over to them. Perhaps in no man in *America*, are united more of these qualities which beget affection while they enforce respect. His character is an alliance of all which is good and amiable, with almost everything that is great and admirable. "Of manners gentle, of affections mild," with a lively, brilliant fancy, an intuitive genius, a persuasive and commanding eloquence, a mind enriched with useful learning, he is equally calculated, for the abstruse pursuits of science, the speculations of the compting house, the *intricacies* of finance, the charms of rational society, or the deep investigations of a Statesman. Accordingly we find him in life, admired as a companion, respected as a merchant, repeatedly elected as a Legislator, passing through both branches of our State Legislature with reputation, and acquitting himself in the Senate of the United States with honor to himself and advantage to the State.

Timothy Pickering, Esq. (though he has not been within the State these 15 years), has been frequently coupled with the *Essex Junto*, because he originated from the County. To draw a character so well known and so deservedly respected as Mr. Pickering's, would be superfluous. If every public man in the United States would acquit himself with the integrity, fidelity, assiduity, and ability, with which Mr. Pickering has discharged the various numerous public offices which he has filled for twenty-five years past, we may then really boast of our *Patriots*, and bid defiance to the *arts* or arms of the whole united world.

Such, then, are the characters of the men who are said to compose that formidable phalanx, that den of aristocracy, "*The Essex Junto.*"

And pray, Mr. Russell,[1] what have these *old Patriots* committed, to draw down upon them the vengeance of a Federal-

[1] Editor of the *Columbian Centinel.*

ist from *Newbury-Port?* What offences have they been guilty of, that they should be considered a "*disgrace* to the county of *Essex?*" Is it, as the letter insinuates, because they have expressed their regard and affection for Gen. Hamilton? For that old and *tried servant* of the public, who fought its battles, who framed its constitution — who contributed so largely to its adoption — who raised its public credit; — who advised to, and then ably defended Washington's proclamation of neutrality in those celebrated Essays under the signature of *Pacificus* — who retired from office poor, but surrounded with the affections of sincere Federalists; — who again girded on *his sword* at the special request of Washington, to be his aid and friend in case of danger, and his successor in case of death — is this the cause of offence to the Newbury-Port Federalist? *If it is*, I know the honest hearts of those gentlemen so well, to be assured, that they will incur the resentment of any man, however great, rather than desert an old friend without reason — rather than incur that basest of all charges, ingratitude.

But, sir, let these men be examined, — *try* their principles and motives by their actions — are they ambitious? *No.* Are they seekers after places? *No.* Are they aristocrats, proud, vain men? *No.* Are they British partisans? *No.* Are they Frenchmen? *No.* Are they trimmers? *No.* Are they sycophants? *No. No. No.*

With the meetings of the Constitutional Convention of 1780 began Mr. Jackson's acquaintance with John Adams, which led to the exchange of a number of letters, partly of a public, partly of a private nature. Most of the letters from Mr. Adams have been published in his "Life and Works." A few paragraphs from the first of them, referring to their joint labors in the Constitutional Convention, are here reproduced. The letter was

written at Amsterdam, where Mr. Adams had established himself for his negotiations with Holland.

JOHN ADAMS TO JONATHAN JACKSON

AMSTERDAM, October 2, 1780.

SIR, — I have long had it in contemplation to pay my Respects to you, but a wandering life and various avocations have hitherto prevented.

I am very happy to find that our Labours in Convention, were not in vain. The Constitution as finished by the Convention and accepted by the People, is publishing in all the publick Papers of Europe: the Report of the Committee having been published before. Both have been treated with much respect both in Europe and in the other States of America. The noble Simplicity of your Address to the People is much admired. The substitute for the Governor's Negative is generally thought an amelioration; and I must confess it is so wisely guarded, that it has quite reconciled me. . . .

The Convention, I shall ever recollect with veneration — among other Things for bringing me acquainted with Several Characters, that I knew little of before, of which Number Mr. Jackson is one. . . .

In the following year, 1781, Mr. Jackson was chosen representative to the Continental Congress, and was made the recipient, in that capacity, of a long, frank, and interesting communication from Mr. Adams, and also of a number of extracts from his diary, concerning matters which he desired to bring to the notice of his friends, but not to place before Congress or the public. By mistake these letters were done up in the same sealed package with some papers destined for Mr. Livingstone, Secretary of State, and Mr. Jackson was

not able to obtain them, even on personal application. Their purpose was to make it clear that the sentiments of the French government with regard to America were by no means as disinterested as they had seemed, an opinion which would have commended itself to Mr. Jackson, who looked with great suspicion on the tendency to accept France as a guileless foster-mother, whose word should be the law.

There are no means of learning what part Mr. Jackson took in the deliberations of this Congress, but the following letter to Hon. Timothy Pickering,[1] although written twenty-eight years later, just before the first election of Madison, and when the writer was sixty-four years old, recalls to mind what grave and delicate questions were in dispute at the birth of the new republic, and the attitude of Mr. Jackson in regard to them.

HON. JONATHAN JACKSON TO HON. TIMOTHY PICKERING

My dear Sir, — Your nephew Mr. Gardner shew me a letter he received from you a few days since, in which you appear to wish from me a confirmation of some opinions I had expressed to you in one of the last interviews I had with you which I had taken up respecting Mr. Madison's political conduct and bias, during the short time I was in Congress with him in the year 1782.

It appeared to me then, — nor have I ever since changed my opinion — that Mr. Madison, if not a devotee to the French and to their politics, as then practised upon our nation, had a great bias in favor of them.

At this distance of time it is not to be supposed, was my

[1] *Pickering Correspondence*, Mass. Historical Society.

memory of the first rate, that I could recollect all the circumstances which had led to this opinion — more especially considering it was a subject on which a studied disguise on his part must have been practised, if he wished to take a leading part in Congress, which then appeared to me to be the bent of his ambition.

The circumstance which I particularly related to you was my being one of a committee appointed by Congress to make a report upon some subject respecting our foreign relations — and I am very confident it was respecting France. The committee were composed of Dr. Witherspoon, Mr. James Duane of N. York, Gov. J. Rutledge of South Carolina, and myself.

In the discussion of the report I well remember considering it a very fair opening so far to exceed the letter of our commission as to extend our report in recommending to Congress a new and explicit application to the Court [of France] stating that *though* Congress had, in former communications to the Court, directed that their Commissioners for peace should take no important step on the subject without first consulting and having the concurrence of his Majesty — or in other words committing ourselves entirely to the Court to direct in what manner our peace should be made — (I quote from memory, for I have no documents by me to refer to) *yet* that Congress [were] now of the opinion that no peace would or could be satisfactory, or approved of by their constituents, excepting some certain important points were established by treaty — such as, Our Independence, Western Boundaries as established between Great Britain and the other powers in 1763, a free use of the Fisheries, and not to be incumbered with the Refugees, or any claims they might demand.

I made this proposition to the Committee, and I have a full remembrance that Mr. Rutledge joined me in it, and to my astonishment he did not appear to have known that Congress had heretofore thus committed themselves to France.

The three gentlemen first named of the Committee strongly resisted my proposition — what arguments they made use of I do not now recollect — but this I do — that I then set them down — all three as decided partisans in favour of French politics. And I think it probable that if the transactions of the day could now be accurately resumed, those three would be found among the supporters, if not the introducers of that ignominious submission to the French ministry. But you will remark that these are only the recommendations and opinions of a single individual and that three of the committee are now dead, so that Madison and myself are only left to combat what I have now advanced, which he could qualify and I can only affirm, if it should be ever brought before the public — which I conceive could be productive of no good. I could perhaps refer to one or two minor circumstances with respect to Madison's conduct that summer, which led me further to suspect him, but I do not conceive they are worth adding or that anything I could allege would with propriety be brought before the public to bear with any force against the President elect. I have called upon my old partner Mr. H. [Stephen Higginson], who was my immediate successor from this State in Congress. He does not hesitate to say that from his first opening upon Madison till his leaving Congress he had every ground to believe that he, M–D–S–N, moved in the vortex I have described.

Mr. Higginson has sent me this afternoon some remembrances of his upon the foregoing subject which now follow. Mr. Higginson adds that Madison was the leader of the party who crowded those infamous instructions through Congress, which put our Commissioners into the hands of Vergennes. Madison supported Monsieur Girard's memorials to Congress remonstrating against their making our Independence, our rights to the Fisheries, and our claims to boundaries preliminary points to be conceded by Great Britain, to prevent which points being conceded to us was the great object of the

Commissioners being so limited, and put under the direction of Vergennes. And when the Treaty was received by Congress securing those great points, he was the Leader of the opposition in Congress to its being ratified, because these points were obtained without the concurrence and against the views of Vergennes — he even contended that it should be sent back to France for the concurrence of Vergennes before the ratification.

These and many other such facts Chancellor Livingston, who was the Secretary of foreign affairs and keeper of the recent Journals of Congress, can fully establish. Samuel Osgood and the late Gov. Mercer of Maryland with others who were then members of Congress ought to know and recollect.

But Mr. Higginson has looked over those recent Journals for 1780–1783 and has perused attentively the communications from Mr. Jackson and Mr. Adams. "Mr. Madison dare not expose those Journals etc. now in his office to public view, and he must be imprudent indeed to deny that such was his condition subsequently."

So far Mr. Higginson. I have only to add that I hope you will be gratified with what has been lately and is now carrying on among us. It is a fixed determination I think of the majority here to prevent in season the domination intended over us. The spirit is up and rising higher every day — the greatest difficulty, I fear, will be soon to check its unseasonable sallies.

Health and Firmness I hope will attend you and all our friends through one of the most extraordinary sessions — take it in all its parts — which I believe any deliberative assembly ever exhibited.

I am my dear sir with great esteem and respect,

Your friend and obedient servant,

JONATHAN JACKSON.

HON. TIMOTHY PICKERING.

On first establishing himself in Newburyport, Jonathan Jackson had entered the counting-house of the prosperous merchant, Patrick Tracy, and this step eventually led to his marriage with Hannah Tracy, and to his forming a business partnership with her brothers, Nathaniel and John Tracy,[1] at one period the richest merchants of Newburyport. But the prostration of commerce during the Revolution, and the inability of the national government to repay its loans, to which Mr. Jackson, in common with Mr. Tracy and so many others, had made substantial contributions, greatly reduced his means, and when peace came he found himself with a large family of young children, his business gone, and no obvious outlook for replenishing his treasury.

Impelled by the courage and energy which afterwards marked the conduct of his sons in periods of like stress, he threw himself at once into a new business, and very soon formed a partnership with his friend Stephen Higginson, for importing goods on commission. To establish this business, Mr. Jackson left home in December, 1783, in company with Mr. Tracy, and visited Great Britain and Ireland, and afterwards France, soliciting consignments. But the times were hard, and the next ten years were marked by privations cheerfully borne and ill-paid labors zealously performed.

Mr. Jackson's friendly relations with Mr. Adams, at this period, enabled him to call the commissioner's attention to the strong, clear-headed business views and

[1] At one time, also, Jonathan Jackson and Mr. Bromfield were in partnership.

observations of his able partner, Mr. Stephen Higginson, and the latter wrote thereupon, by invitation of Mr. Adams, a series of long and interesting reports, giving a faithful picture of the needs and trials of New England merchants.

During this foreign trip Mr. Jackson made the acquaintance of the Rev. Dr. Price of London, a Nonconformist clergyman of much ability, with whom American affairs lay near at heart. The Price papers, recently published by the Massachusetts Historical Society, contain a long letter from Mr. Jackson, setting forth his sentiments upon public matters in considerable detail.

Shortly after returning from abroad, Mr. Jackson was forced to resume his travels, this time sailing for the West Indies on an errand, which proved fruitless, to collect a sum of money due him and his partner from a French adventurer by whom they had been duped; and on this occasion he took with him his son Henry, then a boy of ten, who was thus given a foretaste of the adventurous life of a seaman, — upon which, not many years afterward, the boy was to enter in serious earnest as an apprentice to the good Captain Folger of Nantucket, and which he was to follow for the better part of his life.

On reaching home again, he found both public and private problems pressing hard for a solution. "Everywhere," as Dr. Jackson afterwards wrote, "there was poverty and derangement of business, and the deepest anxiety, everywhere, regarding the establishment of law and order." It was during this trying period that the qualities which were predominant in Mr. Jackson's

character, and which made him so useful as a citizen, came prominently to the front.

It is exceedingly important, for the correct appreciation of the public acts, during the next quarter of a century, of patriotic and conservative men like Mr. Jackson, who felt that law and order and the best fruits of the Revolution were at stake, and who saw — though less clearly than we now see — that their political knowledge was all to be acquired in a rough school, to recall how strongly the forces of misrule and ignorance were then at work. Shays's Rebellion was but one outcome of an almost universal discontent.

"We were ready to make laws," writes Dr. Jackson in the "Reminiscences" of his father, "but the fear was whether those laws would be maintained and enforced."

"A debt of two hundred millions had been incurred," writes Dr. Warren; "the army was to be disbanded, throwing out of employment a vast number of people, whose habits during an eight years' war had become unfavorable to the quiet labors of civil life. . . . Private debts had accumulated, and the resort to law for the payment of these debts was a source of great trouble. In Massachusetts, in 1782, more than two thousand actions were entered in Worcester County alone. . . . The State Senate was also an object of jealousy and suspicion. This too," men thought, "might in time become an order of nobility. At any rate, it was expensive and useless." "In a pure democracy," it was urged, "all matters should be determined by the whole people in the general assembly."

"It was a period when men's hands were turned against their neighbors; when the courts were beset by armed men;

when law and justice were trampled under foot; when our best towns and villages were threatened with pillage, fire, and the sword; when the soil was polluted with the blood of its own citizens. I remember the unorganized little band of fathers of families, who in that emergency issued from this place, feebly provided with arms, or other means calculated to put down a daring and desperate rebellion. What a dark moment was this! What a dreadful foreboding arose in the minds of those who had been expending their labor, their treasure, and their blood for the safety of an unhappy country!"[1]

While, in consequence of this stress, large numbers of the poorer people saw no remedy except through a resort to arms against a government whose aims they could not understand, many of their more cultivated neighbors, in as sore distress, and half sympathizing with the attempt to seek relief by force, formed a strong party in opposition to the order-loving and law-abiding citizens, of whom the Federalist party was made up. Then arose the inevitable separation, as Judge Parsons wrote,[2] between "those who love the largest liberty, with more regard to its quantity than to its quality, and those who desire only the best liberty, and dread, as the greatest of evils, its corruption with license."

To the party which stood for organized discontent, and whose success meant license, Mr. Jackson was constitutionally opposed; and when the rebellion in Massachusetts actually broke out, a crisis which then

[1] Quoted from an address by Dr. J. C. Warren, given in the *Life of John C. Warren*, by Edward Warren, M. D., vol. ii, p. 53.

[2] *Life of Chief Justice Parsons*, p. 47.

looked more serious than it proved, he joined the "fathers of families," of whom Dr. Warren speaks, and enlisted in a cavalry regiment, recruited at Boston, under Colonel Hichborn, Mr. Jackson being next in command. This position he resigned shortly afterwards, to take that of aide-de-camp, as volunteer without pay, to his friend General Lincoln, by whom he was intrusted, later, with the duty of carrying the dispatches to Governor Bowdoin, announcing the collapse of the insurrection.

These troubles over, and feeling the pressing need of an income for the support of his family, Mr. Jackson turned to his government to seek employment. Then occurred the creditable incident which is recorded by Mr. Henry Lee,[1] and also in the "Life of Governor Sullivan," by Jonathan Amory.

Mr. Lee's account is as follows: —

"Mr. Jackson, like many more, having lost his vast acquired and inherited fortune by capture of his vessels and by loans to the Government during the war, was compelled to apply for an office to eke out his support. The evening before he was to leave home, his friend, General Lincoln, requested a private interview, and imparted his anxiety for the future, having come home from the war penniless, and expressed his desire to obtain the office of collector of the port of Boston. This was the office upon which Mr. Jackson had set his heart, but this did not affect his resolve. He went to New York, waited upon the President, and, after some days' attendance, was admitted to an interview. Washington, taking out his watch, said curtly: 'I will give you, Sir, fifteen minutes.' Mr. Jackson began to set forth General Lincoln's

[1] *Memorial History of Boston, loc. cit.*

needs and claims, when he was peremptorily stopped by, 'You need not tell me about General Lincoln, Sir.' He then explained why he spoke in his behalf, and the interview ended without a word spoken for himself, and General Lincoln was appointed collector."

Soon after this, in 1788, Mr. Jackson, who is said to have always stood well in General Washington's books, was appointed United States Marshal for the district of Massachusetts, then including Maine, and during this period, in 1790, he superintended the taking of the first census for that district. Of this Dr. Jackson writes: —

"The first census was ordered in the year 1790, and called for great accuracy and fidelity.

"Among the columns, under which were arranged the various descriptions of persons in respect to sex, age, or whatever else was thought proper, the last column was designed for the enumeration of slaves, as in the corresponding columns for each of the other of the thirteen States in our Union, and in the census of each of the other districts some slaves were reported. . . . I can never forget that on more than one occasion I saw him open the long roll, and . . . exhibit it to persons present, when he pointed out at the foot of the last column the written word 'none.' The four letters making up this word were, each of them, written in a round character, much more marked than in his common writing."

It is difficult to believe that even a semblance of slavery lingered in Massachusetts until after the period of the Revolution; yet had the first census of the State been taken but a few years earlier than it was, the statement which gave Mr. Jackson so much pleasure could not have been made.

He himself had had a trusted bondman in his family until June, 1776, when, seeing his inconsistency, he placed on record the following document in the Suffolk Probate Office : —

Know all men by these presents that I, J. Jackson, of Newburyport, in the County of Essex, gentleman, in consideration of the impropriety I feel, and have long felt, in holding any person in constant bondage, — more especially at a time when my country is so warmly contending for the liberty which every man ought to enjoy, — and having some time since promised my negro man Pomp that I would give him his freedom, and, in further consideration of five shillings paid me by said Pomp, I do hereby liberate, manumit, and set him free ; and I do hereby remise and release unto said Pomp all demands of whatever nature I have against Pomp. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 19th of June, 1776.

JONATHAN JACKSON.

Witness
MARY COBURN.
WILLIAM NOYES.

" This document is dated just two weeks before the glorious Declaration of Independence was issued proclaiming all men to be born free. Pomp enlisted in the army as Pomp Jackson, served [as fifer] through the War of the Revolution, and received an honorable discharge. He afterwards settled in Andover, near a pond still known as Pomp's Pond." [1]

It was while he was United States Marshal that Mr. Jackson accompanied Washington from border to border of Massachusetts, during the famous " Presidential Progress " of 1789. While at Newburyport the Presi-

[1] Jackson's *History of Newton.*

THE NATHANIEL TRACY HOUSE AT NEWBURYPORT

dent stayed in one half of the large house now occupied by the public library, but originally built by Patrick Tracy for his son Nathaniel. At the period of the visit Nathaniel Tracy was living in a smaller house, as better suited to his reduced income, and Jonathan Jackson and his family were temporarily occupying a portion of the mansion. Washington's public reception took place in the unoccupied half of the house, and when it was over he crossed the passage and took tea with Mr. Jackson. Dr. Jackson was present with some of his brothers and sisters, and took a boyish pleasure, which he never forgot, in seeing the famous general by his father's fireside, though he was filled with surprise at hearing the conversation turn on crops instead of battles.

In 1791 Mr. Jackson was appointed to the second inspectorship of the revenue for the counties of Essex, Worcester, Hampshire, and Berkshire, Hon. Nathaniel Gorham being at the same time made supervisor.

On receiving this appointment he sent to President Washington the following characteristic letter: —

Newburyport, August 6, 1791.

Sir, — Having received a Commission through the hands of Mr. Gorham, Supervisor of the Revenue for this District, by which I am appointed Inspector of the revenue for the Second Survey "until the end of the next Session of the Senate of the United States," — I have conceived a propriety in signifying to you my readiness to resign the Office of Marshal, whenever it is your pleasure to accept the resignation.

You will therefore please, Sir, to consider me as holding the Office only until a Successor is appointed.

If it may be deemed to be not inconsistent with any rules

prescribed, and would not be too troublesome for you, Sir, to direct an examination into my Conduct as Marshal, while I have had the honor of holding that Commission, it would gratify my Wishes.

I beg leave, Sir, to express the grateful Sentiments I feel for your Favour in reposing in me a new "Trust and Confidence;" of which in every instance it will be my highest ambition to prove myself worthy.

With the utmost respect,
I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your devoted, and most obedient Servant,
JONATHAN JACKSON.

To GEORGE WASHINGTON,
President of the United States.

In 1796 Mr. Gorham died, and Mr. Jackson was appointed to the vacant place of supervisor for the district of Massachusetts, then including Maine, and this position he retained until about 1802, when a change was made in the laws governing the collection of taxes.

The emoluments for all these posts in the Internal Revenue Service were at that time extremely small, the necessary desk hire and payment of assistants eating up almost the whole amount of the slender salary and fees. In 1797 Mr. Jackson made a representation on this point to Congress, and an elaborate statement is extant, made by Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury, in which the facts are set forth in detail, the statements by Mr. Jackson corroborated, and an increase in the appropriation recommended.

Mr. Jackson had returned to Newburyport in 1787, but in 1796, on being appointed supervisor, he moved

again to Boston, first living for a few months in Charlestown, then taking lodgings with a private family in a house at the South End of Boston.

From this time onward Jonathan Jackson continued to live in Boston, active and busy until the last, an ardent Federalist, yet able to command the respect and goodwill of the opposite party, so that he was retained in office as supervisor even after the accession of President Jefferson.

On April 28, 1797, Mrs. Jackson, whose cheerful devotion to her husband and children had been repaid by the warm affection of them all, died suddenly, with symptoms of apoplexy. The children were at that time scattered over land and sea. James, who was then working as clerk in his father's office, and living in lodgings in Charlestown, at once joined his father and stayed with him until the following year, when the necessity of beginning his life work of medical study forced him to leave Boston for Salem.

In looking back upon this period over a gap of nearly three quarters of a century, Dr. Jackson tells of his pleasure at this chance, in the long winter evenings, of becoming intimate with his father, of learning to know his sterling qualities better, hearing in detail the story of his active life, and making the acquaintance of his distinguished friends. It is indeed probable that an opportunity of just this sort had rarely, if ever, presented itself before; for the demands of business and public life had cut deep into Jonathan's domestic leisure, while for a good part of the last seven years James had been much away from home, at Dummer Academy and

Harvard College, or as a teacher in the academy at Leicester.

Some of the traits which James admired in his father are the more worthy of note for the reason that they reappeared in Dr. Jackson and his brothers, and contributed largely to their influence and success. Chief among these traits were his scrupulous integrity and fidelity in matters of business; his strong sense of fairness and of regard for the rights of others; his firmness and cheerfulness under trials and loss; his sincere religious devoutness, and that warmth of personal affection, without which, in Dr. Jackson's opinion, the best sort of religious sense is not to be found.

It may be mentioned, as an interesting piece of evidence of Mr. Jackson's scrupulous sense of honor, that he is said never to have used, throughout the long period of his public service, a drop of government ink or a scrap of paper for his private affairs.

The same sort of feeling which enabled James to say, in later years, that a good part of his own influence had been due to his determination and ability to see the best qualities in the men he met, also led his father to speak with indignation of the personal ill usage of the Tories, and to declaim against persecution for opinion's sake.

He had seen easy days change into hard, and knew what poverty meant, and what personal character stands for; and the remembrance of this gives an especial interest to the well-weighed counsel which he sent in repeated letters, written to his son Henry, then seeking his fortunes on the sea.

Hannah Tracy
Mrs. Jonathan Jackson

JONATHAN JACKSON TO HIS SON HENRY

NEWBURYPORT, January 10, 1789.

. . . The advice and instruction which I gave you last voyage will still serve for this and every other which you may undertake. I hope you will preserve the letter which contains them, and be often, when you are at leisure, looking it over.

I am glad to hear so frequently as I do of your good behavior and attention to your business; the one will make you loved and respected where you go, and learning your business well will fit you to get forward in the world and be of use to yourself and your friends. Endeavor to learn everything which belongs to good seamanship, that nobody, after this voyage, may be able to tell you your duty. Seamen in general, however, have a habit I do not wish you to learn; that is, prophane cursing and swearing. It is a very ungentlemanlike, vulgar trick, and it is a wanton impious affront to Him who made us and governs us. If I am not mistaken your Captain is very free of this foolish habit, but if he is at all addicted to it, I hope that you will always preserve yourself from such an habit, and show that you have been better bred.

As I before cautioned you, avoid the free use of any strong intoxicating drink, for an habitual excess in any such would ruin you forever, and make you detestable to yourself and your friends, tho' I believe you have too much sense and experience to suffer this habit to prevail. But above all things I charge you to *speak, and act, the Truth.* Do nothing you need be ashamed of; treat everybody as you would wish them to treat you; love God, and mankind, and keep a clear conscience: it is the surest way to be happy in this world, and the only one to secure the better; keep up to these rules and you need not distress yourself, be you called sooner or later out of life. . . .

Be careful to keep yourself clean and wholesome — as you are going so long a voyage it is the more necessary — don't fail to comb and wash every day — and bathe in warm climates when you are in harbor. In every country where you go inform yourself as much about it as you can, and endeavor to learn the language of the place so as to trade with them if no more. . . .

It will be of service to you to keep a Journal of what takes place in your voyage — if you are industrious you will be able to do this — I do not mean a journal of the weather and the wind, but of what you meet with at sea and ashore — when you pass the tropics and line — what harbors you make and what going in there is — and on what days such and such things happen. And in this Journal from day to day minute down before you forget it, all the information you can obtain about the country you are in. . . .

May you always be a good lad, and may Heaven preserve you — are the wishes of

Your affectionate father,

JONATHAN JACKSON.

February 11, 1793.

. . . Be steady and attentive to Business — whenever any charge is given you — or you should be left with the Custody of the Ship, or anything else — remember that it is a man's part you are to act and perform it properly. For a few years yet to come you have much to learn — and you are now placed in an excellent situation to learn a good deal — let no opportunity slip you — as fast as you can make yourself Master of everything that falls within your notice, and if you can learn (as Mr. Joy has) to be exact in the knowledge and information you acquire, it will be forming an excellent habit for your future success in life. . . . Keep an honest good disposition and believe me your friend and affectionate father,

J. JACKSON.

March 19, 1793.

. . . Endeavor in every passage to carry a few dollars in silver and a guinea or two in your chest, lest you may by misfortune be cast on a strange shore. Upon the apprehension of such an event, which may Heaven avert, always take your money into your pocket — and it is a good rule always to remain by the Ship as long as you can.

You must not expect to be classed with either the Mate or Mr. Smith — whether on Shipboard or ashore — or that like attentions will be paid to you — therefore make no difficulty on that account, or indeed on any other. I would advise you to abate of all familiarity with those above you as Soon as you get to Sea — and mind to keep exact to your Station — this will evidence a true dignity and will be the surest way to command you real respect. . . .

Go out with the determination to deserve after a few years' experience and practice the command of a Ship — and it will give you the best Security to obtain one. Do not reckon upon Robert's luck. I would not wish it for you. Besides his was the chance of one in a thousand at least.

November 20, 1793.

. . . You have some good examples before you — and I hope in Robert you will find another — he as I learned also gained the goodwill and approbation of those he became acquainted with in England. Such information is more pleasing to me than to hear that either of you had acquired thousands — you have both of you time enough before you to accumulate property after you have learned mankind, and how to behave with becoming dignity among them; keep in your proper place, and treat every one well, and you will have the best claim to good treatment from others. . . .

Remember it is by strict frugality as well as by industry and perseverance that property is to be acquired and accumulated by those who begin with little or nothing — it is only

by the most exact economy you give it a chance like the snowball to increase in size — for like the snowball it may soon be melted — sometimes by sudden indiscretions — still more by frequent ones. But take this consolation with you, that self-earned property, especially if hard earned — is generally the best spending property with everybody. It naturally induces habits of reflection and economy.

The "honest art" of cultivating pleasing manners was one which James, who in many respects inherited his father's temperament and principles, studied and practiced with a success that gave him a master-key to many hearts. His sister Hannah bears testimony to this in a letter to a friend in Edinburgh, dated January 6, 1813, in which she gives a just estimate of her three then remaining brothers.

"My eldest brother, the lawyer, is thought to have more than common talents. I mention this with less hesitation because of late years I have not considered it of superlative consequence; these talents are exclusively devoted to Law and Politics; my second brother, without uncommon talents, has, by devotedness to his profession, and pleasing manners, obtained the highest reputation, as a physician. My third brother, a man of plain good sense, excellent feelings, and taste enough to enjoy a greater degree of cultivation in others than he possesses himself, is a respected merchant," etc.

As regards the matter of religious devoutness, it is doubtless true that the time was one of formalism in speech, and that the words which fell from the lips were not always an index of the sentiments of the heart. Yet after fully allowing for all this, no one could read the private letters of Jonathan, or of James, or indeed of

James the younger, nor of the fine group of men and women with whom they were so intimate, without being impressed by the evidence of an unusually sincere yet simple religious sentiment, which kindled, sustained, and guided them from day to day.

Mr. Jackson's later years were passed amidst active duties, implying ability and wide interests. He was chosen the first president of the first Boston Bank, and was among the original members of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the Society for the Promotion of Agriculture. Of the latter society he was likewise treasurer. The following letter to Mr. John Lowell, then in Paris, gives a notion of the thoughts on public matters that occupied his mind at about this period: —

TO HON. JOHN LOWELL

Boston, February 17, 1805.

My dear Sir, — You have exceedingly gratified me by the repeated expressions of your esteem and regard which I have received in your letters from Paris and from Marseilles. That dated in September [by] Mr. Appleton I received only a few days since. I am, with all your friends — and you have many warm ones over here — rejoiced to hear of your confirmed health, and strong hope of its continuance.

Prospects in our political horizon are to be sure gloomy enough. As you will be called, I have no doubt, to act a part on this theatre, I am flattered with the hope that you will not by ill health be impeded in acting it well. Each one has his day; mine is nearly over — and I assure you that I feel quite satisfied in having had to pass through one Revolution. One is full enough for mortal man. If guillotines should, however, take their course this way, I may not escape perhaps

becoming a victim for the sins I have committed. Should such be my fate, my last prayer to Heaven will be to meet it with firmness and to tell the fools and villains what I have long thought of them. Among the proverbs of Sancho Panza, or some other sage, is the one that "dying men will catch at Straws." I must confess that sometimes I try to work myself into the belief that our State of Society has some shades of difference from those who have gone before us in the path of democracy — that we have much more to overcome, than among the *canaille* in the States of Europe, before bloodsheds and proscriptions can be made to be familiar and the order of the day. Could we have kept out the vile renegades of Europe our prospect would, to be sure, have been better.

We are expecting to see Charles in the Spring and you and your family certainly in the next Autumn. Contrive if you can not to be upon this coast after the middle of September and before the second week in October. By the records kept here of tempestuous weather between this coast and 500 leagues E. Longitude from it, I suspect no other portion of the year can exhibit so many accidents. Wherever you are, may you and yours be in Heaven's safe-keeping. You may prepare yourself upon your return to see your son and some other fine children much advanced and improved. Join me with my daughters in good wishes and respects to Mrs. Lowell and to her sister; and add a kiss for Miss Amory if she has not grown too big to accept it. My daughters and all my family unite with me in affectionate regards to you. Adieu, my good friend.

Yours sincerely,

J. Jackson.

For the five years preceding his death, which occurred in March, 1810, Mr. Jackson served as treasurer of Massachusetts, and for three years as treasurer of Harvard College. The college papers contain many of his clear

and straightforward letters, and a copy of the following votes, passed by the President and Fellows after his death: —

"At a meeting of the President and Fellows of Harvard College, in Boston, March 6, 1810, the president having informed the Corporation of the recent death of the Hon. Jonathan Jackson, Esq., treasurer of Harvard College, it was thereupon —

"*Voted*, that the Corporation most sincerely sympathizes with the Friends of the deceased, and the Public in the loss of a Man of talents, integrity, amiable and virtuous manners, and who discharged the duties of Treasurer and member of the Corporation with reputation to himself and distinguished ability to the University and the Public."

"And it is further voted that from a respectful regard to the Memory of their departed Brother the Corporation wish to attend the interment of his remains in such a manner as will be most agreeable to his family."

But with characteristic fondness for simplicity, Mr. Jackson had inserted in his will this clause: "*Eleventh.* My further Will is, and I desire, to be interred privately at some advanced hour of the evening, to avoid giving cause for any unnecessary parade and attendance, which in large populous places I think it is full time to abate the frequency of."

In April, President Kirkland, writing to Josiah Quincy, says: "You have observed and know of the loss of Mr. Jonathan Jackson. A great loss. So true, so upright, so amiable a spirit cannot take its flight without leaving a melancholy chasm."

A few days after his death the following notice

appeared in the "Columbian Centinel,"[1] signed by John Lowell, the son of Mr. Jackson's lifelong and intimate friend, under the heading *Justum et Tenacem Propositi Virum* : —

"The late Honorable Mr. Jackson was a man of whom, though the world knew much, they knew little. His virtues, though calculated to make him eminently useful, and universally beloved, were of a character which could only be *duly* estimated in private life. His firmness — his fortitude — his fidelity — his industry, and his patriotism, qualified him to fulfil all the duties of a citizen, with honor to himself, and advantage to the State. But who can estimate, or who can describe the tenderness, purity, and delicacy of his mind — the ardor, the strength and constancy of his affections, or the polish, grace, and indescribable urbanity of his manners? If the world admired the uprightness and the zeal, the assiduity and intelligence with which he discharged the most arduous duties of many distinguished public offices, his friends have more to regret in the loss of that sweetness of manners, and that sincerity of affection which formed the charm of his society.

"As a Patriot, he combined the qualities which form the estimable citizen, with those which rendered him useful as a Statesman. His attachment to his country was ardent and immovable. He took an early and a zealous part in the Revolution, and devoted a considerable portion of his time to the public service. His zeal for civil liberty in the early part of his life partook of enthusiasm — but his inquisitive and penetrating mind very early saw the danger of pure democratic institutions, and he was anxious to have such modifications of our Constitution as would secure the permanence of our liberties. The views which he entertained on this subject may be known by the draft of a Constitution proposed by Delegates from the County of *Essex*, in framing which Mr. Jack-

[1] March 3, 1810.

son had a very considerable share. He more fully developed his ideas on this subject in a pamphlet which he addressed to the People before the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and which does great honor to his understanding, his foresight, and his patriotism. He approved of the Federal Constitution, and remained invariably attached to the Washington policy and principles. If he was distinguished from his political friends in any point, it was the superior degree in which he dreaded and detested the power and intrigues of *France*. He was a zealous Anti-Gallican, founded, however, upon argument and proof. He imbibed this sentiment towards *France* during his service as a member of the Old Revolutionary Congress, where he was a witness to the intrigues of the French Cabinet.

"But eminent as he was as a Patriot, it was in private life that he had few rivals. In his manners, he was elegant and refined. There was a certain attractive grace, and dignity, which did not seem to belong to our age. In his disposition he was frank, sincere, humane, and generous. In his sentiments and notions of honor, exalted. In his habits and principles as a merchant, correct and exemplary. In his intimate connections, tender, assiduous, affectionate. As a husband, almost unrivalled. As a father, anxious, watchful and endearing. As a friend, *warm and constant without example*."

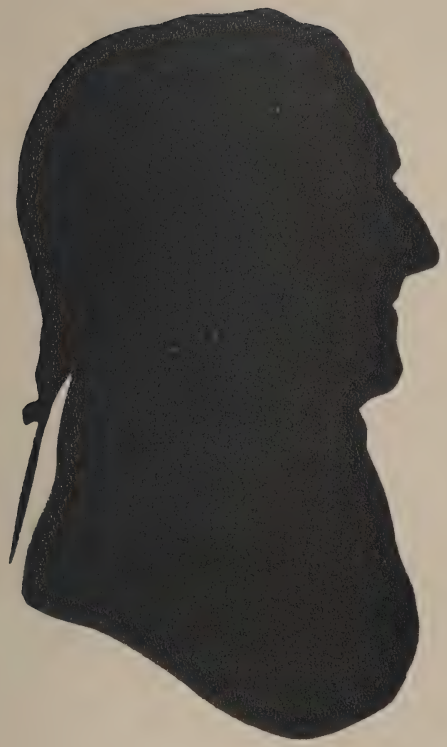
This tribute, with its old-time mannerisms, might be taken as the exaggerated testimonial of a personal friend, but it is probable that it is not materially overdrawn.[1] The very fact of his friendship with the best men of the day, such as Judge Parsons, and of his appointment as Marshal by the just and careful Washington; the fact, too, that he was selected to fill important offices by cer-

[1] Cf. *inter alia, The Memorial History of Boston.*

tain of the foremost private corporations of the State, at a time when he had been long before the public eye, imply clearly a reputation for uprightness and intelligence.

Caleb Cushing said of him that he wrote some of the best political pamphlets of his day; yet it is not likely that these contributions were numerous. He did write, in 1788, during the period of reconstruction, a painstaking and significant address to his countrymen, two hundred and nine pages in length, entitled "Thoughts on the Political Situation of the United States of America;" but in the very first lines he speaks of himself as wholly unaccustomed to such a task.

In this address Mr. Jackson first points out the danger that the States were under, of following the impulse of imitation rather than the dictates of wisdom, in making choice of their political system and forecasting their development. The structure of the European governments, he maintained, had been determined largely by chance, and the form in which they had become stereotyped was not necessarily the best; whereas it was still open to the new republic to strive after various great national objects for which at a later day it might be vain for them to seek. Our legislators, he declared, should be few in number, amply paid, and held strictly accountable. In fact, the most interesting feature of the essay is the writer's elaborate advocacy of small representative bodies, formed of carefully chosen men, as capable of exhibiting a wisdom, moderation, and effectiveness that are so often conspicuous by their absence from the deliberations of large assemblies. If Mr. Jackson could have had his way, our state and national legislatures



Jon^n Jackson.

would have contained not more than "fifty, or less than fifty men, sublimated and refined, again and again, from the rude, undigested first choice of the people." Ten men, he thought, were about as many as could profitably meet for effective work; but each of these ten might have been chosen with care from out of an equal number; and each of this number, again, from among ten more; and so on, until the point should have been reached at which each ten neighbors should come together — not too often — as subdivisions of "ward units," each containing one hundred voters, who would all be without personal interest in the far distant final choice, and so concerned to select only the best representative from among themselves. "By this operation," he says, "there is obtained in a great degree the good effect of the intricate ballot, which has been so long used with success by the Venetian and some other Italian States." [1] It was planned at the same time that the right of suffrage should carry the obligation to vote, — which would not be unreasonable, since no man could plead ignorance of the candidate whom he was personally called upon to support or to reject, — and also

[1] Horatio E. Brown, in his *History of Venice*, says that the following system of choosing electors was arrived at in 1268 A. D. after various movements in the same direction, which had been going on for many years, the object being "to avoid the effects of rivalry and corruption." "The great counsel by lot chose thirty persons. The thirty reduced by lot to nine. The nine voted for forty (with at least seven votes each). The forty reduced by lot to twelve. The twelve voted for twenty-five (with at least nine votes each). The twenty-five reduced by lot to nine. The nine voted for forty-five (with at least seven votes each). The forty-five reduced by lot to eleven. The eleven voted for forty-one (with at least nine votes each). The forty-one elect, by a count of twenty-five votes, the Doge."

that ample means should be taken to keep the public informed upon the issues of the day.

Although Mr. Jackson did not then see, what seems now so plain, that the vote in his primary meetings would have been controlled by a practical agreement beforehand as to the final candidates, the same may with equal truth be said of the plan which was actually decided on, leaving the choice of the president to the body of electors, — really only a simplification of the scheme which he proposed. The Italian method to which he refers introduces another principle of real effectiveness; the principle, namely, of winnowing out the electors by lot.

This system is said to have answered well, and to be still practiced in the little village of San Marcone.

Various other subjects are considered in Mr. Jackson's address, on which each citizen, he thought, should have a fixed opinion. The writer advocated, for his part, the organization of a thoroughly equipped militia, ready, if need be, to resist the usurpation of a central government. He urged the importance of national honesty as a basis for national credit, and the desirability of a reform in dress, in the interests of economy and of independence of Europe. This was a movement, he insisted, in which it was incumbent upon the patriotic women of the country to take the foremost step.

The need of a census was also dwelt upon, and in this respect, at least, his desires were met; for in 1790 the first census was ordered, and it devolved upon him, as Marshal, to take charge of the work for the district of Massachusetts.

The address is patriotic and independent, and strongly favors a close federal union of the States. They should arouse themselves, "to lay the foundations of an empire which may extend fifteen degrees or more in latitude, and many more perhaps in longitude," and should not, "by separating into puny sovereignties, offend and grieve the wise philosopher, wherever he may dwell."

CHAPTER III

TRACY FAMILY; LOWELL FAMILY

Jonathan Jackson's wife was a daughter of Patrick Tracy and Hannah Gookin.

The Tracys were a Newburyport family of character and intelligence. Patrick Tracy, the progenitor of the American branch, was born in Ireland in 1711. He came to this country as a common sailor, and rose by dint of energy and enterprise to be the commander of a vessel, then the owner of many, and eventually a rich and successful merchant. He was generous and liberal, and left a good record as a public-spirited citizen.[1] When the idea began to spread that even men of dark skins might love the rights of freedom, he responded by setting free a negro and his wife, well known in Newburyport, who had lived long as trusted servants in his household, and making a provision in his will securing to

[1] Epitaph on memorial tablet, still standing in St. Paul's churchyard.

UNDERNEATH
ARE THE REMAINS OF PATRICK TRACY ESQ.,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE, FEBRUARY 28, 1789,
AGED 78 YEARS.
IN VARIOUS AND CONTRASTED SCENES OF
LIFE HE EMINENTLY SHONE AS A MAN,
A CITIZEN, A CHRISTIAN.

His firm expectation of a future existence moderated his temper in prosperity, supported him in adversity, and enabled him to triumph in death.

Patrick Tracy

them a home and maintenance for the remainder of their days. From 1743 to 1747 he was vestryman at St. Paul's Church, and during the Revolution he served on important committees, and in every way lent his support to the national government and cause. He died February 28, 1789.

Patrick Tracy was twice married, first to Hannah Carter, then to her cousin, Hannah Gookin, both of them bearing names which had long been held in honor. Hannah Gookin, as already noted, was granddaughter to the patriotic Major-General Gookin of Cambridge, and thus second cousin to Dorothy Quincy, the mother of Jonathan Jackson.

The following letter, written to Mr. Jacob Wendell before the first marriage, is now in the possession of Mr. Ernest Jackson, great-great-grandson of the writer.

NEWBERRY, Aprill 26th, 1742.

HONOURED SR., — This will serve to acquaint ye that am Now under Sail, it being the first Opportunity Since Iv'e been Ready. Sr. Youv'e often been pleased to banter me for Not Marrying which State I never have been fixed in Mind for till come to Newberry Where have Plac'd my Affections On Miss Hannah Carter but being to them an Intire Stranger Can't Expect to prevail Except recomended by Some good friend which I hope Ye are. I expect Madam Kent[1] will Enquire of ye Into it. I hope Sr you'l do me what favor ye Can in that Case. Sr please to Excuse this In hast from Your Much Oblig'd And Humble Servant

PATRICK TRACY.

P. S. Sr. please to keep ye above Relation a Secret to all unconcern'd and Youl oblige Your Humble Servant,

PATRICK TRACY.

[1] Mother of Hannah Carter by a previous marriage.

Hannah Tracy, afterwards Mrs. Jonathan Jackson, one of the children of the second marriage, was born April 24, 1755. Her two brothers, Nathaniel and John, earned distinction both as merchants and citizens, and through their services in behalf of the government during the Revolutionary War; and sketches of the lives of both of them are to be found among the various histories of Newburyport. Of Mrs. Jackson herself little is recorded beyond a few affectionate references in the family letters and a brief characterization in President John Quincy Adams's diary, which gives the impression that she was a person of gay and sociable temperament.

At the time of Jonathan Jackson's marriage with Hannah Tracy, in 1772, he was but twenty-nine years old and his bride eighteen. All their children, nine in number, were born at Newburyport, during the important decade between 1773 and 1783, when all hearts were stirred with thoughts of war, of the momentous rupture with a great past, and of doubts and hopes for the future. The names of the children, with the dates of their births and deaths, are as follows: —

Robert, born March 4, 1773, died May 28, 1800. Henry, born January 12, 1774, died December 8, 1808. Charles, born May 31, 1775, died December, 1855. Hannah (afterwards Mrs. F. C. Lowell), born February 3, 1776, died May 10, 1815. James, born October 3, 1777, died August 27, 1867. Sarah (afterwards Mrs. John S. Gardner), born June 26, 1779, died January 29, 1809. Patrick Tracy, born August 14, 1780, died September 12, 1847. Harriet, born January 2, 1782,

died in 1849; Mary (afterwards Mrs. Henry Lee), born October 3, 1783, died June, 1860.

James thus stood midway among the nine children, being four years younger than Robert, the oldest of the family, and six years older than Mary, the youngest. His father was thirty-four and his mother but twenty-three when he was born. All the members of the pleasant circle were remarkably united. Spirited, affectionate, unselfish, helpful in all the relations of life, their mutual love and intimacy were darkened by no shadow, and grew stronger with advancing years.

A good inheritance of character and fine traditions of public service were not the only benefits that Jonathan Jackson and Hannah Tracy conferred upon their children. They were able to secure for them, also, the friendship of men and women of rare quality, with whose lives and fortunes their own soon became intimately woven.

The friendship which stood nearest to Jonathan's heart, and counted as much for his children's welfare as for his own, was that which began in college days in the form of a romantic attachment between himself and John Lowell, a member of the class next following his own, and the son of an eminent clergyman of Newburyport, whose grandfather, Percival, with his two sons, Richard and John, had come over from England to share the fortunes of the little colony of Newbury in the earlier days of its existence. The two young men, John Lowell and Jonathan Jackson, were born, by an odd and pleasant coincidence, in the same month of the same year (June, 1743), and they became so firmly united during their student days at Cambridge that graduation

could not be allowed to part them. Accordingly, when John Lowell returned to his father's home in Newburyport, to take up the study of the law, he was followed by his friend Jonathan Jackson, whose own parents had recently died. So contented were the two young men with each other's company that they vowed eternal celibacy, a circumstance which did not prevent them from making later five marriages between them. The two beautiful houses in Newburyport which they built and lived in, side by side, are still pointed out to visitors. Mr. Jackson's was afterwards occupied by the eccentric "Lord" Timothy Dexter, and Mr. Lowell's by John Tracy, brother-in-law of Jonathan Jackson. Judge Lowell's first wife, Sarah Higginson, had three children, Anna Cabot, John, and Sarah Champney; his second wife, Susan Cabot, two children, Francis Cabot and Susan; and his third wife, Rebecca (Russell) Tyng, four children, Rebecca Russell, Charles, Elizabeth Cutler, and Mary.

With all the members of this large family the Jackson sons and daughters became very intimate, but the closest bonds were those that joined them to Francis and to his older half-sister and half-brother, Anna and John. Francis became the college chum of Charles Jackson, and in 1798, four years after their graduation, he was married to Charles's sister Hannah. From then on he was the trusted adviser of the Jackson family. "None of us engaged in any business or took any important step without consulting him," writes James, "and without much aid and advice from him." In 1818 he was the prime mover in the great scheme for the establishment of the cotton industry at Waltham, which the energy of

JONATHAN JACKSON'S HOUSE ON HIGH STREET, NEWBURYPORT

Patrick Jackson carried to a successful issue. Patrick's daughter Anna, the granddaughter of Jonathan Jackson, became the wife of Charles Russell Lowell, the grandson of Judge Lowell by his third marriage, and brother of James Russell Lowell.

Anna Cabot Lowell, the "Aunt Nancy" of two generations, was seven years older than her brother Francis and his friend Charles Jackson, and nine years older than James Jackson. Nevertheless, she was a person whose spirits and affection and lively concern in all matters relating to her family and friends kept her ever young and fresh. She was, moreover, a charming writer of letters, which often chronicle the pleasant gayeties of the family at home, or the looks and manners of the people whom she met when away. For many years before her death she was under the medical care of James Jackson, to whom she was always devotedly attached, as he, likewise, to her. The letters from her to various friends, which now follow, have to do only with the earlier days, and are quoted for the picture which they sketch of the social life in the pleasant circle within which James Jackson was always welcome.

In referring, more than half a century later, to these times, and to the very letters themselves,[1] Dr. Jackson writes: —

"Last evening I finished Aunt Nancy's letters. You cannot imagine the pleasure I had in reading them. They bring back to my mind a thousand interesting things of not quite sixty, but forty or fifty years ago. A mere allusion often recalls to me little circumstances which you of course never

[1] Extract from letter to Miss Lowell's niece, and namesake.

knew. It is in a measure like reading over a history of one's own life in connection with that of one's early friends. Then to see all these things through her eyes, to enjoy the simple and pure pleasure she had in the happiness of her friends, to make through her the nice discriminations as to the importance of events and the characters of the actors, to witness her charity in the estimation of others and to realize her true and humble piety — all this is a pleasure which those only who knew her or who have studied her character as you have can fairly appreciate.

"I am quite amused with her remarks on that little 'rogue' John A.[1] I could not but wish that she were here for an hour to see the 'rogue' not only following his father and grandfather in the Corporation of Harvard College, but also filling up a most important place in society — that of a man whom every one can trust and respect, not only for his talents and fidelity in the offices which he holds, but also for an integrity which defies suspicion or a question. . . . [Francis C. Lowell] was himself a most signal example of this elevated rectitude — of the justice which embraces benevolence, and leads to the exercise of benevolence as simple justice, so as not to furnish a claim of merit. I think the 'young rogue' is another such, and I venture to say that John the fourth[2] will exhibit the same character, to those who have eyes to see, forty years hence. All this carries me back to a certain college friendship formed eighty years since between J. L. and J. J. [John Lowell and Jonathan Jackson]. You have read Cicero *De Amicitia*, I dare say — all I remember of it is that he says true friendship must be founded in virtue. Such was the foundation in this case — and now think of the multiplied, rich blessings which have flowed from it, and how many may still flow to the descendants, quite apart from the happiness it afforded to themselves as long as they lived

[1] Hon. John Amory Lowell.

[2] Afterwards Judge of the U. S. Circuit Court.

JONATHAN JACKSON'S HOUSE ON HIGH STREET, NEWBURYPORT, FROM GARDEN

— and may we not trust it still adds to their happiness in a better state? Add to them their younger friend, Mr. George Cabot,[1] and you will rarely find so pure and faithful a trio."

MISS ANNA C. LOWELL TO FRANCIS C. LOWELL

PORTSMOUTH, October 13, 1796.

. . . I am delighted to see James and Hannah Jackson. . . . James has been much with me, and has a little overthrown the philosophy I am acquiring by making me too happy, — it has restored me for a time to the dear circle of friends I have left, and recalled a thousand mingled sensations of pain and pleasure. . . .

MISS ANNA C. LOWELL TO MISS HANNAH JACKSON

BROMLEY VALE, August, Sunday [probably 1797].

. . . I dined with your father on Friday, but as you have seen him since, it is unnecessary to tell you he is well. By the way I think he looks infinitely better since our journey, the remembrance of which I shall love as long as I live, not only for the pleasure it afforded in passing, but for the advantage it has been to us all. . . . I met James [Jackson] yesterday with his friend F. Dana, at Green Hill. His usual smiles of cheerfulness attended him and had the same cheering effect on my mind as the sun after a long absence. There is no luxury to me half so great as happy faces. . . .

Yours truly,

ANNA C. LOWELL.

MISS ANNA C. LOWELL TO MISS ANN BROMFIELD[2]

BROMLEY VALE, February 3, 1799.

Of our family festival you may expect I should say something. The morning rose bright and unclouded as I trust their

[1] The prominent Federalist.

[2] Referring to the recent marriage of Hannah Jackson and Francis C. Lowell.

fate will be whose union it celebrated. Everything looked cheerful as the smiling countenance of our Hannah [Mrs. Francis C. Lowell], and everything proved propitious. . . . Amelia and Charles [Judge Jackson] exhibited as true a picture of happiness as I ever beheld. They stayed a day or two in order to be of this party, and Charles pronounced it the pleasantest evening he had had for many years; there is nothing like having one's feelings attuned to happiness. Some of the ladies appeared in the character of shepherdesses with straw hats tied under the chin, with wreaths of flowers and wreaths round the crown. They luckily for us left the sheep at home as we really had not room for them.

MISS ANNA C. LOWELL TO ——

Boston, South Street, January 8, 1800.

George Higginson's marriage has caused much festivity in our family, balls, parties and dinners.

Even Bab [Mrs. Samuel Perkins] has exerted herself, and has looked as handsome as ever when dressed. We have had two charming parties at Stephen Higginson's, the first, a ball and supper given in honor of the bridal suite, included most of the agreeable people in town and consisted of upwards of eighty. A genteel respectable company, a great deal of dancing, animating music, and universal good humor could not fail of making us all happy. The supper was elegant, well arranged, the tables so judiciously disposed in two rooms that all the company supped at once. Gaiety bounded by discretion marked the close of the evening. We danced with regularity and spirit. Among the liveliest and most persevering dancers were Parson Gardiner and his wife.

President Kirkland too laid aside his gravity and danced with Mrs. Gardiner. The ice once broken he entered into the full spirit of it. I danced six dances with him, and I have seldom had so lively a partner. You may easily conceive how charming that party must be when age forgets its infirmities

and professional gravity was laid by for future use. Uncle Higginson footed it with Aunt Sallie and Mr. Jackson with my mother.

The week after they had a party of young folks who for want of room they could not ask to the first. As Susan Higginson [afterwards Mrs. Francis Channing], Louisa Storrow [afterwards Mrs. Stephen Higginson], and the younger Salisburys united in asking their young friends, they had a large collection.

Henry Higginson invited the young men. I never witnessed a more beautiful scene, thirty young girls from fourteen to eighteen, in the very season of their bloom, innocence and gaiety, and young men from seventeen to twenty-one, formed a lovely set of dancers. Sallie Russell was the belle of the evening and Susan Higginson was much admired by the young men.

We had no regular supper which would have been setting a bad example to young folks, but a couple of side-boards with a variety of knickknacks, fruits and cakes, handsomely decorated with flowers. . . .

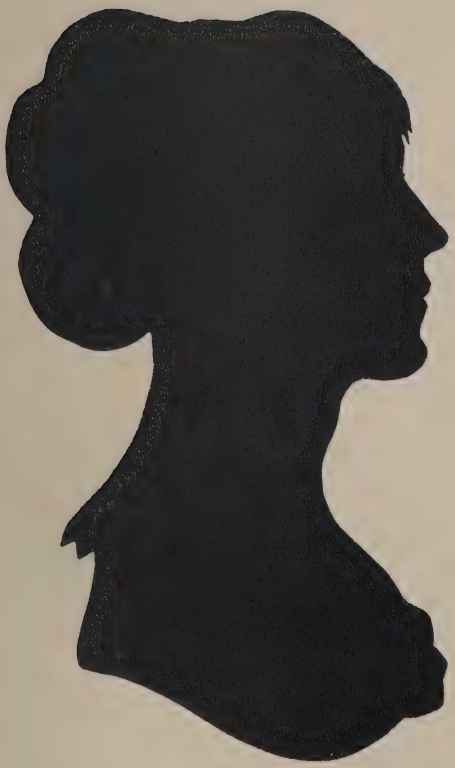
MISS ANNA C. LOWELL TO ——

CHARLESTOWN, September 11, 1802.

Susan has been so eloquently urgent that I should write you, that her pleadings have at length overcome the languor produced by some days of extreme heat, and I am now seated for the sole purpose of transmitting you three full pages. She has this moment finished her allotted task, with a rapid alacrity to which at this moment I have little claim. But you will have no reason to think this want of alacrity has any reference to you, when I tell you that the last time my pen traced a line upon paper it was for *your* perusal. The genius of letter writing has for the present departed from me, but Susan has just muttered something about "solitary situation, & duty & charity," & she is herself so good in that way, her

life (unlike some modern divines) is such a charming commentary on her precepts, that her pleas have double weight. Here then I am at your service, all of me that has escaped dissolution.

To give you anything like lively incident I must go back to Commencement, which by way of novelty I passed at Cambridge. Nobody appeared willing to be Maria's escort, & I went rather from necessity than choice, & without much expectation of individual enjoyment. But as those scenes we have long anticipated with delight often bring with them fatigue & disappointment rather than pleasure, so those which have neither awakened hope nor excited desire sometimes yield an unexpected enjoyment. To Maria all was new — & for her I felt an unaffected regret when owing to a mistake the washwoman omitted to wash the *only gowns* we had to wear on the occasion. Alfred returned on the morning of the day saying they were not washed. The rest of our wardrobe was absolutely dirty & this whimsical circumstance nearly frustrated our plan. My mother sent for the wet clothes & while we dressed the head and feet, she prepared the gowns for us. Attended by a single Beau we drove thro' the throng on the Common & safely reached the President's in spite of the carriages & four which threatened momently to crush our humble vehicle. As we entered the door, the last party were going out of it to the Meeting House. One moment later & we should have lost our chance. We had only one gentleman to escort us but he was an host. All the family had gone except Frank Dana & Sophia. We put ourselves under their protection & were soon in the midst of the crowd. Too late to get the best seats, we however obtained a place where the eyes could be fully gratified : Beauty and elegance surrounded us, & so completely was I engaged in viewing the various objects around me that the *excessive dullness* of the performances, most of which could not even be heard, had not power to fatigue me : Before my *feasted* eyes were the beautiful and



Dr Jackson

(*Mrs. Francis C. Lowell*)

elegant Mrs. *Derby*, the lovely & interesting Mrs. *Bowne*, with many stars of lesser note which had *they* been absent might have had *leave to shine*. On one side was Sophia, mother of Mrs. Geo. Ripley, who is always agreeable, on the other Clara Strong, a social, good humoured sensible girl, & behind F. Dana, whose pleasant conversation charmingly filled every pause.

Thacher's Oration was the only thing which "met my ear" worthy a comment. That was classical & elegant in manner & correct in sentiment, & (with the exception of a voice to which Nature denied melody) well spoken. As soon as the exercises were over, we were joined by Mr. Wells, who assisted Mrs. Dana thro' the crowd while I was protected by her husband. At the President's were assembled a motley group of all ages: Time & paper would fail should I attempt to give you a sketch of the party: There were 3 feet damsels & six feet damsels & fair damsels & brown damsels &c &c. The proportion of ladies to gentlemen was rather large at dinner. But who *could feel a want of attention* where Wells & F. Dana were present. They were all *eyes* all *ears* all *hands*, & poor Wells might say all *feet*, for he gave up his chair at least *100 times*. In the afternoon came pouring in all the Grandees to pay their compliments, the Gov. & his suite, sheriff, Treasurer, Rev. Clergy &c. &c. This made a pleasant variety. I was quite tired of bowing & smiling at their worships & their Reverences. Whenever those unfailing attentions which mark the champion of our sex did not occupy him, this favorite of all was by the side of Mrs. Dana & myself & Miss Mary Marsh, a trio that were pretty constantly together: You may imagine that thus surrounded my day must have been happily spent. At dark we lost our charming beau, but still the evening was cheerfully spent. We went to sleep at Sophia's, Maria, the Countess & myself. The next morning after a social domestic breakfast at Sophia's we prepared for the Phi Beta. We joined Mary Willard & Miss

Marsh, & attended by *one* of the Countess's lovers Mr. ——, we repaired to the Church. There we amused ourselves for an hour with observation before the Society appeared. The exercises commenced with a prayer by Mr. Emerson, which was very well. This was followed by a short address on friendship, which tho' the production of a very sensible man was not *much* — the gentleman not having time to prepare anything very good. We were then favored with a Poem by —— —— in *twelve* cantos, each of which was as long as a book of the Iliad. You will ask what was the subject of this elaborate production. That is a point the learned have not yet settled: some say it was happiness, some say liberty; others knowledge, others virtue. All I knew of it was that its length entitled it to rank as an Epic Poem, but as it had neither beginning, middle nor end, I fear it cannot justly claim such an honour. Nothing could be more *sincere* than the congratulations of the company after they were released from this confinement. We dined at the President's with a small but pleasant party. It was not quite so delightful as the same day last year which your memory will enable you to retrace. In the afternoon we adjourned to Sophia's, where we were joined by Mrs. Lincoln, Penelope, Nancy Storrow [1] & some others with a few Cambridge Beaus, the excellencies of a thousand such combined would not make a Wells. We however made out to pass two or three laughing hours & then returned home. Susan & Eliza were to have joined us on Thursday, but their spirit failed them. On our return we found them gone to a party at Mrs. Derby's. Of this fashionable squeeze Susan has probably [informed you].

[1] "Aunt Nancy" Storrow, sister of Mrs. Stephen Higginson; see letter from Dr. James Jackson, given later.

CHAPTER IV

ROBERT AND HENRY JACKSON

The tranquil life of the Jackson family, which began so pleasantly in the quiet retirement of Newburyport, was not destined to remain for many years undisturbed. The fledglings of that busy household were not expected to linger unduly within the parental nest. Even for the girls, boarding-schools afforded chances not to be had at home, while the ready sons slipped off, one by one, into paths that at first diverged widely, then, again, ran side by side. Their father had desired that each of his boys should follow a profession of his own selecting, and both the customs of the period and the needs of the day impelled to an early choice. And so it came about that by the time they were ten years old, James began to be dubbed "the doctor," and Harry "the commodore;" for the latter had determined, when a mere boy, to seek his fortunes on the sea.

ROBERT JACKSON

Robert, the oldest son, and, as James thinks, his mother's favorite, decided to throw in his lot with the merchants, and Charles with the lawyers. Patrick, the youngest, was likewise to be trained for a business life, though in fact both Robert and he passed, at first, several years at sea, and even in command of vessels, as a

preliminary to foreign trade, for of lucrative business at home there was very little.

Robert is spoken of in James's "Reminiscences" as a dark-skinned, handsome boy, though his beauty was unfortunately marred by an accident to his face and left eye when he was but ten years old. He is said to have resembled his mother. When he was about seventeen years old his father obtained for him the chance to sail for India in a ship belonging to Mr. Benjamin Joy, and under the personal supervision of that friend and successful merchant. Dr. Jackson could recall, in his old age, how carefully the family at home used to study the map, to follow the ship's course, and with what consternation they received the news, brought by a returning vessel, that tempest and wreck had overtaken the voyagers in the southern seas, and that, although no lives were lost, the ship and cargo had been destroyed. This mishap seems to have led, however, to a temporary advance in Robert's fortunes, the first notice of which was that he entered Boston Harbor in command of a vessel, which he had safely conducted home from Calcutta, though even then scarcely more than a boy, by modern reckoning. In 1792 he went again as captain to India, and after that he was seen no more by any member of his family until the winter of 1799–1800, when Robert, Henry, and James found themselves together in London. Not long after this Robert returned to America, for the purpose of establishing himself in business in Philadelphia. But in the following May unwelcome tidings reached his father, sent from Philadelphia by Mr. Francis Cabot, telling of his sudden death.

R. Jackson

ROBERT JACKSON TO HIS BROTHER HENRY

London, August 18, 1792.

Dear Hal, — I little thought when I last saw you that it would be so long a time before I should have that pleasure again, but long as it has already been it is like to be longer — I am going out again to India in the Sarah, a ship of about 200 tons belonging partly to Mr. Joy — I have got the command of her — it is uncertain whether I shall stay any time there, or come back here, or go to America — at any rate I think it will be a good thing for me the having got the command of her — I am pleased with it — I should like very much to meet you in India — has Capt. Folger any thoughts of going there — If you should not go out there, you will write me frequently, and direct to the care of Hon'ble John Cochrane of Calcutta, if you should go we shall probably meet — The first news I had of your misfortune was through Doctor —— the Haverhill man, who I understood attended you — I did not see him myself — he was at Madras, where Capt. Gardner who then commanded the Sarah saw him, informed me of the accident — I hope, as it happened at so young an age, that you will get the use of the other hand, so as not much to feel the loss. I wrote Charles by Thayer who sailed some time since but put back on acc't of having sprung a leak, he will go again today or on Monday I suppose — tomorrow he cannot clear at the Custom house. . . . You will remember [me] to all friends with you.

Believe me sincerely yours,

Mr. Henry Jackson. R. Jackson.

A letter enclosed for Hannah.

HENRY JACKSON

The next brother, Henry, was, as Dr. Jackson writes, a bright, spirited, "generous-hearted" boy, "ready to

do battle for himself and for others," of dark complexion and hair, but otherwise without any close resemblance to his elder brother; "opening his eyes without any show of fear, manly in his whole appearance, and constantly engaging an interest in his looks and deportment, which gained him numerous friends." He left home for the first time when a boy of ten, accompanying his father on his voyage to the West Indies in 1785; and although he returned to Newburyport and remained there for a season, proud of his sailor's dress and lore, yet from then on, for a dozen years or more, his was a sailor's life.

Henry possessed in full measure the ardor and cheerful spirit of helpfulness which so strongly characterized the family, and acquitted himself so well on shipboard that a successful career seemed in prospect. But unluckily, when he was still only a boy of fifteen, he met with a severe accident, the effects of which remained with him through life. It seems that while his firm friend and superior officer, Captain Folger, was taking his vessel through the Gulf of Arabia, a native prince came sailing by, and a salute in his honor was thought necessary. Some small pieces of cannon were hastily mustered up and placed in charge of Henry Jackson, with a small black boy as helper, neither of them much accustomed to such a task. The first discharge went off well enough, and the cannon was wiped out for a second. But no sooner was the cartridge rammed down than off went the gun. Outcries and confusion followed, and Captain Folger turned to see the black boy running and bellowing, and Henry sinking in the sea. Obvi-

ously, it was the old story of an ill-thumbed vent and a premature discharge, with the ramrod in the gun and in the hand of the rammer.

Captain Folger sprang instantly into the water, and supported his young charge until others could be called to his rescue. But no sooner was he safe than it was found that his arm was wholly paralyzed, and his hand so much injured as to require partial amputation. Fortunately, a young surgeon was on board who could give him skilled attention. The arm, however, remained helpless and painful; and although he returned after a time to duty, yet when he reached home, a year later, he was markedly altered. He was still bright, and retained his love of the sea, and did not contemplate any change in his occupation; but though he learned even to ride and drive with much skill, yet his aching arm continued to be a serious burden, and "his powers were constantly taxed by the extra work he had to perform" with his other arm. On this account complete amputation was decided on, and this operation was performed by Dr. John Jeffries, who had been on terms of friendship with Jonathan Jackson before the Revolution, a friendship which a wide divergence in political opinion had not destroyed.

Dr. Jackson also, looking back over the gap of seventy years, writes in his "Reminiscences:" —

"In conformity with my father's notions on such subjects, he proposed that I should attend the first dressing of the arm that should follow the operation. With a full sense of the importance attached to the business in which I anticipated taking a part in some future day, I entered the sick room when the

time arrived and witnessed the painful dressing of the wound. I remember to this day how tender the wounded parts had become as well as the tenderness and care with which they were handled. At this time there was once some slight sound of the expression of suffering, more, as the surgeons said, than there had been under the use of the knife. Harry had the full sympathy not only of his own family, but I believe that of the whole town to which we belonged.

"If he did not boast of his fortitude, I am satisfied that I did, not only at that time, but I was proud to do it for a long time afterwards. In due time the wound healed very well, and though he was not at once entirely relieved from his suffering, he was much benefited by the operation. I do not remember how long it was after this event before he went abroad again under his master, but I believe that in this next voyage he passed around the Cape of Good Hope and landed in Calcutta. I think that he had no further wound or injury of any kind. The detail of his subsequent voyages immediately under the services of Capt. Folger, much as I then thought of him, I have now ceased to remember. He remained in the service of his constant friend and master, and by him Henry was advanced to the office of mate.

"I believe that I had decided three years previously to study medicine, so that my father and all his family were in the habit of calling me 'Doctor.'

"I believe they questioned whether I should not attend the operation. Probably the medical gentlemen thought that no advantage would arise to me from seeing this painful performance at my early stage of life, but my good father thought it well that I should realize somewhat of a business to the exercise of which he was looking forward for me."

These were days before anæsthetics had been found to lessen the pain of patients and lookers-on.

During the next thirteen years Henry was almost

Henry Jackson

constantly at sea, making voyages to the East, at first under Captain Folger, as mate, but eventually in independent command. He served always to the satisfaction of his employers, but not with any great financial profit to himself.

In one of these voyages he met with a serious mishap, to which, in the following letter, his brother Charles, "the judge," refers.

NEWBURYPORT, April 17, 1796.

DEAR HAL, — We have been much gratified within the last few days by the receipt of your letters from Lisbon — we have been gratified, notwithstanding all the troubles and perils which you recount — and if you had lost a dozen crews and carried away all the masts and spars you could get in Portugal, I should not feel at all concerned while you kept up such spirits and such confidence in yourself as you appear to feel in your last letters — I think it is of great advantage to any young fellow to meet with some rubs and difficulties in first setting out in business — so long as he does not allow them to depress his spirits. If he is a clever fellow these difficulties will bring out his talents and show them to advantage, and if he is not, it is no matter how soon he and his friends find it out. I have preached so much in praise of misfortune as to feel almost mortified that I cannot meet with any myself to relate to you. . . . Methinks I see you while reading this wipe your forehead and breathe out a "Damn him, wants to get into trouble does he, I wish I had him aboard my ship — I warrant he should not complain for want of vexations." . . .

You ask me to send you the news. It will be difficult to find anything in my quiet town that would be worth sending around the Cape of Good Hope. . . . God bless you in every quarter of the world is the prayer of

Yours affectionately,

CH. JACKSON.

In 1799 Henry made a happy marriage with Miss Hannah Swett of Marblehead, sister of Dr. John Barnard Swett, "who held a high character in the county of Essex." Several children were born to them, among whom was the well-known and greatly respected Dr. John Barnard Swett Jackson, to whom belongs the credit of having founded the systematic study of morbid anatomy in the Medical School of Harvard University. But these hardships at sea had told upon Henry's strength. "He looked and felt like an old man except as to his courage," Dr. Jackson writes, and in 1803, as he saw his family increasing, he decided to try his fortunes on shore. In this effort he had the valuable help of Mr. Francis Cabot Lowell, the husband of his sister Hannah.

It was not easy to find lucrative employment, however, and for the first few years Henry's ventures were unsuccessful. Eventually his prospects began to brighten, but in December, 1808, he died, after a brief illness, leaving a widow and three children.

Henry's early absence from home, his accident, and his cheerful disposition made him the recipient of many family letters,[1] a number of which were preserved by him, and help us to fill out, in imagination, the daily life of the friends whom he had left at home. Some of them are in the round, childish handwriting of younger sisters, others from brothers at school or college, while others again, long, solicitous, and affectionate, full of advice, of warning, of encouragement, and now and then of gentle reproof, are from the ever watchful father. A number

[1] I am greatly indebted to Dr. Henry Jackson, the grandson of Captain Henry Jackson, for the opportunity to make extracts from these letters.

of these letters appear in this memoir as contributions to the sketches of the several writers, and others are collected here. Those from Henry to his wife give a picture of the seaman's life in the days when to the dangers of the tempest were added those of capture and imprisonment by rovers of the sea, and the chance of long and anxious waiting for fair winds.

HENRY JACKSON FROM HIS SISTER MARY (AFTERWARDS MRS. HENRY LEE), THEN A CHILD OF TEN

February 17, 1793.

Dear Brother, — How have you and Mr. Folger been since we had the pleasure of seeing you here. you must not expect a long letter from me Henry, I shall only write a little letter being but a young writer I shall soon be tired. if you answer this let me know how Aunt Wendell and Cousin Sally and aunt Susey are.

Your ever affectionate sister,

M. Jackson.

HENRY JACKSON FROM HIS BROTHER PATRICK

Newburyport, December 14, 1794.

Dear Brother, — Pappa informs us all that there is an opportunity to write to you so I suppose you will soon receive a large (and I don't doubt but pleasant) packet from us. I will endeavor to make mine as pleasing as I can and think the most pleasing news I can tell you is of our friends and relations. The only changes in our family is that Charles has left College and studys Law with Mr. Parsons. James has left Dummer Accademey and is gone to College, and Patrick has left home & gone to the Accademy at Byfield, there to stay until he has got learning enough to go into a store. I will also inform you that the good wishes that you left us are full-

filled for Papa has sold the old grey Horse & the heavy Chaise both of which you so much disliked. Uncle John Tracy's family have lately received an acquisition in another daughter named Catherine. Uncle Nat Tracy's family remain the same as they were when you left us. I must now leave off with telling you that where ever you are you are attended with the good wishes of Your Affectionate Brother

PATRICK T. JACKSON.

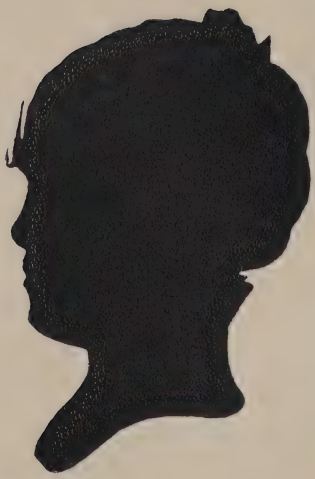
P. S. If you can find time I should be very glad if you would write a short letter but I shall not wait if there is another good chance of writing to you.

HENRY JACKSON FROM HIS SISTER HANNAH

BOSTON, September 11 [probably 1796].

DEAR HAL, — I came to Boston yesterday and did not see your letter to Papa till after his to you was closed or I should certainly have written to you as I felt you were earnest for it. I now hasten to do it — I did not see Papa's letter to you but suppose he has mentioned to you all the changes that have taken place in our family — we shall never be again collected as we have been — but we have heretofore been singularly fortunate, and perhaps are still in some instances — your safe arrival may be set down as one I think. . . . For these last eighteen months we have been continually changing our position. We first moved in NewburyPort, and exchanged habitations with Capt. Thomas — he purchased ours and we used his for a few months. We then moved to Charlestown and spent last winter there — and since the spring we have been dispersed — Charles is in NewburyPort and it is said is every day increasing in reputation as a lawyer there. He lives in Aunt Mary Tracey's family. James is at present writing in my father's office and boarding with him in Boston but is shortly to begin the study of physic. Patrick remains as clever a fellow as ever. He is still with Mr. Bartlett, has grown amazingly

J. Jackson.



Mary Jackson

(*Mrs. Henry Lee*)

and will make the stoutest and likeliest fellow amongst you — Harriet and Mary are at boarding school in Hingham — and Sally and myself are out at board in the same town — thus in short hand you have a statement of our situation at present. . . . I hope I shall see you soon. Until then adieu.

Yours,

H. Jackson.

HENRY JACKSON FROM HIS SISTER HANNAH

Would you believe it, Harry, not one of you noisy he-creatures remains — all gone — a clear stage. You can't imagine what a still life we lead — nor will ever have an idea I believe, for no one else ever experienced it where you were, or ever will I fancy — however, to confess the honest truth I would be willing to put up with a little noise for the convenience of one of you, I should not ask for more.

Patrick used frequently to tell us how much we should miss him — and we find upon trial we *do* more than we are willing to allow to the young man — for you know you have all vanity enough. . . . Friend Nic[1] now and then visits us — though the powerful magnet that used to attract him is moved — he is now in the parlor and joins the family in love to you. Accept the good wishes of your ever

Affectionate sister,

H. Jackson.

Notwithstanding what I said in the beginning of this, whenever you or Robert have it in your power to come among us, I believe you will be received with emotions not very opposite to those of pleasure.

Again, shortly after Harry's departure on one of his voyages, addressing "Commodore Jackson," Hannah writes: —

[1] Nicholas Tracy.

I was told by Mr. Jones, who came in from Boston last night, that you had enclosed a letter to me to friend Nic, but on inquiring of him this afternoon, found it to be a mistake. I will acknowledge it would be the height of presumption to suppose that a man of business could have time to write to a *female.*

After diligent inquiries, I have the pleasure to inform you that the ladies down in town, such as Miss St. Barbe, Miss Cutter, etc., are all well, that is to say they *exist*, since it is not to be supposed they have enjoyed life since this day three weeks.

Yours,

HANNAH JACKSON.

The remaining letters are from Captain Henry Jackson to his wife, Hannah (Swett) Jackson.

LONDON, November 25, 1799.

MY DEAR HANNAH, — I arrived on 16th after a rough passage. I have wrote you once by a Vessell from Liverpool for Boston — and once by a Vessell from this for Philadelphia — in both of them I mentioned the possibility of my seeing you before I go to India. We have now concluded that the ship must return to Boston & I hope to see you in the Month of March. I was so fortunate as to gett well, three or four Days after leaving you & I have kept so ever since. I hope my Dear, that you have taken all the necessary measures, for making your situation as pleasant & comfortable as possible. I am sensible that it is bad enough at best. But we must soothe ourselves, with the idea of my living with you, after a few years more vigorous exertions at Sea. Can you blame me my Love, if I acknowledge that I had rather go on to India, than return to Boston. I cant bear the thought of leaving you, after fifteen or twenty Days only, which if I remain in the same Ship, I probably shall, for She will proceed immediately to

Canton. My Letters my Dear Girl — must be short — for my interruptions are many & frequent. I have been call'd from this at least ½ doz'n times. You will of course remember me to all your family, & to good sister Knight. Tell Her, that John is a very fine Boy, that He grows surprisingly and that He thinks Himself quite a sailor. Mr. Perkins, the Doctor assisted in passing off the well Hours on the passage — the Doctor seems well pleased with London — I shall not write my father, Frank, Charles or any one except my friend Folger — you will say to them that I am well — tell Aunt T., Hannah & family the same. James's Letters will inform of our meeting Robert & that He is in better Health, & worth more Money, than I ever before knew him. I must adieu my Love tho much more to write. Believe me with sincere affection,

HENRY.

GENOA, August 14, 1800.

MY DEAREST H., — This will inform you that I am at Genoa & that I expect to leave it this Eve, for Leghorn — I wrote you from Malaga & Leghorn. Our prospects were then very doubtful, but they are now ended for We have sold our Cargo as well, or Better, than any of our Neighbors (I learn that We have been fortunate) — from Leghorn we shall proceed to Calcutta & my Dear, from thence to Boston — there are some small privateers here, But I do not fear them they are only four and six guns. . . . My investment has sold well & I still hope to be worth twelve thousand Dollars on my Return to you. I shall probably write you again by this Vessell — after I gett to Leghorn, I leave Mr. Tilden here to settle & arrange our Business — while I am collecting Dollars at Leghorn — there are several American Vessells in the Mediterranean & you may expect a scrawl from me, by every one I see. My Mind has been on a constant stretch hitherto, which must excuse me from writing — this will go enclosed to Frank as I must write Him on Business, you will

tell our Father that I intend to write Him by this Vessell if possible after I gett to Leghorn — as likewise all Brothers, Sisters, Friends &c. You must let Capt. F. know that I am well, & that I will write Him the first opportunity. I forgott to say that I arrived here on 5th August from Leghorn & finished discharging yesterday. I expect to be detained at Leghorn three or four Weeks. Sister K. has a letter enclosed from John who is a very good Boy.

I must adieu, my Dearest H. for I go to Sea in two Hours, if the Wind stands and there is 30 people Round me with their different questions. God bless you my Love.

Believe Me Ever yours
Sincerely, HENRY JACKSON.

PORTLAND, November 27, 1800.

MY DEAREST H., — I hope & expect that you have, ere this received the few lines, I wrote you by Mr. Tilden — they will inform you My Dear, that I was anxiously waiting for a Wind. it frets & worries me as much as it ought to be detained here, & you canot doubt that I shall improve the first opportunity to join you. I feel most sensibly for the melancholy situation of our relations & friends at Marblehead it must be distressing to the extreme — I hope — & I believe that you have had the smallpox, so that you can attend to & console your dear sisters, — Sally's little family must suffer, indeed it must be shocking to them all — I read the account of it in the newspaper — & it has trebled my anxiety (if possible) for a fair Wind — if you have had it, you must of course be with them — & I hope my Love that you have been generous — & obeyed your Heart & humane disposition in supplying the poor families of your acquaintance with many of the comforts & necessarys of Life — Such donations will never make us one farthing the poorer & it will be to me an everlasting joy to hear my Wife mentioned among their Benefactors. . . .

I hope indeed to be with you before this possibly can, as you will tell our friend Frank with my love to His wife & all the Sisters —

Believe yr. Sincere affectionate

HENRY.

John is very Well & a pretty good Boy — He was inoculated and had the smallpox very light at Leghorn.

CHAPTER V

JUDGE CHARLES JACKSON

The three younger of the Jackson brothers, Charles, James, and Patrick, and the two sisters, Harriet and Mary (Mrs. Henry Lee), survived the rest of the family for many years. Having chosen Boston for their home, they lived there almost without interruption for the remainder of their lives, in an intimacy which grew closer year by year, and in houses which seemed to be seeking to touch shoulders.

The respect and warm affection that each one of the three brothers, the judge, the doctor, and the merchant, inspired in his townsmen was increased by a recognition of this intimacy between them, and by the pleasure of seeing them together, either in their homes or on the familiar highways of the city. One friend [1] writes that, having met them in this fashion while she was walking with her husband, they chanced soon afterwards to pass a group of three fine tall trees, and she was prompted to exclaim, "Are not these trees like the Jackson brothers!" Such was the common sentiment, and while thus it was easy for their admirers to see the fine qualities of each one of the three intensified by being viewed through the medium of the others' merit, yet to those who stood nearer, the chance of comparing and

[1] Mrs. James Freeman Clarke.

Chas. Jackson

contrasting them made it easier to comprehend more justly the peculiarities of each one; for the resemblances between them were not more striking than the differences. The individuality of each was strongly marked.

Friendly as their relations were with their neighbors, and wide as was the circle of their acquaintances and friends, it was in the society of each other and of their children and near kindred that they found their greatest pleasure.

What Hannah wrote in 1813, in a letter to Mrs. Grant of Edinburgh, became even more their habit as time went on, and as increasing cares and diminishing strength limited the energy and intensified the domestic traits of the various members of the group.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO MRS. GRANT FROM HANNAH (JACKSON) LOWELL

I began the year very badly for a domestic woman. I was at two private balls last week, besides another evening in company, and have to struggle hard not to be in company all this week. I have begun it by refusing invitations. The fact is that for several years past our *Clan*, as we denominated ourselves, have agreed among ourselves that we have kept too much secluded from general society, but the pleasure of our easy intercourse is daily felt, and the advantages of an enlarged acquaintance it required some reasoning to be persuaded of. As is usual, feeling prevails over reason, and the Clan remains *in statu quo*. The most incorrigible members of the Clan are of my side of the house. Mr. Lowell's family have too much vivacity and good taste to confine themselves exclusively to it.

Then, after giving a brief description of her three brothers,[1] she goes on to say: —

"These gentlemen with their families, are more rigid observers than any others, of our system of seclusion; some of them have the excuse of ill health, and others bring argument to justify what is the result of inclination, and alledge that the advantage and pleasure are not adequate to the trouble of changing their plan."

Charles Jackson, the eldest of the three brothers, was born at Newburyport on May 31, 1775, only a few weeks after the gunshot at Concord Bridge.

In 1785, when Jonathan Jackson moved to Boston, Charles was placed in the Boston Latin School, together with his older brother, Robert, and his younger brother, James. On the return of the family to Newburyport in 1787, Charles was transferred for a short time to Dummer Academy at Byfield, until in 1789 he entered Harvard College as Freshman, being then fourteen years of age.

It was in this year that Jonathan Jackson accompanied Washington on a portion of his "progress" through the towns of New England and received him for a few hours as a guest at his own fireside. The story is told that as the President patted the youthful Charles on the head, the latter looked up at him and said, "You have to speak the truth in this house." History does not reveal the context of the remark, but the sentiment was one that lay near the heart of the father of that household.

While in college Charles Jackson was the chum of Francis Cabot Lowell, the son of his father's bosom

[1] Page 58.

friend, John Lowell.[1] This was a natural and most fortunate friendship. Mr. F. C. Lowell's character and talents were of the finest, and his connection with the Jackson family was to mean much for them in many ways, as has been already recorded in these pages.

The fact that Charles Jackson was chosen to deliver the English oration at Commencement shows that he acquitted himself well as a student, although, by his own account, he must have been looked upon as a boon companion. He was one of the early members of the Porcellian Club, then but recently established.[2]

In an amusing bit of description of his college life, written during the Freshman year, unsigned but evidently autobiographical, in which he figures as "Jackson" or "our hero," he represents himself as in disgrace with the authorities, and as passing his days and nights in card-playing, the prevalent custom of the period. It appears, however, that the stakes were nuts, apples, and jack-knives; and beneath the good-humored recital gleams ever the ripple of boyish exuberance.

Charles's father was at this period a poor man, and was forced to borrow money to some extent for the education of his boys, and there is no reason whatever to believe that either of them seriously failed to appreciate the obligation under which they were placed by this situation of affairs. Charles threw himself into study of the law under Theophilus Parsons of New-

[1] Mr. Lowell had by this time left Newburyport, and was living at the pleasant estate of Bromley Vale, in Roxbury, which remained for a long period the cherished home of his descendants. Here Charles Jackson was a frequent visitor.

[2] The Porcellian Club was first organized as a literary society.

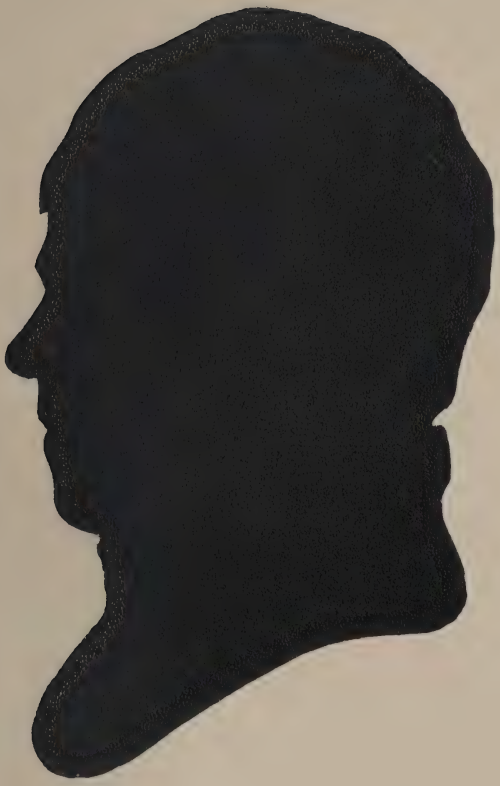
buryport, almost immediately after graduation, and James into teaching. Yet both of them possessed an instinct for pleasant surroundings and a love of enjoyment, which undoubtedly were integral and important factors in their characters, appearing later as partial causes of their refinement of taste and love of natural beauty, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, of their keen sympathy and unusually fine power of discrimination. The half-humorous self-reproaches of Charles, and the self-accusations of extravagance by the acutely sensitive and conscientious James in one of his letters to Harry, point clearly to this conflict of tendencies, which ended so favorably in both cases.

Charles fell quite ill shortly after leaving college, and disclosed, years afterwards, to his son that he remembered lying in his bed and thinking how, if his life should then come to an end, he should be able to leave nothing but debts behind him.

The following letter to his brother Henry was written in the year after his graduation: —

Newburyport, September 29, 1794.

Dear Henry, — I mean to devote this letter altogether to news, and shall continue to tell stories till my paper fails me. To begin then with a disagreeable event, I will tell you what happened this morning. About four o'clock we were alarmed by the bells and the cry of fire — it was at Mr. Moses Brown's Wharf — the one, you know, that was called Hooper's Wharf. It has destroyed all that row of small buildings, the Brick distillhouse, & Edwards's large brick house at the head of the Wharf — the Lower Store was saved. The loss is estimated at about £2000 and falls chiefly upon our two richest merchants,



Chas. Jackson

Brown and Bartlett. To balance this disagreeable part, the town in general is growing rich rapidly — if possible faster than when you was here — there are two new houses lately built just above ours in High St., & many others in different parts of the town.

Here I am yet, with my Father; and must tarry two years more in Mr. Parsons's office to complete my pilgrimage. You used sometimes to complain of my habits of sitting so much at home — I believe I should now suit you exactly — I don't spend more than two evenings a week in the house — indeed how can I, when I am so much in demand among the ladies? I must be cruel not to give them as much of my time as I can spare — especially when I have nothing else to do with it — for to say the truth I find our Town a very dull one, in which opinion the ladies join me; particularly as they say, since they have lost you. However, my acquaintance does not lie altogether in the same circle that yours did. It is chiefly in a younger set, who had scarcely come into view when you left us. You might think I was flattering myself if I should tell you how great a gallant I have become among them — therefore I shall say nothing of it — only I can't help wishing you could take a view of us, if it were only to compliment me on my success.

We are all pretty much as you left us, only that money has grown more plenty, and of course living (for *Salary men*) much more expensive. None of your particular acquaintance that I recollect are either dead or married. Remember me to Mr. Joy, Capt. Folger and my acquaintance with you and believe me

Your affectionate brother C. Jackson.

P. S. If any Ships should arrive from this quarter without letters, don't blame us, for the captains in general will not carry any. Mr. Otis politely offered to take anything for us — by him I send this.

Charles Jackson's close association with Judge Parsons, during the two years that he passed in his office, brought him a good deal more than a knowledge of the law, for from then on the distinguished jurist and his pupil remained close friends.

Tradition tells that Mr. Parsons said of his young student, "Of all my pupils, not one has left my office better fitted for his profession. He will prove himself the American Blackstone."

In 1796 Charles Jackson was admitted as a member of the Essex bar, and opened an office in Newburyport, where for the next six years he practiced law with marked success. It was during this period that he wrote the following letter to his brother: —

Newburyport, September 8, 1797.

Dear Harry, — Yours of the 4th I received by the post to-day, & hasten to satisfy you in a number of particulars. I had heard last evening of your arrival & thank God for it — we have been apprehensive for some time that some cursed French privateer had picked you up — but you say you are now well & hearty, so no more of that.

You have heard of the fate of our good mother. For many years past her health has been so infirm & her constitution so broken, that we might every day almost have expected this event — it came however very suddenly at last. She went to bed apparently as well as usual, & was carried off in a fit of apoplexy by nine o'clock the next morning. this was in the latter end of April.

You will no doubt receive letters from Boston before this will reach you, as they knew of your arrival in season to write by the last post. You will find that my father had a new appointment under the U. S. government about a year since, in

consequence of which he was obliged to keep his office in Boston. I had finished my studies with Mr. Parsons about the same time, & immediately opened my office in this town where I have been ever since. it is not likely you could have heard of Uncle N. Tracy's death before your arrival — it happened last autumn. Aunt T. sold the farm this spring, & removed her family into town. I immediately took my lodgings in her house, where I remain at present.

But let me hasten to give you some news of a more agreeable nature. You will probably have letters from your sisters in Boston, & probably too the very things they are most interested in will be the last they would think of telling you. My old & good friend Frank Lowell has made himself very agreeable to Hannah — the lady did not think fit to reject his suit, & he found no difficulty in obtaining my father's consent. however his business & indeed the age of both of them will undoubtedly prevent a very speedy connection. all this has been settled these six months past.

. . . but here is news enough for one letter — do for God's sake send me some account of yourself. when are you coming home? I presume it will be as soon as your ship is discharged. even if you are going out in her again, you can certainly afford to allow us a month or two. I want to hear how you have been, & particularly how you have succeeded in the principal point. I learned from Stephen Jones that your adventure had done very well, & that you had a good prospect home. I hope it will prove true. you will find very great changes in mercantile affairs since you was here. money has been growing more scarce almost every hour. Some that were thought our richest men, with hundreds of inferior rank, have been failing every month — & all this is small compared with what is expected in case of a speedy peace in Europe. I hope, however, this will not injure your concerns whatever they may be.

All your friends here are well, & I refer you to your letters from Boston for an account of our friends there. I shall

write you again soon, meanwhile do write me particularly about yourself and your affairs.

I am affectionately your brother,

Ch. Jackson.

Within two years after his graduation from college, and while still living in Newburyport, Charles Jackson was married to Amelia Lee, a daughter of Joseph Lee of Salem. She lived but eleven years after their marriage, dying in 1809 of New England's enemy, consumption. She left no children, but her name was given subsequently to a daughter by a second marriage, afterwards Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

In 1803 Mr. Jackson removed to Boston, and in the same year he was the prime mover in the establishment of a law library, now the great Social Law Library of Boston. Although the signature of Theophilus Parsons precedes that of Charles Jackson in the call for subscribers to this enterprise, yet the paper is in the handwriting of the latter, and the movement is counted as of his beginning.

For ten years after his removal to Boston, Mr. Jackson practiced law privately, with credit and success.

In December, 1810, just a year after the death of his first wife, he was married to her cousin, Frances Cabot, daughter of Mr. John Cabot of Beverly and cousin also to Elizabeth Cabot, who had become the wife of Charles Jackson's brother James. A story has long passed current as authentic among Judge Jackson's descendants which clothes his second marriage with a local coloring characteristic of the New England of that day. Frances

Cabot, besides being the cousin of Amelia Lee, had been an old playmate of Charles Jackson, but they had not once met during the year that elapsed after his first wife's death. Nevertheless, as she afterwards told her daughter-in-law, she divined on what errand he had come, when his chaise rolled in at the gateway of her father's house, as she sat on the porch shelling peas. He arrived, proposed, and was accepted, without unnecessary delay.

Many years later, when the only son of this couple had grown up and had taken a bride of his own, the mother told the story to her daughter-in-law, and on the latter's asking, "How could you make up your mind so quickly?" she replied, "My dear! not marry Mr. Jackson!"

In 1813, the death of Associate Justice Sedgwick having created a vacancy on the Bench of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, Mr. Jackson was appointed by Governor Strong to fill the place, and entered upon his duties in the third term, Suffolk,[1] at about the same time that James Jackson was starting upon his work as a teacher of medicine. His colleagues at the first were his old master, Chief Justice Theophilus Parsons, Samuel Sewell, and George Thacher; at later periods, Isaac Parker, Daniel Dewey, Samuel Putnam, and Samuel Sumner Wilde.

This appointment proved to be eminently fitting. Many reasons combined to make him a good judge. In the first place he was a strikingly fair-minded man, and ready to labor studiously in preparing opinions which

[1] 10 *Massachusetts Reports*, 55.

should be sound and just. Then he was without the desire for personal distinction, and had none of the restless self-consciousness which is so hostile to the formation of a calm, unbiased judgment; and finally, he had been a thorough student and a good practical lawyer. His training and the habit of his mind inclined him to conservatism, but this tendency, when not governed by narrowness or bigotry, is an aid and not a hindrance to the task of weighing dispassionately the evidence presented by others, and drawing without prejudice the conclusion to which it leads. It is not on the bench alone that judicial qualities such as these are useful. In fact, Judge Jackson's brother, the doctor, possessed them also, and they helped to invest him with an unusual authority as an adviser in both professional and private situations of delicacy and doubt.

In the course of his ten years of service as judge, Mr. Jackson became an accepted authority upon certain branches of the law. Judge Thomas refers, in the course of an article in the "Law Review," to the "legal genius of Charles Jackson."

REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION

In 1820 Judge Jackson was appointed one of the delegates to revise the Constitution of the State. The account of the deliberations of this assembly of notables is preserved in a volume edited in 1853 by Nathan and Charles Hale, the preface to which contains a brief statement of the origin and history of the Constitution of Massachusetts, from which the following extract is taken: —

"The [original] Constitution provided for ascertaining the sense of the people, in 1795, on the necessity or the expediency of revising the instrument, with a view to making amendments. No such necessity or expediency was then found to exist; and the constitution remained unaltered for forty years. During the latter part of this period, the expediency and necessity for some amendments began to be seriously discussed, particularly in relation to the third article of the Bill of Rights; the excessive number of Representatives in the popular branch of the Legislature; the apportionment of Senators; and especially the important change in the condition of the Commonwealth, produced by the establishment of the District of Maine as a separate state."

The whole number of delegates to the convention of 1820 was about four hundred, and the list included many of the best men in the State, among them Daniel Webster, then but thirty-eight years old. Judge Jackson's name stands fourth among those of the forty-five delegates from Suffolk County.

The first act of the convention, after organizing itself provisionally, was to invite the venerable John Adams, then in his eighty-sixth year, to be the presiding officer. The invitation was accompanied by a warm and eloquent indorsement of his services to his country in war and in peace. Although unable to accept this invitation, Mr. Adams did occupy his seat as a delegate from Norfolk County, and by his presence must have excited inspiring memories of the first constitutional assembly of the State, where he had played an important part.

Governor Alexander H. Bullock, in his address of 1881, on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the adoption of the original Massachusetts Constitu-

tion, compares and contrasts the convention of 1820 with that which met thirty-three years later, and says: —

"Any careful reader of the debates of these two public bodies of 1820 and 1853 would readily perceive that in the former it appears to have been difficult to induce the members to accept any change in the organic law, whilst in the latter it appears to have been difficult to prevent the acceptance of any alteration. The one deliberated at a time in which no party strife existed, whilst the other was itself, in some degree, the outgrowth of party strife, and its deliberations reflected strongly the party politics of the day."

Among a number of papers of Judge Jackson's which have been preserved, there is one which contains comments on the constitutional amendments that seemed to him desirable. One of these is of general interest in that it calls to mind the changing religious tendencies of the day. After referring to the fact that the third article of the Bill of Rights contains a paragraph in these words, "And the People of this Commonwealth have also a right to, and do, invest their Legislature with authority to enjoin upon all the subjects an attendance upon the instructions of the public teacher aforesaid, if there be any on whose instructions they can conscientiously and conveniently attend," Judge Jackson goes on to say: —

"I would expunge the paragraph, because some persons, and I confess I am one of the number, would never say they could not conscientiously attend on the preaching of almost any one. But such persons would think it somewhat hard to be obliged to hear a preacher as often as the Legislature might think proper to enjoin, or submit to whatever penalty might

be provided for the neglect — when at the same time they did not and could not believe a tenth part of his doctrines — and if he happened to be, as is frequently the case, a wholesale dealer in doctrines and in little else, the case would be doubly hard.

"The paragraph in this article relative to the appropriation of monies paid for the support of public worship might be more definite than it is by altering one word, 'may' to 'shall.'

"Would it not be best to prohibit the Legislature from passing any laws of the compulsory nature provided in this paragraph?

"If any one, neither for religious motives, fancy, curiosity or any other motive, is disposed to attend public worship on Sundays, I should think it would be somewhat worse than doing nothing, to compel his attendance or subject him to a penalty for non-attendance, however infrequent the attendance should be enjoined. Still I think every one ought to contribute to the support of public worship, in some way, either voluntarily or by compulsion if necessary, — because I do verily believe that the support of public worship is a civil benefit, as much so as the support of schools or of courts of Justice and various other things which might be mentioned."

In fact, the clauses referring to this matter were drawn up in accordance with the views that Mr. Jackson had expressed.

Judge Jackson's special share in the important labors of this convention consisted in his work as chairman of the committee on the mode of reducing amendments to form and of submitting them to the people. He spoke, however, on various other questions, and always with the clearness and the conciseness by which all his communications were distinctly marked.

In 1823 Judge Jackson resigned his position on the bench because he felt his health inadequate to the constant labor which was involved, and spent a portion of the next two years in Europe. He returned to Boston in 1825, and again resumed, to some extent, his private practice. It was then that, in the desire to supply a need which, during his judgeship, he had felt to exist, he began to collect materials for his principal publication, a volume that appeared in 1828, under the title "A Treatise on the Pleadings and Practice in Real Actions," a work accepted in its day, both at home and abroad, as an authoritative statement of the law with regard to the matters with which it deals. The need for such a treatise is no longer felt, because the laws relating to these subjects have been embodied in the public statutes.

Of this work Judge Parsons says:[1] —

"The late Judge Jackson, who was regarded, by common consent, as one of the most learned lawyers in this very branch of the law whom we ever had, told me he had begged my father to put his vast learning of this law into a form which should preserve it; and had pressed it with so much importunity, that my father consented to join with him in making a book. Each party began his work; and I have now quite a mass of papers and memoranda prepared by my father with a view to it. But he never finished his share, nor any part so completely that it could be used. Judge Jackson went on, and, in the leisure which followed his retirement from office, he prepared that work on 'Real Actions,' which, although the change in the law and practice on this subject has rendered it of less immediate value, will ever remain a monument of his learning and sagacity."

[1] *Memoir of Theophilus Parsons*, by his son, p. 237.

Judge Jackson's own account of this effort is expressed in the brief note to Chancellor Kent accompanying a presentation copy of the book.

THE HONORABLE JAMES KENT.

My dear Sir, — You will receive with this a volume on "Real Actions," of which I have to beg your acceptance.

If you should ever find leisure and inclination to look into the book, you will see that it is confined almost entirely to the law as practised in Massachusetts. It was originally compiled exclusively for my own use; and when I thought of publishing it, I found I could not give to it a more general and comprehensive character without greater labor than I was willing or able to undertake. I hope, however, that it will be found that our law in Massachusetts, whilst it has simplified the practice in Real Actions, has retained everything that is essential in the principles relating to them; and that my book will not mislead the practitioner in other states, though it may fail on many occasions to furnish him any assistance.

With the highest respect and regard, I am, dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES JACKSON.

HONORABLE JAMES KENT.

This modest estimate gives but an imperfect idea of the respect entertained by his colleagues for Judge Jackson's book. The branch of the law of which it treats was one of the most difficult with which the lawyers of the day were called upon to deal, and to deal with it successfully demanded labor and erudition of the highest grade.

Judge Jackson's trip abroad gave him an opportunity to make the personal acquaintance of legal colleagues to whom he was already well known by reputa-

tion. Among these was Lord Stowell, brother of Lord Eldon, and a noted administrative judge. Besides greeting Judge Jackson warmly, he asked him to sit with him in court, and on one occasion supplemented an opinion which he had just rendered by adding, "I say this with the more confidence that the learned gentleman from America tells me such is the law in that country."

Among the very few memoranda that remain among the family papers, making reference to this trip, is this note in Lord Stowell's handwriting: —

"Lord Stowell begs Mr. Justice Jackson's acceptance of his best thanks for the Law Book with which he has favored Him, and which L. Stowell thinks contains a great deal of valuable Information.

"He goes on Sunday to the Greek Chapel under the convoy of Mr. ——, a young Greek Gentleman. As Mr. Jackson intimated a Purpose of going some little time ago, perhaps it might not be disagreeable to him to be of the Party."

In 1821 Judge Jackson received the degree of LL. D. from his Alma Mater, having already served some years as Overseer (1816–25).

In 1825 he was chosen a member of the Corporation, and this office he retained until 1834.

REVISION OF THE STATUTES

In 1832 it was found to be essential that a revision and a rearrangement should be made of the Public Statutes. It was the first time that this had been undertaken since Massachusetts had become a State, and the manner in which it was accomplished has called forth the praise of all lawyers to the present day.

Charles Jackson

Hon. Charles Jackson, Hon. Asahel Stearns, and John H. Ashmun, Esq., were appointed by his Excellency Governor Lincoln as commissioners.

Mr. Ashmun died in April, 1833, and the vacancy in the Board of Commissioners occasioned by his death was filled by the appointment of the Hon. John Pickering, Dr. James Jackson's intimate and lifelong friend.

The next year Governor Davis laid before the two houses two communications from the commissioners, "in which they gave an account of their progress, and recommended the appointment of a large committee to receive and examine their report."

This committee and its successors held many meetings, covering a period of eight months, and published the journal of their proceedings in a volume of five hundred pages. In the final summary of their report they say: —

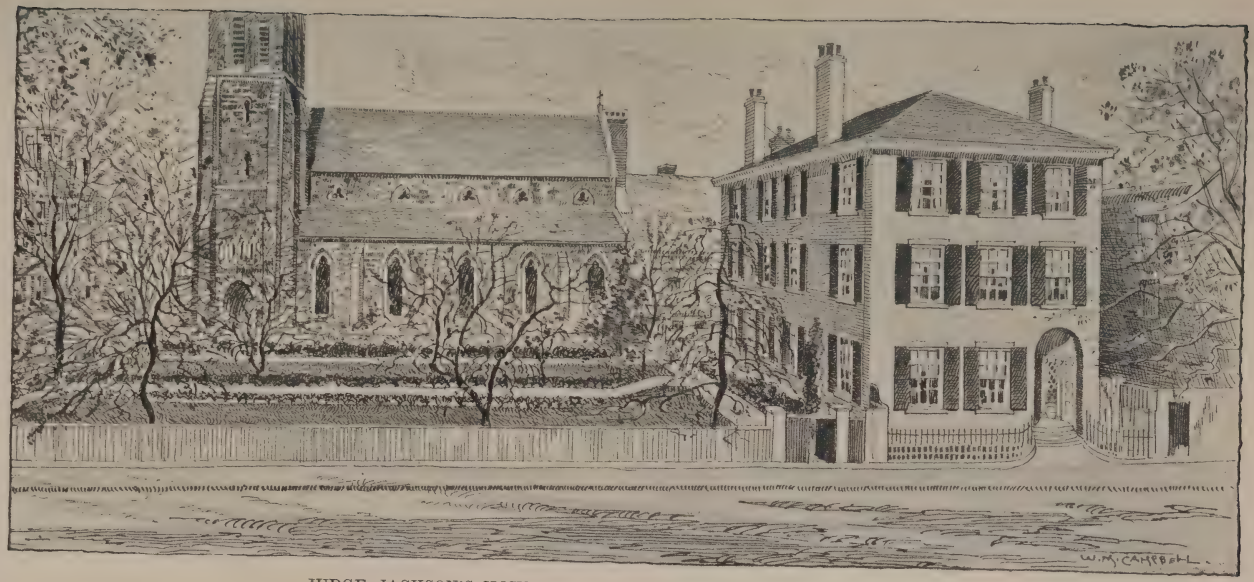
"A comparison of the existing statutes with the system as now reported, the committee think, must satisfy every member of the Legislature of the great advantages resulting from the adoption of the present report. . . . The task has been committed to three learned Commissioners, who have for three years been devoted to its accomplishment with untiring zeal, men whose *varied* engagements in their profession have enabled them to bring to the work, with the learning and judgment of mature years, a practical acquaintance with the operation of existing laws upon almost every department of business, and a consequent knowledge of their defects, and of the best measures to remedy them."

Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., a grandson of Judge Jackson, speaks of this work as follows: —

"The Revision of the Statutes is a transaction which recurs at long intervals, when the mass of public statutes passed by our fecund Legislatures becomes too vast, contradictory and undigested for endurance. It is not exactly a codification, but resembles it in many particulars. Nowadays, when it has to be done (twice, in my life-time, because productivity has so enormously increased), it is given to able men, chiefly notable for acquisition and critical accuracy. But the Revision which Judge Jackson made was the first, and was regarded with great respect, as being really a revision, re-framing, of the existing Statutes, in the light of all the litigation and judicial decisions which had arisen under them. It was really a great and valuable work, with a considerable infusion of the spirit of the creative law-maker."

The entire later portion of Judge Jackson's life was spent in the house on Bedford Place, with its capacious garden, which stretched from Bedford Street along the northerly side of what is now Chauncy Street, the entire estate covering almost one half of the distance between Bedford and Summer streets. This house and garden, and likewise the whole neighborhood in which they stood, are endeared by pleasant memories to many persons still living, and deserve to be recalled as part of a delightful corner of Old Boston.

The portion of Chauncy Street of the present day which lies between Bedford and Summer streets was divided at that period into Chauncy Place and Bedford Place, the former occupying the easterly and the latter the westerly half. The two places were divided at first by a brick wall, pierced with doors corresponding to the sidewalks, and at a later time by an iron chain hanging between posts.



JUDGE JACKSON'S HOUSE AND GARDEN, BEDFORD PLACE, BOSTON

Judge Jackson's property embraced the whole northerly side of Bedford Place, while the corresponding side of Chauncy Place was mainly occupied by Chauncy Hall School and the First Church, with its adjoining yard.

Bedford Place might well have been called by some name distinctive of one or another of the kindred clans whose representatives inhabited it so long, living in an intimacy like that of the members of one large family. On the southerly side, directly opposite the large house and garden of Judge Jackson, there lived in adjoining houses, reckoning from the Bedford Street corner, Mr. and Mrs. John Amory Lowell, Mr. and Mrs. George Higginson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Paine (Fanny Jackson), Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lee (Mary Jackson), Miss Harriet Jackson with her niece, Miss Sally Gardner, and Mrs. Henry Jackson, almost all with families of active children. Somewhat later Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Morse (Miss Harriet Jackson Lee) occupied the house previously lived in by Miss Harriet Jackson and Miss Gardner.

Thus, at one period, the gardens of Judge Jackson, Prescott the historian, and Mr. S. P. Gardner covered most of the large area between Summer Street and Bedford Street, while another large and open estate with a wide space of terraced lawn, occupied for a long time by Miss —— Pratt, lay on the farther side of Summer Steet opposite the end of Chauncy Place. A picture of the Gardner house and yard, which occupied the site of C. F. Hovey & Company's store, is here reproduced, to aid the imagination in the reconstruction of this region

now so radically changed. The garden of Mr. Gardner's place reached backward, beyond the stable, as far as the easterly line of Mr. Jackson's estate. The Jackson garden itself was a retreat possessed of much beauty and charm. Along its easterly side, adjoining the house, was a brick walk and a border of shrubs, among them the sensitive *mimosa*, whose leaves the passing children loved to touch. The remainder of the garden, from this brick walk to the Bedford Street end, was sunk several feet below the level of the house; and in the angle of the bank, where in winter the snow gathered in deep drifts, fine snow-houses could be dug. Three graveled walks traversed the garden lengthwise, leaving oblong plots of grass bordered with rosebushes and other shrubs. The children of the family were welcomed here, and could bury rose-cakes in the garden beds, and pick fruit, under certain restrictions, from the pear-trees which grew at various points. Within the house, too, children were made at home, and it was well known among them that youthful visitors to Judge Jackson's quiet study rarely went away without a large "gum-ball" from a certain drawer in his desk. At the south-easterly corner of the garden, near the house, stood a very old and famous St. Michael's pear-tree, a variety then dying out and already almost extinct. The fruit, of yellow color and with blackish spots, was greatly prized by all the family. When the place was sold, Mr. John M. Forbes had the tree examined with a view to the possibility of transplanting it, but this was decided to be unadvisable. The front door of the house, recessed with curving surfaces, as shown in the accompanying

MR. S. P. GARDNER'S HOUSE AND GARDEN, SUMMER STREET, BOSTON

sketch, was of a rare construction, only two or three others like it existing in the city at that time.

Towards the close of Judge Jackson's life his means became much reduced, and after his death his widow felt obliged to sell the old house and grounds, and joined her brothers-in-law, James and Patrick, in Hamilton Place. Her nephew, Colonel Henry Lee, came forward and bought the estate, but subsequently sold it again for a much larger sum than he had paid for it. With characteristic generosity and family affection, he declared, however, that he had no desire to make money out of the misfortunes of his relatives, and proceeded to divide the surplus among Judge Jackson's three daughters.

Judge Jackson always remained, as he had grown up, a warm supporter of the Federalist party, but there is no evidence that he took an active position as a leader. However, he did feel himself closely identified with those who had shaped the policies of that body of fine and able men, whose lives and work had meant so much for the early history of Massachusetts and of the new republic.

One interesting incident alone, so far as I am aware, would indicate that he occupied a more responsible place than has been indicated. In 1828, namely, when the bitterness of twenty-five years before might have been supposed to have passed away, a piece of evidence was discovered indicating that President John Quincy Adams (originally himself a Federalist) had formerly made some statements to President Jefferson, to the effect, it was alleged, that the early leaders of the Fed-

eralist party in Massachusetts, and especially Timothy Pickering, had planned to form an English party, and to lead the State into secession and perhaps into union with Canada. The whole sharp and interesting controversy was published later in the form of a pamphlet entitled "New England Federation," and is reviewed by Henry Cabot Lodge in his life of George Cabot. The letters on the Federalist side, calling upon President Adams for the evidence to substantiate his charge, were signed by eleven men, who claimed the right to speak with authority for their "leaders," many of the foremost of whom had long since died. Judge Jackson was one of this eleven, and although their claim of authority was not allowed by Mr. Adams, yet the mere making of it suggests the sense, at least, of a certain authority on their part. It is now generally admitted that President Adams was mistaken in his opinion.

Judge Jackson was among the prime movers for the establishment of the Farm School for Boys, on Thompson's Island, an institution privately supported, which has filled a place of great usefulness among the charities of Boston, and became the first president of the corporation. According to the plan which he drew up, and which was read at the first meeting, January 27, 1832, —

"It was proposed to procure a Farm within a few miles of the City & establish a School upon it, in which Boys might be taught the common learning necessary to qualify them to become Apprentices to husbandmen & mechanics, — and where they might also be employed in the labours of husbandry

suited to their ages & strength, at all times not devoted to study or to suitable recreation & rest, and where they should be subjected to a regular but mild & parental discipline so as to form in them habits of industry & sobriety, of order and respect & submission to the laws, and to train them up to become as far as possible good citizens & useful members of society."

There was then a Boston Asylum at the North End which had received wayward and vicious boys, and this institution had funds, which the Farm School had not. An effort was made to combine the work and financial affairs of the two, and a combination was to a certain extent accomplished, but the trustees of Thompson's Island School refused to receive boys who had been under arrest.

Apparently it was through recognition of the success of the Farm School in its chosen line of work, and at the same time of the needs of the boys who were not suitable to be admitted there, that the Hon. Theodore Lyman was led to urge and make possible the establishment, in 1848, of the State Reform School, now the Lyman School for Boys, at Westborough.

The Farm School decided to receive only boys of good character, mostly Boston boys, and not exceeding one hundred in number. They were to be admitted free of cost when surrendered by their parents, but payment was to be made by parents who did not wish to relinquish their children except for a limited time.

In his later years Judge Jackson used to suffer greatly from the gout, and had days when he used to say that his temper was unequal even to family intercourse.

Then he would shut himself up, to emerge again when the attack was over.

On the whole, he was considered the most talented of the three brothers, and it has been shown that he became an honored representative of that profession where knowledge, fair-mindedness, and that form of wisdom which is termed good sense are all equally indispensable.

While his amiability gained him the affection of many friends, yet his reserve and sensitiveness in temperament, combined with his delicacy in health and an indifference to personal fame, kept him to a great extent remote from the knowledge of the general public.

Jurists, as a class, are men whose best work sometimes lies buried from all eyes but those of their colleagues, or lives only as incidental to the successes or failures of clients who are often of far less note than they. This was more than commonly true of Judge Jackson, because he had not habits or instincts such as lead to social distinction, and because he held no public office except within the line of his duty and profession. All who knew him, young and old alike, were impressed with his extreme courtesy and the kindliness of his speech and manner; and although not distinctly witty himself, yet he had a strong and pleasant sense of humor, and carried on his face a smile which meant a ready reception to the wit of others. His children and his wife adored him, and regarded him, indeed, with a peculiar feeling of consecration.

Shortly after his death, which occurred in December,

1855, his colleagues of the Suffolk bar passed the following resolutions, which were offered by Mr. Charles P. Curtis: —

"The members of the Suffolk bar have heard of the death, in a good old age, of the Hon. Charles Jackson, formerly one of the justices of the Supreme Judicial Court, and being moved by a deep reverence for his memory, and a strong sense of gratitude for the services rendered to the profession of the law by such abilities, such attainments, and such a life as his; a gratitude which remains fresh in their hearts notwithstanding the many years which have passed by since this eminent magistrate was compelled by ill health to retire from the judicial station which he adorned by his virtues and talents; therefore, it is by them

"*Resolved*, That the professional and judicial career of the Hon. Charles Jackson, which now lie so far back in the past as to be regarded from something like an historical point of view, are contemplated by us with gratitude, admiration, and reverence. At the bar, his progress was uniform and steady, because it flowed from those substantial, moral and intellectual qualities which are subject to no variation. Diligent in business, faithful to every trust, with an excellent natural capacity for the law, and of studious habits, every year increased the charge laid upon him, as well as his capacity for dealing with it. His whole professional life turned upon the poles of honor and truth, and nothing was ever done or said by him which might not have challenged the deepest light of investigation. His elevation to the bench at an early age was felt by the bar and the community to be a deserved tribute to eminent worth; and his judicial life responded to the high expectations which his professional career had raised. His learning and legal capacity stand recorded in his reported judgments, and in his excellent text-book upon a difficult and profound branch of the law; and by the united testimony of all

who remember him upon the bench, there was no quality of a great judge wanting in him. He was prompt and methodical in the discharge of business, patient in hearing, and courteous in manner; his stores of learning were at perfect command; his presence of mind was equal to every emergency. In the performance of his judicial duties he presented an embodiment of that serene and passionless reason which is not moved by fear of favor or prejudice. And when he resigned his trust, it was felt by every one who had known him that a great judicial light was taken away from the path of the law.

"*Resolved*, That the professional and judicial eminence of this distinguished man were the natural result and consequence of those personal qualities — those traits of mind and character — which in any occupation or profession would have secured him success and consideration. His strong good sense, his clear perceptions, his industry, his uprightness, his quiet courtesy, were all-conspicuous in all his life. Neither possessing nor coveting the gift of what is called popular eloquence, he secured a great and wide influence in the community by the personal confidence that was reposed in his wisdom, his integrity and his disinterestedness. Simple, transparent, straightforward, he moved always towards right ends by right paths. Nor were these high qualities mingled with any alloy of sternness and coldness. He was a faithful friend; his domestic affections were strong; his manners were gentle and winning; his heart was the seat of kindly affections. His life was crowned and consecrated by sincere religious faith. And now that the grave closes over him, his work well done and no duty undischarged, we feel that we have before us a life of finished and rounded excellence worthy of reverence and imitation."

"In the supreme judicial court, December 17, the resolutions adopted at a meeting of members of the Suffolk bar, in respect to the memory of the late Hon. Charles Jackson, were presented to the court by Hon. Charles G. Loring, and entered

upon the records. Mr. Loring prefaced the presentation with some appropriate and eloquent remarks, to which Chief Justice Shaw responded, on behalf of the bench, in a written address, occupying half an hour in the reading. It was a most feeling and felicitous tribute to the public services and private worth of the eminent deceased. At intervals during its delivery the venerable justice was very much affected. The address gave a sketch of Judge Jackson's professional life, which was of special interest to a large number of legal gentlemen present. The chief justice was accompanied on the bench by his associate, Judge Metcalf, and Judges Huntington and Perkins, of the superior and municipal courts." [1]

Obituary notices are often hastily drawn, and with the wish to please remaining friends rather than to satisfy impartial critics. But this was written by men accustomed to weigh their terms, and is of value if only as marking the respect and affection of the well-known indorsers.

The memoir of Chief Justice Parsons, by his son, Hon. Theophilus Parsons, contains the following passage: —

" I must be permitted to say a word more of one [Jonathan Jackson] who was among my father's most valued friends. . . . From boyhood I was accustomed to hear my father speak of him in terms which placed him before me as the embodiment of sound sense and absolute integrity. His family exhibit a remarkable instance of a father's imparting to his children, by blood or education, or both, his own elements of excellence; each of those whom I have known having in his own walk attained a distinction which might well have satisfied more

[1] From the *Monthly Law Reporter*, January, 1856, pp. 533, 534. The *Monthly Law Reporter* for March, 1856, also contains an excellent notice of Judge Jackson by Mr. George Lunt.

ambition than the father or the sons possessed. . . . Charles Jackson, the eldest brother, was a lawyer, and a thoroughly good lawyer in every possible sense of the word; one to whom duty was the only rule of life that he could even think of; and to whom departure from the exactest line of right was simply an impossible thing. In 1813 he left as great a business as one man could have, and accepted a seat on the Supreme Bench. He held it for ten years, and then was compelled by feeble health to resign it. No man ever took that high office with a more unanimous acknowledgment of his fitness; no one ever exercised its functions with a more universal acceptance, or left it with a more universal regret. Upon the commission to revise the statutes of the Commonwealth which reported in 1835, his services were, as I can testify, invaluable."

Finally, it is possible to add, through the kindness of Judge Jackson's grandson, Justice Holmes, the more critical estimate of an interesting table, formerly in the possession of Mr. Epes Sargent, and apparently drawn up in 1802 or soon after. This table gives the writer's judgment on the merits of twenty-six of the most prominent lawyers of the day, almost all of whom left marks of their work on the history of their time. So far as is known, the table was never published, but the care with which the manuscript was prepared shows that the writer had put great pains and no doubt a fair share of personal and political bias into its execution.

The table would have been more entertaining if it had been given in its complete form, but for obvious reasons it has been thought best to omit the figures indicating the estimates set down for the other members of the distinguished group.

	Law Knowledge.	Political Knowledge.	Classical Knowledge.	Talent (in General).	Wit.	Integrity.	Practice.
E. Gore							
R. G. Amory							
T. D. Channing							
Wm. Thurston							
J. Hall							
S. Dexter							
D. Davis							
H. G. Otis							
B. Whitman							
G. Blake							
E. Gay							
J. Phillips							
J. Callender							
J. Rowe							
J. Quincy							
W. Sullivan							
C. Paine							
C. Jackson	7	2	1	5	0	7	7
J. Hurd							
T. O. Selfridge							
L. Richardson							
W. H. Sumner							
J. Allen, Jr.							
E. Gray							
J. Lowell							
C. Cushing							

7 = highest degree.

Mr. Sargent was the first president of the Suffolk Insurance Company, and the leaders of the Federalist

party used to resort to his office for consultation. Nothing is positively known of the source of the estimate given in the table, but so far as Mr. Jackson is concerned, it paints him as he was, — a man of absolute integrity, a thorough lawyer, and of good talents, but not one to whom his contemporaries were in the habit of turning for wit, classical learning, or political leadership.

In the columns of the "Columbian Centinel" for 1802, there is a series of tables from which the design of that here given was evidently drawn. The first, published on August 11, 1802, is entitled the Scale of Modern Talents (in England) for 1792, the list of headings of the different columns being Genius, Fancy, Humor, Learning, Originality, Expression, Taste. This is followed, in a later number, by a Scale of Beauty, in which the reigning belles of England are ranged, similarly, in appropriate categories. The writer begs the editor to get some one to do something similar for America, and on August 25 of the same year this challenge was met by the publication of a highly sarcastic description of the leaders of the Democratic party, as here given. All the tables are arranged in the same general manner with that giving the estimate of the Boston lawyers.

August 25, 1802.

Mr. Russell,[1] — I have been revolving in my mind, in what manner I could comply with the request made in a late Centinel on the subject of a comparative scale of the Merits and Demerits of the leading Democrats in the U. S. Whilst collecting facts thereon, a thought struck me, that it would

[1] Editor of the *Columbian Centinel.*

answer the purpose as well, to change the modes of estimation, and instead of Gauging, to Weigh them in a new constructed Political Balance, etc., etc.

THE COMPARATIVE WEIGHT

of the Leaders of the "Democratic Sect," ascertained with all possible accuracy. The Maximum of Weight 20.

Then comes a table with the following headings, in which the men prominent in the opposing political party are held up to fine scorn: —

Treachery.
Future Prosperity.
Ambition.
Intrigue.
Duplicity.
Cunning.
Vanity.
Popularity.
Independence.
Public Services.
Talents.
Learning.
Political Knowledge.

CHAPTER VI

PATRICK TRACY JACKSON

Patrick Tracy Jackson, the youngest of the Jackson brothers, was born in Newburyport, August 14, 1780, and, like the rest, passed from the day schools of his native town into the excellent Dummer Academy hard by. He was by temperament sanguine, ardent, and sociable, and soon won the confidence, friendship, and esteem of every one with whom he came in contact. His own instincts prompted him to take up a merchant's life, and at that period the best opening for such an occupation was rather through the counting-room or the deck of a merchantman than through the halls of Harvard.

Several excellent accounts have been written of his business achievements, both in the general histories of the industrial progress of Boston and of New England, and also by his personal friends and colleagues, Nathan Appleton and John Amory Lowell;[1] and the great movements in which he was one of the leading spirits — the establishment of the power-loom cotton industry at Waltham and at Lowell, the building of the Lowell railroad, the development of Pemberton Hill — are, in name at least, familiar to every one.

[1] *Memoir of Patrick Tracy Jackson*, written for the *Merchants' Magazine and Commercial Review*, 1848.

P. T. Jackson

Shortly after Patrick's death, however, Dr. James Jackson wrote an interesting account of him for the sake of his children. This was not intended for publication, and Dr. Jackson particularly declares that dates and figures were furnished by his memory alone; but the record has a personal charm and flavor such as no other historian could give, and therefore it has been thought best to make the extended extracts which here follow.

So constantly cheerful and hopeful was Mr. Jackson, no matter what difficulties might be impending, that the more serious account of him may well be prefaced with the following pleasant-tempered letter, written when he was a boy of eight or ten, to his brother Harry, who had then just left home for one of his first voyages.

PATRICK JACKSON TO HENRY JACKSON

NEWBURYPORT, February 12.

DEAR HARRY, — Perhaps you will wonder why you receive this letter that I begin to write you before you are out of the State, but I have such a request to make, that I wish to have this letter answered as quick as possible. My request is that as you left two thin summer jackets behind you, you will bequeath one of them to me. I suppose James would have no objection to one of them. One of them is a red and white striped, the other a yellow and white stripe. I am in great hopes this letter will not bother you nor put you out so that you will not answer it. The reason of my making the above request is that you wanted it so much last summer in your capacity, and as I suppose next summer I shall in some measure take your place I shall find it as convenient as you did. Another request I have to make is that you let me have your cane which you left behind. Give my love to Aunt and Uncle

Wendell & all our friends. To Mrs. Folger and tell [her] I hope her little voyage has done her good, if you do answer this tell me how she and you both were on your passage. Pleasant voyage to you and I hope you will have good health until we meet again. I fancy you have been so long a fair-weather Jack you came in a little for seasickness. Adieu, and ever think me to remain your affectionate brother

PATRICK T. JACKSON.

P. S. Mama and sisters say that if you do not answer this letter you deserve to have your nose done as you used to do mine. Sally is agoing to send you your false tail.

In 1847, immediately after Patrick's death, Dr. Jackson wrote to Miss Anna C. Lowell the following letter, with which this preliminary estimate of his brother's character may well be closed.

DR. JACKSON TO MISS ANNA C. LOWELL

BOSTON, September 18, 1847.

I knew very well that I should have your sympathy, my dear child. I have lost a most excellent brother. I shall not complain. On the other hand, I thank God that I have had his company to the evening of my own days, and that I have derived so much true pleasure from him. I certainly did not think he would go before me. Between him and my brother Charles and myself there has been now, for many years, the most unreserved intimacy. My older brother has been the acknowledged head. He is the wise one. He has so sedulously cultivated himself, the heart even more sedulously than the head, that he seems to me as nearly faultless as any one I have known upon earth.

Patrick was the working man, the industrious, indefatigable, energetic working man, taking care of us all as to

worldly matters. But he has done it in no worldly spirit; he has been more careful of others than himself. Though he used to say it was his business to make money and he wished to excel in it, yet he had a noble and elevated spirit far above what appertains to love of lucre. He certainly loved to have command of property, because it enabled him to indulge more freely his generous spirit. But the distinction was well shown in this, that it was his delight to use his power and influence in placing those who were worthy in situations where they could make their own fortunes. With all this he had a cheerfulness and a ready sympathy with all about him, which enabled him to add much to the happiness of the world. He was very sincere in his sympathy. When he expressed his pleasure at seeing you in the old church, he said only what he felt. He was quick in his feelings of all kinds. He was irascible by nature, tho' less so than I was. But he never retained his anger. He never retained his resentments. It gave him pleasure when he could contribute to the happiness of those whom he had considered inimical to him. Among his friends, in our family circle especially, his entrance was the signal for hilarity and fun. He was fond of keeping his operatives at work. He was equally fond of setting the good feelings at work and of putting people in good humour with themselves.

NOTES ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF PATRICK TRACY JACKSON, BY DR. JAMES JACKSON

Dear Patrick, — The death of your father has occupied all our minds and hearts. It has been a solace to dwell upon his useful life and the many excellencies of his character. I have found a real pleasure in making notes of some of the principal circumstances of his life, and of the principles and feelings by which he seemed to me to be guided. Some of the events of his life may not be so well known to you, your brother and sister as to me. To his grandchildren, when at a future day they hear you speak of his worth, it may be grate-

ful to read these notes. You can add to them many things which I have omitted. . . .

I wish to say that I have given dates from my recollection, and I know that I have not been exact in respect to them. These may be corrected.

Believe me to be very sincerely and affectionately

Your friend,

J. Jackson.

Boston, October 3, 1847.

"Patrick Tracy Jackson was the youngest son of Jonathan Jackson. He was born in Newburyport on the 14th of August, 1780. He was named for his maternal grandfather, Patrick Tracy.

"Patrick attended the public schools in his native town, and afterwards was at Dummer Academy in the vicinity of that town. Though very frail on his birth, he was a vigorous and active boy, with a bold spirit and always ready to engage in the sports of his age. When about fifteen years old, he went as an apprentice into the store of Wm. Bartlett, Esq., then the richest man in Newburyport, and engaged more extensively in commerce than any other merchant in that place.

"The young apprentice manifested at once that he should not feel disgraced by anything which it was his duty to do. He took pride in throwing himself into the midst of the labor and care which the business of the store required. In so doing he gratified a love of activity and usefulness which belonged to his character, at the same time that he satisfied his sense of duty. But while thus ready to work, he had a keen relish for the pleasures of youth, and he took as large a share of them as his business would permit. After the toils of the day, for the business imposed on him often required great bodily labor, he was never too tired to dance half the night. He loved grand society, and his connections in Newburyport gave him the best access to such society.

"Mr. Jackson gained the confidence and opinion of Mr. Bartlett. When he was under twenty years of age, Mr. Bartlett sent him in one of his merchantmen to St. Thomas's in the West Indies, making him supercargo, and giving him authority to take the command of the vessel from the Captain if he should see occasion. Mr. Jackson conducted the voyage, as I believe, with success and to the satisfaction of his master.

"Mr. Jackson was bound to remain with Mr. Bartlett until he should be twenty-one years of age; but, several months before that period arrived, he had an opportunity to go to India with his brother, Captain Henry Jackson. When this was made known to Mr. Bartlett, that gentleman very liberally relinquished his claim to the further serving of his apprentice.

"It was very near the first day of the present century that Mr. Jackson commenced his career as a free man. He did it under the protection of a brother, about six years older than himself, to whom he was strongly attached. They both delighted in active life, and both were filled with warm and generous affections. Patrick, already intimate with many things belonging to a sea life, occupied his time on shipboard in acquiring a knowledge of navigation and of seamanship, in which his brothers were well qualified to teach him. His particular duty, however, was that of captain's clerk, so that he was fully occupied when on shore, in such affairs as his education had well prepared him for. The voyage was to Madras and Calcutta, and it opened to him a trade in which his master, Bartlett, had not been engaged; but which was, at that period, one of the most profitable to the enterprising merchants of this country. The English government found it to their interest to give us great privileges in the Bengal trade, and our neutral position, during the long wars of the French Revolution, enabled us to take the cottons and other goods of British India not only for our own consumption, but also for the continent of Europe. It was then a common practice, in Boston espe-

cially, to send out a ship to Calcutta, or Madras, under an enterprising supercargo, in which men of capital would send adventures from five to twenty-five thousand dollars in value, giving to the owners a certain commission for the investment of their funds, as well as a freight for the goods brought to them. In many cases the owner would engage for half the profits in lieu of freight and commission.

"On Mr. Jackson's return from his first voyage he felt qualified to take on himself the charge of a ship upon the plan above described. He chartered a ship for this purpose and went round among the men of property, who knew him, to procure funds for a cargo from Calcutta. He was successful in his applications, and in a short time he took his departure. He was likewise successful in making money for those who consigned their property to him, and by this success and the accurate accounts he rendered, he established a good reputation as a man of business. Owing to special accidents he did not make much money for himself, but the character he gained among men of property was an ample compensation for the labors of his voyage. He very shortly went again to Calcutta on a similar voyage. On his return he happened to be at the Cape of Good Hope when that place was taken from the Dutch by the English. This circumstance caused a derangement in his mercantile operations, and the result was that he remained at the Cape about twelve months. It led him also into some new adventures, and he did not return home until 1808, after an absence of four years.

"From this time he engaged in the business of a merchant in Boston. Here he had the invaluable counsels and the support of his brother-in-law, F. C. Lowell. The knowledge he had acquired of the Calcutta trade led him to engage principally in buying and selling goods from that port. Of these, the most important and most valuable in that day were coarse cotton cloths. He was bold in his speculations, though circumspect. He would have been ready to sell goods on com-

mission, but found it more easy to obtain a credit for large amounts of cottons and other articles from Bengal, which he could sell very shortly, in small parcels, for an advance which gave him a handsome commission. His character soon became so known that he had no difficulty in obtaining credit from the great importing merchants of that day.

"From this business of a jobber he soon went on to take, in part or in whole, the management of a voyage to India, in which younger men went as supercargoes. He had become somewhat extensively engaged in this business in 1811, at which time he received a check. From a fall in prices persons in the India trade suffered great losses; failures took place, and Mr. Jackson's credit became doubtful. It was a question among his friends whether he ought not to stop payment in order to do equal justice to all his creditors. He looked carefully into his affairs and felt satisfied that he was safe. He then invited some of his principal creditors to examine his accounts. . . . He opened his books to them and made the most perfect exposure of his affairs. They were satisfied that he ought not to stop; and Mr. —— [his largest creditor] particularly advised him to go on, saying that he was ready to uphold him. It was his own conviction that it was for the interest of his creditors that he should go on, as he was sure that no assignee could conduct his affairs to a close so safely as he could himself, from his exact knowledge of them and of what related to them.

"He often said afterwards that he owed his safety to the care he had taken as to his accounts. His books were kept with accuracy, and in such a manner as to be perfectly intelligible to any man of business. He was therefore at once able to satisfy every such man as to the exact state of the property in his hands. It was one important crisis in his affairs; and in the result he gained reputation instead of losing it. Within a year all the embarrassment he had felt passed away and he was again largely engaged in trade.

"In 1812 and '13 he had in some measure relinquished his India business, which was embarrassed by the political circumstances of the time, and became engaged with his friend Mr. Thomas Lee, in the Havana trade. This, so long as he prosecuted it, was quite profitable; and it continued to be in the hands of Mr. Lee, after Mr. Jackson had given up his share in it. There was no doubt that his pecuniary advantages would have been quite as great, had he confined himself to it, as those which he subsequently enjoyed in another branch of business. But circumstances led him into a new business, and by this his whole future life was influenced.

"In the year of 1812 the war commenced with Great Britain. A few weeks after the declaration of war, Mr. F. C. Lowell returned from a long visit in England. While abroad, Mr. Lowell had formed the notion that the cotton manufacture might be prosecuted in this country with advantage. The use of machinery had been carried farther and farther in England, and now it was known that power looms were employed, though the construction of them was kept secret. So far as machinery was employed, the manufacture might be conducted here as well as in England.

"While labour was cheaper there, the raw material was produced in the greatest perfection in our Southern States. The advantages were thus in some measure balanced. We could also avail ourselves of water-power in this country, of which the cost was very much less than that of steam-power in that day. Mr. Lowell devoted his strong mind to a consideration of this subject, and within a few months he decided to bring the matter to the test of experiment. At that time 25c. a pound was not a high price for cotton wool; and Mr. Lowell satisfied himself that the cloth, a yard wide, of a fine texture, fit for sheeting, might be made for a shilling (16⅔c.) a yard. Such cloth at that time had been sold for fifty cents; at half this price it was supposed that it might be sold, as long as the price of the wool was kept up to twenty-five cents. Some-

thing like these were the calculations at the beginning of this enterprise.

"In this new business Mr. Jackson engaged with Mr. Lowell, giving to it a large part of his time and thoughts, though not yet abandoning his other business. In 1813 the first [power loom] cotton mill was erected in Waltham; and with the aid of Mr. Paul Moody,[1] the machinery was made there for the manufacture of cotton shirtings and sheetings. Everything was new — everything was to be decided without any precise knowledge of similar works. The structure of the machinery, the materials of which they were to be made, the very machinery of the machine-shop necessary for making the cotton machinery with economy of time and money; the arrangement of the mill and the size of its various apartments; the character of the operatives to be employed, the precautions that these operatives should not suffer the degradation of character common among those of the same class in Europe; — the successful precautions, as has since been proved, that not only the operatives should not suffer such a degradation, but rather that they should be elevated as to manners and morals above the common standard of the country; — such were the subjects which occupied the minds of Mr. Lowell and Mr. Jackson in the first period of this new enterprise.

"The actual manufacture of the cloth was commenced in 1814, and the result of the experiment was highly satisfactory. The article produced was greatly superior to anything of the same kind which had been known among us, and it readily sold at a very satisfactory price. The price at beginning was twenty-five cents a yard for the yard wide sheetings. So great was the success that, after the manufacture had been carried on about a year, a second mill, double the size of the first, was erected very near to the first.

"The mills thus built belonged to a corporation entitled the Boston Manufacturing Co. The members of this corporation

[1] Near relative of Hon. William H. Moody. — Ed.

were, in addition to Mr. Lowell and Mr. Jackson, such of their immediate relatives as chose to take shares in it (and these held more than half the shares), with several other gentlemen of property and consideration in Boston. Among these were Israel Thorndike, Esq., James Lloyd, Esq., and Nathan Appleton, Esq.

"Although the first suggestions and most of the early plans for the new business were furnished by Mr. Lowell, Mr. Jackson gave the most time and labour in conducting it; so much so, that he spent much of his time in the early years at Waltham, separated from his family. As yet he worked freely, with the ardor and sagacity which belonged to his character, without regard to compensation. An experiment was to be tried and he meant that it should be tried fairly. But he could not afford to give his time to the corporation. He had a young family growing up and his fortune was yet to be made. The members of the corporation were not aware, at first, how useful he had been to them, nor how important it was to secure his services.

"When the question first arose what his compensation should be, some of them hesitated as to the amount which seemed necessary. Mr. Jackson had a majority of votes at his command, but he was not willing to accept a salary which some of the shareholders considered large, while he well knew that he could make more money in the trade in which he was engaged. For a few months there was some embarrassment on this ground; but very soon he was appointed the treasurer and agent of the corporation with such a salary as he demanded, the company being satisfied that it was for their interest to employ him.

"As early as 1815 Mr. Jackson began to give his whole time and his whole heart to the Waltham factory. He did not long retain the most valuable aid of his wise and excellent friend Mr. Lowell. This gentleman died in the summer of 1817, and his health had been declining for the two years previous.

"It was not the intellect, only, which was so great in Mr. Lowell. His moral character was most pure and most elevated. He was singularly devoid of selfishness. He had the greatest love of doing good. He was the most honest of friends, and few men ever lived who, with such entire freedom and unreserve, told their friends their faults with a view to their amendment. He was so constantly serving them that no one could doubt his motives.

"The establishment of the Cotton manufacture was the last great object which engaged Mr. Lowell's attention, and he pursued it with great zeal. His labours were abundantly rewarded in his own day, though the fruits of them have been vastly greater since that time. It was left to Mr. Jackson to carry the work forward, and he did so.

"The water-fall originally purchased at Waltham by the Boston Manufacturing Co. was scarcely adequate in dry seasons to the work of the first two mills. There was a small water-fall half a mile below the first which was purchased soon after Mr. Lowell's death, and a new cotton mill with a bleachery was built at that place. These were thought to be large works in that day, yet it soon became evident that cotton mills might be increased very greatly in number and yet be conducted with profit.

"Mr. Jackson was fully satisfied of this, and he was continually thinking of sites for new mills in the vicinity of Boston. Mr. Paul Moody had been engaged with Mr. Worthen, before the mills at Waltham were built, at a mill in Amesbury on the Merrimack River. Mr. Worthen in 1821 first suggested to Mr. Jackson the great water power which might easily be brought into use, at Pawtucket Falls on the Merrimack River. A canal had been cut around these falls some twenty-five years before this period. It had not proved a profitable concern to the stockholders. They held the control of the waterfall without realizing its value.

"Mr. Jackson saw that the waters of this canal might be

employed with great advantage; but that to effect the object he must have the command of the canal and of the lands adjoining, or of a certain portion of them; and that, if he made this object known, the value of the same would be raised indefinitely in the eyes of the owners and that the project would be defeated. He therefore employed an agent to buy up the shares in the canal, so as at least to get a majority of them; and at the same time to purchase several farms in the neighborhood of the canal, in all cases giving at once such prices as were demanded.

"In this project he went on to a certain extent at his own risk.[1] He then made his plan known to two other gentlemen, whom he wished to interest in the concern. These were Mr. Nathan Appleton, who had been a very active member of the Waltham Co. and who was the selling agent for that company, and Mr. Kirk Boott, whom Mr. Jackson wished to introduce as the immediate agent in the company to be formed at the new site. These gentlemen were easily induced to embark in a project which promised them great rewards, and with their aid Mr. Jackson soon acquired a command of so much land and water in Chelmsford, on the Pawtucket Falls, as insured the success of his plan. It was not a difficult task to induce others to take shares in the new company to be formed, in order to hold the property thus obtained, and to begin the erection of cotton mills.

"Without following the history of this enterprise, it is sufficient to say that a new town was formed on the old canal, to

[1] The statement of facts here made by Dr. Jackson is believed by the editor to be correct. They were never intended, however, to stand as anything more than the private opinion of the writer, and readers who desire to weigh claims of priority more carefully are referred to the *Memoir of Patrick T. Jackson*, by John Amory Lowell, 1848; *Correspondence between Nathan Appleton and John A. Lowell in relation to the Early History of the City of Lowell*, 1848; *Introduction of the Power Loom and Origin of Lowell*, by Nathan Appleton, 1858; and to notices of the life of Mr. Paul Moody, etc.

which the name of Lowell was given, in honor of Mr. F. C. Lowell. This is now the city of Lowell.

"The first manufacturing company incorporated in Lowell was the Merrimack Co., the charter for which was granted in February, 1822.

"Now in twenty-five years from that time[1] this city contained upwards of 30,000 inhabitants. It would not probably be extravagant to say that in this year 100,000 persons derived their support from occupations growing out of the business of that place. Such are the fruits of the great enterprises, in which much of the skill and capital of New England have been employed in the present century.

"About the year 1827 Mr. Jackson gave up the agency of the Boston Manufacturing Co., in which he was succeeded by Mr. J. A. Lowell. Mr. Jackson thought he could occupy himself agreeably, without taking so active a part in business as he had done hitherto. His property was abundantly sufficient for his wants, and, besides, he believed that he might, like many of his friends, increase his estate without the close and laborious attention to business, which he had continued to this time. But he mistook his *mission*, to use a modern term. He was made for a working man, not for a speculator in stocks. He was particularly fitted for, and had learned by experience, to take hold of great enterprises, to arrange the plans and to conduct them to their completion. He could not live in idleness in the vigour of his days. He had his residence in town, and he purchased from the Boston Manufacturing Co. the place in Waltham, which he had occupied as their agent. In this he tried his plan of comparative leisure. He became dyspeptic, and, notwithstanding his buoyant spirits, life grew dull to him. But there was work enough to do at Lowell. His friend Mr. Moody had been constantly making improvements in the machinery of the cotton mills. He had now

[1] These memoranda were written about 1847, shortly after Mr. P. T. Jackson's death.

decided that the manufacture might be performed more rapidly and at a lower price under some new arrangements. Mr. Jackson then proposed the formation of a new company,[1] to be called the Appleton Manufacturing Co., of which he would be the agent, and which should take the advantage of Mr. Moody's new plans. This company was readily formed and two large mills were built, of which Mr. Jackson kept the charge until they were in full operation. The success in these mills, so far as cheapness in the manufacture was concerned, was such as had been anticipated, but a change in the state of the market and other causes prevented their being so peculiarly profitable as Mr. Jackson had anticipated.

"During the whole period, from the first movements in Lowell, Mr. Jackson took a leading and active part in all the measures pursued there. Mr. Boott had the immediate charge and agency in the first two great companies, the Merrimack Locks and Canals, and the Merrimack Manufacturing Co. But Mr. Boott did not take any one important step without consulting Mr. Jackson, and indeed all concerned in the early years of Lowell looked to him as the father and guardian genius of the new city. Until he got up the Appleton Mills he had not held any office there except with others, that of a director in the new companies. Yet it was the feeling of all, who took shares in the Lowell companies, as had been the case with the shareholders in the Waltham company, that he was responsible for the success of the new enterprises, and that he was to be referred to for information in regard to them. So strong was this feeling that it continued in much later years when Mr. Jackson had ceased to own shares in any of the manufacturing companies at Lowell. Others certainly lent important aid, and furnished essential contributions to the same purposes. But it was obvious that while there was work to be done and responsibility to be taken, he was regarded as the leader.

[1] In 1828 the Appleton Co. was incorporated.

"During the growth of Lowell many millions of dollars have been expended there and many strong men have been engaged. Occasionally there would be a diversity of opinion, and sometimes the feelings of the parties concerned would be unpleasantly excited. He was never neuter on such occasions. He took a decided part on every disputed point. But, if any danger of ill feelings arose, it was his part to be the mediator. He was almost always successful in efforts of this sort; a circumstance to be attributed not only to his sincere and judicious efforts, but to the high characters of the principal gentlemen with whom he was associated in the Lowell concerns.

"The interests of Lowell led Mr. Jackson in 1830 into a business new to himself and others. This was the building of the Boston & Lowell railroad.[1] For some years previous the subject of railroads had engaged the attention of public spirited men. The success of the Liverpool & Manchester road had encouraged all the hopes which had been entertained on the subject. It was obvious that the connection between Lowell and Boston was such as was well adapted to a railroad between the two cities.

"At the time referred to, the intercourse was very great, so that several stages passed every day, and the raw material carried from Boston and the manufactured articles brought back kept many heavy teams constantly on the road. There was indeed the Middlesex Canal to aid in the transportation of heavy articles, but it could operate only in summer, and could not transport them at all without a heavy expense. The inducements then were very strong to get a railroad for all this work. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Boott, with the aid of Mr. Moody, took up the subject very seriously.[2]

[1] The charter for this road was granted in 1830; the work was commenced in 1831, and the road was opened in 1835.

[2] Before the work was begun, Mr. Moody was suddenly taken away by cholera. The loss was irreparable to Mr. Jackson. He could never feel the same reliance on any other man. He was also sincerely attached to Mr. Moody as a friend.

"Some general survey was made of the country between Lowell and Boston; some estimate was made of the expense of the road, and likewise some estimate of the amount of travel on the road, with a calculation of the income which might be derived from it.

"The result was in favor of the road, in the opinion of these gentlemen. But they did not pretend that the grounds, on which their estimates and calculations had been made, were to be relied on with certainty. Some wise men among us believed that they were entirely in error. But the majority among those who had influence in the affair was in favor of the enterprise, and it was decided to undertake it. This was not done with a full assurance that the road could be made profitable, but with an assurance that it would enhance the value of the property at Lowell, much of which was held by the company of the Merrimack Locks and Canals. Under this assurance that company offered to give $100,000 as a bonus to the company which should build the railroad.

"One is amazed at the present day in recalling the views taken of the project at the time when it was first under discussion. The experience as to the building and management of railroads in this country is now so great that multitudes of people are able to make estimates comparatively accurate respecting any new road which is proposed. At that time the experience in England was very limited, and elsewhere there was not any experience. The Boston & Lowell road has cost a great deal more than was estimated. When it was first opened for use, its cost had already gone beyond the estimates.

"This was attributed by Mr. Jackson to the having changed the location of the road from the one first proposed; a very wise change as he thought, yet one which made the road more costly; to having graded the road throughout for two tracks, instead of one; and to having made the road more perfect in some points than had been proposed. One of these was that the road was made nearly level, as compared with most roads,

and nearly straight; circumstances thought very important, as it was obvious that it was a road over which a great amount of heavy freight would be carried.[1]

"But since the road was opened, the expenditure of the company has been more than doubled. This has arisen in great part from another error in the early calculations, a very happy one. It was believed from the beginning by the friends of the road that the travel and freight upon it would be much larger than they had ventured to estimate them; and that the travel especially would be increased by the facility which the new road would furnish. But their most sanguine hopes fell far short of the reality. When, therefore, in the course of a few years the business of the road was found constantly to increase, it became necessary to accommodate this great business. First, it was found necessary to have two tracks over the whole road. This Mr. Jackson had anticipated from the beginning. Also it was found that not only a much larger number of cars and locomotives were required than had been necessary at the beginning, but also car houses, freight houses and yards, and depots were to be enlarged and increased in number. And much of this was to be done at the Boston terminus, where the land required could be had only at great prices. These results were brought about in part by the entrance of new roads upon the Boston & Lowell road.

"When it was decided that the road should be built, everybody looked to Mr. Jackson as the agent. He viewed it as a great work, and he felt how ignorant he was on the subject. Yet certainly he was not backward to undertake the agency.

"As yet no such road had been built in this country. He wished to set an example of a thoroughly good road.

"He was very much afraid that the project would fail from

[1] In the hope of insuring greater solidity, the tracks were first laid on stone sleepers; but their very strength and unyielding quality was a source of inefficiency, and led to cracking. — Ed.

an unwillingness to meet the necessary expenses in the first instance. It was an anxious period for him. He was not accustomed to waste time in any of his undertakings. The public looked with impatience for the road, and he was anxious to begin it and to finish it. But he perceived that he must take some time for getting information and for digesting his plans before he should go on the work. There were indeed many points to be attended to and many preparatory steps to be taken.

"A charter was to be obtained, and as yet no charter for a railroad had been granted in New England. The terms of the charter, its conditions, were to be carefully considered. It was thought by some persons that the State ought to build all the railroads it should require, and not grant the privilege to any individual or any company. The most discreet men in our State government thought the matter would be better managed by private companies than by the State. Still some regard was necessary to the views of those who thought otherwise. Care was to be taken also that the privileges granted to the company should be well secured before they should expend their money for a purpose so likely to be useful to the public. This care was more regarded on account of the then recent transactions in relation to the Charlestown bridges.

"As there did not exist any real experience on the subject in this country, Mr. Jackson had to pick up information from various sources,[1] and it was not always satisfactory. He made up his mind on one point, and his decision was different from what it would have been at a later day, after there had been more experience in building railroads among us. This was that he would not give the power of deciding on the steps to be taken to any engineer. He chose to keep the command in his own hands. He availed himself of the assistance of en-

[1] Mr. Stevenson, of the Liverpool & Manchester road, was very liberal in giving him aid. But he gave some advice at that time which he would not give now, particularly in regard to the rail to be used. — J. J.

gineers. He employed Mr. James Baldwin[1] as his principal engineer, and he soon formed a real friendship with this excellent man. They discussed the business before them in the most unreserved manner, but Mr. Jackson gave the decision. Soon after he engaged in the business he made an acquaint-

[1] Mr. Charles Storrow, who afterwards married Dr. Jackson's daughter Lydia, served as next in authority under Mr. Baldwin. He had recently returned from England, where he had actually seen a railroad in operation. The following incident is given by Hiram Mills, for some time a friend and associate of Mr. Storrow, in his sketch of Mr. Storrow, recently prepared for the American Academy of Arts and Sciences: —

"Returning to Boston in April, 1832, he entered the engineering staff of the Boston & Lowell railroad, of which Mr. James F. Baldwin was chief engineer. Constructive work was then beginning, and Mr. Storrow served in the engineer corps until the road was completed. When entering upon this work he was the only one engaged who had seen a locomotive.

"On May 27, 1835, under his direction, the first train, drawn by the locomotive 'Stephenson,' carried a party of the leading stockholders from Boston to Lowell and back at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Soon after the road was opened to the public, and in 1836 Mr. Storrow was made the chief official of the road, under the title of agent, and managed its affairs for the next nine years.

"He had a keen appreciation of justness, and while he insisted that others should be just to the company which he controlled, he was careful that his company should be just to others. Soon after the road was opened to travel, a passenger entered a car after the seats were all occupied. He demanded of the conductor a seat, saying that his ticket entitled him to a seat and he must have one. The conductor told him there would probably be an empty seat a short distance out, but that he could not ask any one to get up and give him a seat; not satisfied, he rushed out of the car as it started, and complained to the depot master that the conductor would not give him the seat to which his ticket entitled him. The depot master took him to Mr. Storrow. The passenger complained excitedly of his treatment by the railroad. Mr. Storrow quietly heard him through, then turning to the depot master, said, 'This railroad was built for the accommodation of the public; this gentleman is entitled to a seat; you may heat up the other engine and take him to Lowell.' In this spirit of regarding the rights of others did he begin the railroad business of New England."

ance, at New York, with Major McNeil.[1] He engaged his services as consulting engineer and regarded them as very valuable. He frequently spoke of Major McNeil's readiness from a *coup d'œil* of any region of country to judge of its adaptation for a railroad. He gave his personal oversight to every portion of the work, as it went on, so far as it was in his power; and this he did in the early part of the business in part as a learner. Indeed it was his custom in every business which he undertook to make himself familiar with the details belonging to it. Thus he was better able to judge of the necessary cost of every work, and also to know when it was well done.

"For several years this business of the railroad and the collateral concerns engrossed his attention almost exclusively. It even prevented his sleep occasionally. He used to say that this had never happened to him from any other business in his life. The anxiety was very different from that of a trader in regard to his chance of gain or loss. It was an anxiety to do his duty in the most perfect manner, in a new and difficult undertaking.

"In the progress of the great work Mr. Jackson was led into several collateral undertakings, which deserve some notice, as very important in their consequences to him. He found that a good deal of land would be wanted at the southern terminus of the railroad, partly for the use of the road and partly for the use of the manufacturing corporations at Lowell. For some purposes land in East Cambridge would suffice, and he purchased there a quantity of land with a right to the adjacent flats on the river, which he filled up. On the Boston side he adopted another course. There existed a corporation, called the Millpond Wharf Co., who held a considerable portion of land adjacent to Craigie's bridge; and to this land there appertained extensive flats, which could be filled up. The railroad companies were engaged in making extensive

[1] A near relative of the artist, George McNeil Whistler.

excavations within a few miles of the city; and there was much superfluous earth which they could not employ on the road. When the earth was once placed in the cars it could be brought to East Cambridge or to the land of the Millpond Wharf Co., in Boston, without great expense. Hence the railroad company could afford to fill up the flats before described both in Cambridge and Boston cheaper than any one else. Mr. Jackson then made an arrangement with the Millpond Wharf Co. for the purchase of their shares; and these he divided in their due proportions among the shareholders in the railroad: or at least among all who were willing to buy them. There was thus produced a common interest between the two corporations, and it then became easy to arrange an equitable bargain between them for filling up the flats of the one by the labors of the other. In this way [many] acres of land were made for the Millpond Wharf Co., which were subsequently sold at a great profit. It was a part of the contract between the Corporations that a certain portion of the land should be taken by the railroad company, at a stipulated price. The land thus taken was partly for the erection of stores for the Lowell companies as before stated; and partly for the use of the railroad. Large as this last portion was, it has proved to be scarcely sufficient for the wants of the railroad company. This is because the business of the road has been so much more than its most sanguine friends anticipated at the time when it was built.

"In filling up the Millpond Wharf land it ultimately became desirable to obtain some gravel in Boston. At the time when this was wanted, a large lot of land in the centre of Boston was for sale. This land was elevated, and required to be greatly reduced before it could be brought into use. The land referred to was principally the estate of the late Gardner Greene, Esq., then recently deceased. This was a very extensive estate on Pemberton's Hill. It happened that some adjoining estates could be purchased at the same time; those

of the late Dr. Lloyd, of Mr. Waldo, the one formerly belonging to Sir Henry Vane, and that of the late Lieut.-Gov. Phillips. This last was second in size to that of Mr. Greene. It was quite remarkable that these large estates, houses and gardens, had remained unaltered from a period before the American Revolution (60 or 70 years), and were now so situated that they could be bought all at one time.

"Originally, Mr. Jackson did not contemplate the purchase of any one of these estates. He wanted only the gravel from the hill. The ground, being on the side of Beacon Hill, was perhaps the only part of that hill, the Common excepted, which retained nearly its original surface and shape. He saw that the surface must be reduced and the ground laid out anew, that in doing this a great deal of earth must be removed, and that some place must be selected most favorable for its deposit. He talked with the gentlemen who had charge of the estates, particularly with the trustees of Mr. Greene's property, and pointed out how they might benefit themselves and accommodate him. These gentlemen were not ready to engage in the work proposed. Then, after a time, Mr. Jackson conceived the project of buying these estates. He proposed to his friends, Mr. William Appleton and Mr. William Abbot Lawrence, to join him in this project, and they agreed to do so. Owing to particular circumstances some other persons joined in the purchase in small proportions; but the property was taken mainly by Mr. Jackson and his two friends. When this was done it was Mr. Jackson's belief that they would not have occasion to hold this property more than a few months. His plan was first to reduce the hill, then to lay out the ground on a plan and to sell the lots at once, either at private sale, or at auction. Real estate was very much in demand at that time, the business of the country was inordinately prosperous, everything was at a high price, and the views he entertained were not very extravagant. He was, however, rather too sanguine in his anticipations; adverse

circumstances occurred, and the result to him was very unfortunate.

"The land was laid out on a very convenient plan and such as to be ornamental to the city. Mr. Jackson was well aware at that time that it might be more profitable to make the house lots smaller and to give up less for streets and avenues. Pemberton Square and Tremont Row, with some few houses in Somerset Street, were the result of this speculation. They covered the ground above referred to. In the arrangements which ensued, Somerset Street was reduced at its highest point, near Mr. Caleb Loring's house, and that house was altered in accommodation to the change. If this and other houses had not been built there, the street at this point would have been more reduced, which would have been a great public benefit. Mr. Jackson wished to unite with the city and the neighbors in removing Scollay's buildings and those adjoining them, which would have been a very advantageous change for the city; but in this project he did not obtain the aid which he sought for.

"Much more time was occupied in preparing the ground for sale than Mr. Jackson had anticipated. The sale was at public auction, but was not so successful as had been expected.

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"Mr. Jackson considered the sale a sacrifice, and he could not persuade himself to submit to it. The result was that he was the largest purchaser. He bought more than a quarter of the lots on the Square and a large number of the store lots on Tremont Row. He believed that some strange delusion had come over the company at the auction. At the moment he was not alone in the opinion that he had bought his lots very low. He was offered an advance on them immediately after the auction, which he refused. He expected that applicants would soon be crowding about him for the purchase of his lots. But that was not so; he sold very few of them. He then thought that men were unwilling to build, but that they would be glad

to buy stores and houses. He felt strong at that time, and he decided boldly to build stores and houses. He determined also that they should be good ones. He wished to set a good example. He had had much experience in building, but it was in mills and houses for operatives in Waltham and Lowell, and in stores in the city. In these he had always made his work strong. He had not had any experience in building genteel city houses for sale. He had not time to study a new subject, for he was engaged in much other business. He put the affair into the hands of others, not the most experienced. He built five houses in the Square, Nos. 1, 4, 5, 6, and 7; and eight or ten stores in Tremont Row. The cost of these was much greater than he had anticipated. The largest of the houses, No. 7, was built for his own use. Before the houses were finished the great commercial and monetary revolution of 1836–37 had commenced. These large estates were on his hands, he had borrowed money to build them, and they could not be sold without great sacrifice.

"Mr. Jackson had acquired so much property before this period that he could have borne very well the great loss which attended this business, had it come alone. . . . But at this period of his life he met with other great troubles, which bore very heavily upon him. He suffered in common with others in the depreciation of almost every piece of property, except gold and silver. At such periods those who owe debts, though they may hold large estates, always suffer greatly. At this time Mr. Jackson owed large debts, in consequence of this great speculation in real estate, while he was engaged in extended business in various other ways. What he had thought would be a short business, though a large one, had become a long one.

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"At most periods of his life, for nearly thirty years, he had been in the receipt of a salary as agent for some company, but he had none such at this time, and he was left to the income from his reduced capital. His property was in a state of embar-

rassment. It was his dark period. He had more troubles than can well be described. Most men would have been overpowered by them. He felt at times as if he must sink; but he bore up. He had a strong and manly spirit; he was naturally light-hearted. There was one thing wanting to make him sink. He thought that he had been indiscreet, but he never swerved, he had never thought of swerving, from a straightforward, honorable course of conduct. No one who knew him could have suspected him of doing so. After all he could pay his debts, and have something left; and he still had his head and his hands with which he set out in life. He was approaching sixty years of age, but as yet he was young for his years. It will appear that he was not disappointed in his reliance. He paid off his debts as soon as he could. To do this he made sacrifices of property because he wished to feel his spirits more free. He placed his property in the position he thought best. He reduced his style of living and avoided all needless expenses, and he then availed himself of the first opportunity to go to work.

"There were two great concerns in which he engaged. In neither case did he seek the employment; he only accepted it when offered to him. One of these concerns was the Merrimack Locks and Canals; the other was the Great Falls Manufacturing Co.

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"Mr. Jackson accepted the agency of this concern[1] in April, 1838, and kept it until September, 1845. He was virtually its agent, though without a salary, a year or more after that, indeed until its business was closed.

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"In the affairs of the Great Falls Co. Mr. Jackson engaged at a later period. When Mr. Jackson was invited to become the agent of this company, he looked into its affairs, and after a full consideration, pointed out to the stockholders a course,

[1] The Locks and Canals Co.

by which he thought they might, in some measure, retrieve their fortunes. His plan required some seeming sacrifices. It was like a severe pruning and removal of rotten parts in a great tree. The company assented to his plan, and offered him every inducement to take their affairs under his care. He felt, at first, some hesitation in undertaking so much business at his advanced age. He was, however, still possessed of great vigor.

"In September, 1840, he accepted the office. . . .

"He had great, if not equal, success in the affairs of the Great Falls Co. He gradually rebuilt a great part of the mills of that company, and filled them with new machinery, and he added to the number of the mills. He made very large dividends during the period of his agency, and he left the shares at a higher price than they were at first.

"In the last year or two of his life he had not the charge of any business except that of the Great Falls Co., and with his habits this did not give him full occupation. Yet he began to say that old age had come upon him, and that he could not work much longer. So active had been his habits through life, that there was reason to fear he might suffer, as to his health, as he had done at two former periods, if he should relinquish all his labors and cares. But he felt, perhaps, more than he could himself explain, and more than his nearest friends could well realize, that the powers of life were a good deal exhausted."[1]

"Mr. Jackson was married on the 31st of October, 1810, to Miss Lydia Cabot of Beverly. To those for whom these notes are designed, it is needless to say a word on the happiness of that union.

"It may, however, be noted that his two surviving brothers and his only surviving married sister were united to the very near relatives of his wife. The result was intimacy in the

[1] His death occurred on September 12, 1847, at his residence in Beverly.

families, such as is rare, and which is productive of great happiness to all the parties concerned.

"Mr. Jackson was taller than the average of men and had a strong frame. He was never fat, but had great muscular power. He had rather light hair, eyes and complexion. His countenance was very agreeable in consequence of the lively and pleasant expression which it commonly exhibited; an expression which arose from his kindly feelings. It seemed to invite one to be happy with him. All his feelings were lively and easily excited. His resentment was very prompt under insult, or injury; indeed whenever he witnessed injustice either toward himself or others. But his resentments were short-lived; and feelings of malice or revenge were strangers to his bosom. The only permanent feeling he had toward those who were unjust toward him was a wish that they might see their error. If he himself did wrong to others, by any accident, he was most anxious to make amends to them. But the quickness of his feelings was shown in his kindness to others much oftener than in resentment and anger. He had a most grateful heart, never forgetting the good services, or even the good wishes of others toward him.

"One of his marked characteristics was probity, pure and elevated. He was not satisfied to pay men their dues, to do them justice; he was more careful of the interests consigned to his charge than of his own. He would at any time forego a rightful personal advantage rather than put in any jeopardy the property of others under his control. Thus he was led in some instances to retain shares in the corporation under his care, and in others to sell such shares, as the case might be, from regard to the welfare of those corporations. In the largest part of his life his business was not that of a merchant, but that of a manufacturer. This last was more congenial to his feelings, and he was every way better qualified for it than for the former. He loved to take the raw material and by the skillful treatment of it to add to its value, by which the

capitalist and the operative were profited; and the public were gainers if he could produce a useful article. He loved to benefit himself in this way rather than by the business of traffic, however honorable. It gratified him to be able, in this way, to encourage industry and skill in those around him. He scrutinized carefully the characters of those whom he employed; but having done so he was ready to place in them a generous confidence. It can hardly be doubted that such confidence does good to those in whom it is reposed. Mr. Jackson's charities were very large, as were also his contributions for various public purposes. To the Farm-School and to the Warren Street Chapel he was the largest contributor.

"When one looks at the amount and the variety of the business in which Mr. Jackson was engaged during a long course of years, it is obvious that his real character must have been known to a very large number of persons. The sensation produced by his death and the favorable opinion of his character then expressed throughout the community was very honorable to him."

Mr. R. N. Toppan of Newburyport, in his reminiscences of Mr. Jackson, says that the news of his death was received as a public calamity. "The expressions which spontaneously burst forth from every mouth were a most touching testimonial to his virtues as much as to his ability. He had endowments, morally as well as intellectually, of a high order. The loftiest principles — not merely of integrity but of honor — governed him in every transaction."

PART TWO

DR. JAMES JACKSON

"James Jackson, a man of serene and clear intelligence, not over book-fed, truthful to the centre; a candid listener to all opinions; a man who forgot himself in his care for others and his love for his profession; by common consent recognized a model of the wise and good physician." — Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Dr. James Jackson
with grandchild

CHAPTER I

GENERAL ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER

The generation that was familiar with Dr. James Jackson in the prime of his life has passed away, but there are still a large number among us who knew him well when in full activity of mind, — when, indeed, the characteristics that most endeared him to his friends and patients had but deepened with years, — and a larger number yet of those who cherish vivid memories of his grave, thoughtful, and kindly face, his courtly manners, his friendly greeting, his bearing so full of dignity and charm. To the younger members of the medical profession he is only a name, but a name that all have been taught to respect; while for those who have studied the history of medical progress through the early years of this century, that respect is strengthened by a recognition of the results of his leadership and his helpfulness and the inspiration of his personality. It is a fortunate tendency that leads men to choose out those who have come the nearest to making real and effective, in their lives, the aspirations which are shared by all, and to study their traits of character, even at the risk of idealizing them; and on this ground, at least, the estimate may be accepted which represents Dr. Jackson as standing for one of the best types of the practicing physician that New England has as yet produced, — a type which

is of especial interest for the reason that it has been growing gradually but surely more rare. In proportion as men learn to value their medical advisers for their scientific acquirements, — acquirements of which they feel that they too possess at least the rudiments, and upon which they can gaze without a sense of mystery, — they are bound to value them less for their wisdom, and to venerate them less as sources of patriarchal authority. Yet, in truth, there is still room for the men with the "healing instinct," consecrated personal devotion, and unbiased judgment; and at every epoch such men as these are rare. As the generations succeed each other, "knowledge increases, for the obstacles to knowledge are mainly from without, but wisdom lingers, as the rare product of a balanced brain." [1] In Dr. Jackson's case, this rare quality of wisdom, which he possessed in full measure, was made more effective for usefulness by the concurrence of a number of fortunate circumstances. A fine inheritance, the shining example and gracious influence of an unusual circle of relatives and friends, the stimulus of the new zeal for research which was then firing the hearts of men on both sides of the Atlantic, — all these forces conspired to intensify his own good qualities of mind and heart. Then came success itself, by which Dr. Warren and he, fresh from the hospitals of London, and for a time almost without rivals in their respective fields, were welcomed and encouraged, and constantly inspired to new exertion.

For Dr. Jackson there was but one goal, — that of acquiring the best sort of influence over the mysterious

[1] Donaldson, *Development of the Brain.*

forces that met him in the sick-room, that strange realm where the patient's illness is but one of many problems that the physician has to face. Here he became supreme, and certain it is that few physicians have ever brought to their task a keener instinct for the important points of a case, a finer sensitiveness for the needs and nature of the patient, a more complete devotion to the art of enlisting sympathy, authority, and unconquerable hopefulness, of utilizing the sound of the voice and the expression of the face in the service of therapeutics. In the presence of his searching love of truth, his firmness, simplicity, earnestness, and directness, prevarication and petulance were disarmed, and the best instincts of nurse and patient alike were made to do willing duty. It could have been said of him as was said by Feuchtersleben of the physician Reil, "that his patients might lose life, but could never lose hope." His essay on "Conduct in the Sick-Room," in the "Letters to a Young Physician," gives proof that he thought seriously on these matters, but it sketches a modest picture of his success, as testified to by his contemporaries. Dr. Holmes says of him: —

"With his patients he was so perfect at all points that it is hard to overpraise him. I have seen many noted British and French and American practitioners, but I never saw the man so altogether admirable at the bedside of the sick as Dr. James Jackson. His smile was itself a remedy better than the potable gold and the dissolved pearls that comforted the præcordia of mediæval monarchs. Did a patient, alarmed without cause, need encouragement, it carried the sunshine of hope into his heart and put all his whims to flight, as David's harp cleared

the haunted chamber of the sullen king. Had the hour come, not for encouragement, but for sympathy, his face, his voice, his manner all showed it, because his heart felt it. So gentle was he, so thoughtful, so calm, so absorbed in the case before him, not to turn round and look for a tribute to his sagacity, not to bolster himself in a favorite theory, but to find out all he could, and to weigh bravely and cautiously all that he found, that to follow him in his morning visit was not only to take a lesson in the healing art, it was learning how to learn, how to move, how to look, how to feel, if that can be learned.[1] To visit with Dr. Jackson was a medical education.

"He was very firm, with all his kindness. He would have the truth about his patients. The nurses found it out, and the shrewder ones never ventured to tell him anything but a straight story. A clinical dialogue between Dr. Jackson and Miss Rebecca Taylor, sometime nurse in the Massachusetts General Hospital, a mistress in her calling, was as good questioning and answering as one would be like to hear outside of the court-room."

This "firmness of will" which is so frequently attributed to Dr. Jackson, as in the letters of friends and patients, and in the tribute to him by Dr. Samuel Eliot at the time of his resignation from the service of the hospital, is of especial interest, for the reason that it seemed to be derived not from a masterful temperament or a constitutional indifference to the opinions of other men so much as from his simple but absolute devotion to the cause in hand, a devotion so simple and so absolute that it led him to expect of others the same

[1] In one of the Letters, Dr. Jackson explains his not having preserved more copious records of his patients' illnesses, by saying he had found that to take notes prevented him from giving his attention to the case to the degree that he thought necessary.

sacrifice of personal feelings and interests that he was ready to make himself.

It is not only because they led to professional success, or because they secured him the warm and deep affection of many friends, that such qualities are worthy of renewed study in this generation. The achievements of many men seem to be the outcome of native gifts, and while, like all tokens of genius, they inevitably excite our admiration, it often happens that they baffle analysis and do not inspire to imitation, but Dr. Jackson's personality impressed itself on every one, not only as consistent, but as the outcome of conscious study and discipline. His character developed on lines of his own choosing and under the consent of his own conscience. His traits presented no paradoxes either to himself or to his friends. He was not one person in the sick-room of the private patient and another person in the hospital or in social intercourse, but he had sought and acquired the power of throwing his whole self, at its best and without reserve, into every act; and it was largely because of this conspicuous simplicity and sincerity of character and conduct that he gained his remarkable position of authority both as physician and as counselor in private affairs.

To "go to Dr. Jackson" for advice was with many persons to refer to a court of last appeal, and by the testimony of one of his younger colleagues, the very fact that he had been sent for brought a sense of reprieve to the anxious watchers by the bedside. Dr. Samuel A. Green, the medical historian of our community and day, says of him, "He is perhaps the most conspicu-

ous character in the medical annals of Massachusetts. . . . No physician in the State ever exerted so large and lasting an influence over his professional brethren or his patients."[1]

Dr. O. W. Holmes, one of the most affectionate and delightful of his biographers, has left, in poetry and prose, a number of tributes, two of which it may be permissible to quote, since to many of his readers the motive which inspired them may be unknown.

A PORTRAIT

Thoughtful in youth, but not austere in age;
Calm, but not cold, and cheerful though a sage;
Too true to flatter, and too kind to sneer,
And only just when seemingly severe;
So gently blending courtesy and art,
That wisdom's lips seemed borrowing friendship's heart.
Taught by the sorrows that his age had known
In others' trials to forget his own,
As hour by hour his lengthened day declined,
A sweeter radiance lingered o'er his mind.
Cold were the lips that spoke his early praise,
And hushed the voices of his morning days,
Yet the same accents dwelt on every tongue,
And love renewing kept him ever young.

THE MORNING VISIT

A sick man's chamber, though it often boast
The grateful presence of a literal toast,
Can hardly claim, amidst its various wealth,
The right unchallenged to propose a health;
Yet though its tenant is denied the feast,
Friendship must launch his sentiment at least,

[1] *The Memorial History of Boston*, vol. iv, p. 548.

As prisoned damsels, locked from lovers' lips,
Toss them a kiss from off their fingers' tips.

The morning visit — not till sickness falls
In the charmed circles of your own safe walls,
Till fever's throb and pain's relentless rack,
Stretch you all helpless on your aching back, —
Not till you play the patient in your turn,
The morning visit's mystery shall you learn.

'T is a small matter, in your neighbor's case,
To charge your fee for showing him your face;
You skip up-stairs, inquire, inspect, and touch,
Prescribe, take leave, and off to twenty such.

But when at length by fate's transferred decree
The visitor becomes the visitee —
Oh, then, indeed, it pulls another string;
Your ox is gored, and that 's a different thing.
Your friend is sick: phlegmatic as a Turk,
You write your recipe and let it work;
Not yours to stand the shiver and the frown,
And sometimes worse, with which your draught goes down.
Calm as a clock your knowing hand directs,
Rhei, jalapae, ana granas sex,
Or traces on some tender missive's back,
Scrupulos duos pulveris Ipecac;
And leaves your patient to his qualms and gripes,
Cool as a sportsman banging at his snipes.

But change the time, the person, and the place,
And be yourself "the interesting case,"
You 'll gain some knowledge which it 's well to learn;
In future practice it may serve your turn.
Leeches, for instance, — pleasing creatures quite,
Try them, — and bless you, — don't you find they bite?
You raise a blister for the smallest cause,
But be yourself the sitter whom it draws,

And trust my statement, you will not deny
The worst of draughtsmen is your Spanish fly!
. . . . . .
And, last not least, in each perplexing case,
Learn the sweet magic of a cheerful face;
Not always smiling, but at least serene,
When grief and anguish cloud the anxious scene,
Each look, each movement, every word and tone,
Should tell your patient you are all his own;
Not the mere artist purchased to attend,
But the warm, ready, self-forgetting friend,
Whose genial visit in itself combines
The best of cordials, tonics, anodynes.

Such is the visit that from day to day
Sheds o'er my chamber its benignant ray.
I give his health who never cared to claim
Her babbling homage from the tongue of Fame;
Unmoved by praise, he stands by all confest,
The truest, noblest, wisest, kindest, best.

The proofs of Dr. Jackson's self-discipline are numerous. As a college student, and though he was fond of pleasures, he denied himself for a time even a sufficiency of food, and lived on prison fare, in the hope of overcoming an excessive tendency to drowsiness by which his power of study was restricted. When first married, his wife and he pledged themselves to entertain no company until his debts had all been paid, and this determination was adhered to. Throughout his professional life he bound himself by certain rules of conduct, and saved himself thus from needless wasting of his slender store of strength, and from causing, through any negligence of his own, inconvenience to his patients. He carried two watches, and did not, for that, leave his con-

science at home. His promptness in meeting his engagements, even in his busiest days, was so remarkable as to win sincere praise from Dr. Warren, who says of him, after speaking of the value of punctual habits in his own life: —

"But I know individuals living at this time, who have been more industrious, more punctual, and more efficient than I have: and I may venture to notice here the names of two such persons; namely, Dr. James Jackson and President Everett. I never knew either of these gentlemen to fail to fulfill an appointment with exactness; and I do know that they occupy, and have through life occupied, the whole of their time in such a way as to accomplish the great objects of life in the most perfect manner." [1]

It was his habit to decide beforehand, so far as possible, how many minutes — usually twenty or thirty, as the case might be — were to be allotted for each visit; and while the inward and outward signs of haste were scrupulously avoided, the limits set were but rarely overpassed.

During his hours for meals he did not allow himself to be disturbed, yet if a patient was announced, he laid his house-key by the side of his plate as a reminder of the call.

It was also his prudent custom never to hand over a prescription to his patient at the first moment of writing it, but to lay it aside while finishing the examination, to be scrutinized a second time, lest a mistake should unconsciously have been made.

These orderly tendencies and fixed personal habits

[1] *Life of Dr. J. C. Warren*, by Edward Warren.

grew upon him with advancing years. His hat and coat hung always on a certain peg, and were not to be removed without cause.

A faithful attendant contributes the following notes of Dr. Jackson's fixed customs in his advanced years. With some men such habits are hampering, but Dr. Jackson's conservative and tranquil spirit found in them a natural expression.

On rising, she relates, Dr. Jackson would look out at Park Street Church to note the time. His rising hour was six, and the bell was always rung for him with punctuality. He then looked at the thermometer and dressed himself accordingly, selecting the appropriate garments from a large wardrobe with four shelves, containing clothing suited to the different seasons.

"He breakfasted at seven, and always took his place at the table at that hour whether the meal was served or not. He never would use a silver fork, but always a three-pronged steel fork. He lunched at twelve, dined at five, and went to bed at half-past nine. Before retiring he always took a foot-bath. The tub had to be carried to his dressing-room at 8.30 and placed on a certain flower on the carpet. He had two pitchers brought, one containing hot water and the other cold, and these were placed on certain flowers on either side of the foot-bath. Both basin and pitchers had patterns of large flowers upon them, and they had to be arranged so that the flowers would seem to grow away from him. He never excused any one for being late. He lived by rule, but was very good and kind, although exacting."

These are small matters, but with men of consistent characters such habits are like floating chips, that serve

well to mark the setting of the stream. Through and through, Dr. Jackson worshiped the goddess of orderliness, and believed in the saving force of habit. In spite of his liberality as regards opinion and the breadth of his personal sympathies, he became, in his later days, exceedingly conservative in his tendencies. Thus, in several of his letters to his spirited son James, whose ardor was stirred by the revolutionary atmosphere of France, he expresses his distrust of hasty and violent reforms as not tending to abiding progress.

Dr. H. I. Bowditch, who revered him deeply, could not induce the "good old doctor" to take his view of the probable value of "chest-tapping" in pleurisy, which before long became universally adopted, nor could the loved and respected M. Louis bring him to his opinion about the scientific education of his son.

Dr. Jackson was aware of this conservative tendency, and used to say that republicanism was for younger men. In truth, a strong character almost inevitably guards itself with limitations of various sorts that serve as conditions for its effectiveness; and when one tries to grasp and unify the essential meaning of Dr. Jackson's long career, remembering the strength of his affections, his intense loyalty, his early consecration to the conservative principles of Federalism, his patient and successful striving to take the best view of existing situations, his position at once of relative isolation and of leadership through so many years, and the clear evidence — clear to himself as well as others — that his care and prudence and self-discipline had borne good fruit, his conservative position with regard to some of the

matters just enumerated becomes easier to understand. Furthermore, this conservatism, however strongly pronounced, was not the mark either of a timid or of an illiberal and narrow mind. He was ready enough to change his opinions, but it must be at his own time and by his own will, and if no reformer himself, reformers were always among his warmest friends. Although unwilling, in 1861, to sanction the use of force against the South, yet in 1830, when the nullification movement was threatening, he had said that the time might soon come when, in the case of South Carolina, persuasion should yield place to coercion.

The claims of Dr. Jackson to distinction as a scientific man rest upon the fact that his clinical writings bear the stamp of accuracy in observation, keenness in reasoning, and intelligence in judgment.

The world's faculty of science is generous in granting its diploma, and withholds it from no one who has put his heart and his conscience into his labor, realizing that this means some contribution which will stand the test of time.

Under the portrait of the high-minded and distinguished physician Louis, which used to hang in the rooms of the Boston Society for Medical Observation, — founded by his pupils, — the following lines in Louis's own handwriting are inscribed: "Il y a quelque chose de plus rare que l'esprit de discernement; c'est le besoin de la vérité — cet état de l'âme qui ne nous permet pas de nous arrêter, dans nos travaux scientifiques, à ce qui n'est que vraisemblable, et nous oblige de continuer nos recherches, jusqu'à ce que nous soions arrivés à l'évidence."

It is doubtless true that, in writing this noble sentiment, the great teacher had in mind a kind of "proof" which should crystallize out of great masses of recorded facts such as those to the accumulation of which his own patient labors were devoted, and that the work of a man like Dr. Jackson, however good it might be, would not have been considered by Louis as representing the best that science can demand. But the "besoin de la vérité," the "passion for truth," is also to be satisfied in other ways, and one of these is by a conscientious and thoroughgoing fidelity to the evidence in hand. This sort of fidelity stamped Dr. Jackson's investigations, and made all his conclusions the expression of his deliberate conviction.

It is still further worthy of note that this deliberateness and sense of fairness which inclined him, especially in later years, to do justice to medical evidence, and kept him from the sin of hasty inference, was allied to a kindred tendency, deepened by long training, that made him just to the men whose opinions differed from his own, and mindful of their prejudices and their rights. In these respects he acted as his father's son, and won the praise of intelligent observers like Dr. George Cheyne Shattuck, who said of him : —

"If I may be allowed here to refer to one who, sixty years ago, held the important office of Treasurer of this society, who, during many subsequent years, did so much to promote its interests in various offices of trust and responsibility, as well as in his daily walk and conversation, and who, lingering among us, an object of veneration, has passed the bounds within which praise of any man is of any account, I would speak of him as

one whose claims to respect and admiration were won quite as much by an unvarying courtesy and respect of the rights and feelings of others, as by the possession or exercise of what may be strictly called the intellectual faculties. His powers of observation and reasoning, of sound judgment in matters of science and in the ordinary affairs of life, enabled him to be a safe and wise counselor, and his scrupulous regard of the rights of others inspired a trust and confidence which was never abused. He has long been spared as a beacon light in the path of duty, and he will never be forgotten by those who have looked up to him as a teacher, or walked with him as an associate and a friend.[1]

Dr. Holmes also gives the following charming testimony: —

"I will not say that, during his long career, Dr. Jackson never made an enemy. I have heard him tell how, in his very early days, old Dr. Danforth got into a towering passion with him about some professional consultation, and exploded a monosyllable or two of the more energetic kind on the occasion. I remember that that somewhat peculiar personage, Dr. Waterhouse, took it hardly when Dr. Jackson succeeded to his place as Professor of Theory and Practice. A young man of Dr. Jackson's talent and energy could hardly take the position that belonged to him without crowding somebody, in a profession where three in a bed is the common rule of the household. But he was a peaceful man and a peacemaker all his days. No man ever did more, if so much, to produce and maintain the spirit of harmony for which we consider our medical community as somewhat exceptionally distinguished.

"If this harmony should ever be threatened, I could wish that every impatient and irritable member of the profession would read that beautiful, that noble Preface to the Let-

[1] Annual Discourse, by Dr. George Cheyne Shattuck, *Massachusetts Medical Society Records*, vol. x, 1866.

ters, addressed to John Collins Warren. I know nothing finer in the medical literature of all time than this Prefatory Introduction. It is a golden prelude, fit to go with the three great Prefaces which challenge the admiration of scholars, — Calvin's to his Institutes, De Thou's to his History, and Casaubon's to his Polybius, — not because of any learning or rhetoric, though it is charmingly written, but for a spirit flowing through it to which learning and rhetoric are but as the breath that is wasted on the air to the blood that warms the heart."

To be ever ready with patience where impatience would have seemed in place; to see merit where the failure is more obvious, and thus to create an atmosphere in which merit can best grow; to merge the personal relation in a wider relation, and to represent for the sick and troubled members of the community the interest and protecting care of the community at its best, was eminently Dr. Jackson's way.

"His unassuming habit of mind made it his delight to take young and old as he found them. Keenly sensitive by nature to the faults and inconsistencies of those about him, his reverent acceptance of imperfection of character as a part of the plan left him free to enjoy the good which his divining-rod discovered in almost every human creature he came near.

"Nor was this charitable view of human nature without discrimination. With a quick, droll expression or a shake of the head he would acknowledge the weakness of the faulty side, but only to bring out the brighter traits of the person under discussion, and the excuses for any shortcoming, drawn from a reference to hereditary tendencies of two or three generations back, or from circumstances difficult to work through." [1]

[1] From a private letter.

When he was eighty-three years old, and thus able to look back upon his life calmly and with just perspective, he wrote to a young friend: —

"I have not loved everybody whom I have known, but I have striven to see the good points in the characters of all men and women. At first I must have done this from something in my own nature, for I was not aware of it, and yet was doing it without any plan, when, on one day, sixty years ago, a friend[1] whom I loved and respected said this to me, 'Ah, James, I see that you are destined to succeed in the world, and to make friends, because you are so ready to see the good points in the characters of those you meet.'"

No one was ever a truer lover of youth than Dr. Jackson, nor a warmer friend and ally of all younger men. The older physicians now living bear testimony, one and all, to the prominence of this trait. On one occasion, when about to be absent from home, Dr. Jackson had recommended one of his old patients to call in Dr. Jacob Bigelow, then young and comparatively unknown, if he should need advice during his absence. When some objection was raised to this plan, Dr. Jackson insisted, saying, "If there is a grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff, Dr. Bigelow is the man to find it." Events proved the justice of this good opinion. When, in 1816, the Rumford professorship[2] was established, Dr. Jackson used his influence to secure the appointment of Dr. Bigelow as first representative of the new department. The appointment was made, and the professorship was held by Dr. Bigelow from 1816 until 1827.

[1] Miss Anna C. Lowell.

[2] On the Application of Science to the Useful Arts.

Dr. William Ingalls, the son of Dr. Jackson's contemporary, in a recent letter to the writer of this memoir, tells how in the second year of his practice he was much troubled on account of the death of a patient under his care, and felt himself impelled, by an instinct which he could not altogether explain, to call upon Dr. Jackson and to lay the circumstances before him. The kindly attention which he received, and the counsel deliberately formed and simply but confidently expressed, together with the fact that Dr. Jackson called him by his given name, William, relieved and touched him greatly. "I truly think," he writes, "that in all my sixty-two years of practice I have never had the care of a doubtful, or intricate, or what we call a bad case, that the scene of that evening and the words of the dear doctor have not passed, vividly, through my mind, and they have helped me."

Quite of a piece with Dr. Jackson's conservatism in opinion, accuracy in observation, and method in practice was his prudence in the care of his health. He worked hard, and could spend his energy freely if the cause demanded, but it was a matter of principle with him to avoid the useless squandering of his powers and the undue shortening of his days of usefulness. This was a doctrine which he preached as well as practiced, as many of his patients have borne witness, and it doubtless helped him gain a sound and calm old age.

Mr. James Freeman Clarke writes: —

"Dr. Jackson joined me on the Common one day and put his arm in mine and said, 'Mr. Clarke, I want to tell you what I once told Mr. Henry Ware: suppose your influence at

the present time counts at ten; well, suppose you do not overstrain yourself but simply live on as you are, in ten years your influence may probably be increased to say twenty; suppose, on the other hand, that you overstrain and wear yourself out before ten years are over, what then will your influence be? — Good day, sir.'"

It is an interesting commentary on this story that in a letter to a friend, written when he was in his eightieth year, Dr. Jackson said that his health was very good, so that he could accomplish, with enjoyment, nearly half as much medical practice as he had carried on thirty years before, and that for twenty-five years he had not done as much profitable business as in the year just past.

Judge Parsons writes: —

"A year or so ago, while conversing with Dr. Jackson, I happened to remark that, at my age, I felt as if one's days must be few, and the capacity of usefulness well-nigh exhausted. 'You mistake there,' said he. 'At sixty, a man in fair health may enter upon a series of years equal in usefulness and happiness to those of any period, provided proper precautions are taken and proper habits formed.' And upon further inquiry into these essentials or conditions, I found he summed them up in 'employment without labor; exercise without weariness; temperance without abstinence.'"[1]

Reference has been made, in an earlier portion of this memoir, to the religious devoutness of Jonathan Jackson and his children. In the case of Dr. Jackson and his son James, sentiments of this sort exerted an

[1] From *Memoir of Chief Justice Parsons*, by his son, Theophilus Parsons.

uncommon influence in their lives, as is shown, for example, by the letters published in Dr. Jackson's memoir of his son. His faith, although deep and active and expressed without reserve, was of the simplest sort, and yet gave powerful reinforcement to his native instincts, and his belief in unselfish labor and in cheerful courage in the presence of misfortune.

Throughout a large part of his professional life, in Boston, Dr. Jackson was a member of King's Chapel, and, during the latter portion of his life, a constant attendant at the morning service, and there were certainly many persons who would have felt a strange sense of loss if they had failed to see his grave, fine face, with its reverent expression, in the familiar seat. One of his grandchildren remembers Dr. Jackson's telling her that, as a boy, sitting quietly in the pew, one Sunday, and looking over the Prayer Book, he "thought himself out" of the doctrine of the Trinity. "Three persons in one God, — that is not what I believe." When, later, Dr. Freeman offered his resignation from the pastorate of King's Chapel because he had decided to adopt the Unitarian faith, Dr. Jackson joined that portion — a large majority — of the parishioners who requested Dr. Freeman to continue as their minister. It is interesting to see the old Liturgy with the scraps of paper pasted over the rejected portions of the service.

It is doubtful if Dr. Jackson ever formulated definitely his own opinions on theological questions, but the description which he gives, in the memoir, of the opinions of his son may be accepted as an account of his own. Among the few papers which he left, there

was found the following prayer, in his own handwriting and presumably of his own composition : —

" Almighty and everlasting God, — I adore Thee as great first cause of all things, — as the greatest and the best of beings. I owe to Thee entire obedience, and I bless and thank Thee Thou hast made the path of duty the path of happiness. Henceforth may it be my constant effort and my delight to do Thy will. May my heart be filled, at all times, with supreme reverence, love and gratitude toward Thee. May I strive to make my heart pure, to cast out from it all evil thoughts, and desires and purposes. May I seek to do good unto all men, as I have opportunity. May I cultivate, more and more constantly, habits of temperance, industry, patience, fortitude and humility. May I be especially humbled and sincerely penitent under the recollection of my sins, and wilt Thou graciously forgive me ; and while I ask Thy forgiveness, may I be ever ready to forgive those who trespass against me.

" I offer these and all my prayers, as the humble and unworthy disciple of Jesus Christ, Thy son, our Saviour ; for Him would I ever thank Thee ; toward Him would I ever cultivate feelings of the highest gratitude ; may I strive to obey His commandments, to imbibe His heavenly spirit, and to follow His perfect example ; and wilt Thou grant that I may partake in whatever benefits are afforded by His mediation.

" I offer the like prayers for my wife and my children. Continue to bless us, I beseech Thee. May we all realize our dependence in Thee ; and rejoice that we may depend on Thee, as an Almighty Father, who always cares for us ; and, in full reliance on Thee, may we be resigned to all Thy dispensations.

" I offer the like prayer for all my friends and for all mankind ; may all men come to a knowledge of Thee, and be

saved from sinning. And to Thee, most gracious Father, would I render supreme homage, now and evermore, Amen."

The sentiments which sustained Dr. Jackson through several severe trials were not those of stoical philosophy or of dogged resignation, but of cheerful acquiescence in the conditions of the larger scheme in which he stood ready to play his part. He did not close his eyes to his griefs, but made them take their proper place in the ever broadening horizon of his life. Thus when first setting forth the reasons which induced him to write the memoir of his son, he says: —

"I thank God that I have been able to maintain my cheerfulness and to attend to the common applications of life since the deplorable loss, which I suffered in his departure from this world. But every hour he has been in my mind. In every occupation, in almost every conversation, however little others could see the connection, his image has been before me. It has been a beautiful image, and has not checked any pleasure nor even any gaiety, in which I thought that he could have joined."

It would be a mistake to overlook the lighter side of Dr. Jackson's character, in dwelling so fully on its moral aspects.

If he did not show the exuberant joyousness of his son, he had a well-marked sense of fun and a playful humor of his own. These were always ready to find expression, and like the rest of his personal qualities, were made to do good service for his patients.

Thus a somewhat delicate but timid lady, who objected to going out in the cold, could only smile and submit when he told her to dress herself warmly, and

then to put her nose out of doors, and if that did not suffer, to let the rest of her body follow.

The shrewd advice given in the course of an excellent letter written to a friend with the gout,[1] to go to bed early and get up early, but at any rate to get up early, is another case in point.

"'Will you have an orange or a fig?' said Dr. James Jackson to a fine little boy, now growing up to goodly stature. . . . 'A fig,' answered Master Theodore with alacrity. 'No fever there,' said the good doctor, 'or he surely would have said "an orange."'"[2]

"He was wise far beyond his time. He had all the ideas about fresh air and exercise that we now think are new," writes a lady[3] who, with her sister, was among the child-patients that he warmly loved. "Girls," he would say, "in the house this fine afternoon? Go to 413 Washington Street, and see who lives there. Houses are only made to eat and sleep in."

"A good appetite for breakfast is a sign of a good conscience," is a saying we have always quoted as from him.

"Is there any one at the war?" asked Dr. Jackson in the hearing of a young lady patient, after seeking in vain for a physical cause of certain nervous symptoms. And something or other in his tone caused her, as she remembers, to get promptly well.

These sallies of wise humor adorned his speech like

[1] See page 388.

[2] From Dr. O. W. Holmes's address on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Harvard Medical School.

[3] Mrs. Henry W. Bellows, whose father, Rev. Ephraim Peabody, was a very intimate friend of Dr. Jackson.

the delicate lines of foam on an advancing wave, and often reminded those who knew him best of the strong currents of thoughtfulness and devotion that moved beneath the surface.

One hot 4th of July morning, after advancing years had led him to abandon most of his active practice, the wife of an old friend, whose family physician was away, came to him for a bit of friendly counsel because her husband did not seem well and his pulse was "very low." Dr. Jackson listened to her story and then said, "Mrs. C., you must distinguish between a low pulse and a slow pulse. Now perhaps Mr. C. has only a slow pulse. Go home and give him one strawberry, and if it does him no harm give him another, and then a third, and see if he is not better." Later in the day he called at the house, saying that he "was taking his evening walk, and thought he would just come round and see how Mr. C. was."

Dr. Jackson's face, with its delicately moulded and mobile features, and its lines that told again the history of his well-spent life, was a faithful index of his thoughts, giving expression, with equal ease, to thoughtful gravity or almost childlike gayety, while his manners showed the charm and grace that savored of a day gone by, and could easily have brought to mind the stately music of the minuet. The delicacy and sweetness of his face grew even more marked during his later and quieter days.

Throughout his busier years he drove his own chaise on his professional rounds, and, like his friend Dr. Warren, he made his horse tear through the familiar

streets, so as to lose no time. It is a pleasant picture to think upon, and in essential respects still easy to recast, — the quiet town, with its three hills, its detached or semi-detached houses, and its open squares; the streets lined with gardens and orchards where now thronging warehouses tower; and the busy doctors flying about, each with a good fast horse, such as every country doctor loves to own. The "Common," as surveyed from the windows of Dr. Warren's house on Park Street, was still a public pasture, and bounded to the westward by the waters of the real "Back Bay," which washed the Charles Street Mall.

In later years Dr. Jackson made his calls on foot, as his respected master, Dr. Holyoke, used to do before him. Both men certainly went nigh to covering the five miles a day which Dr. Jackson recommended to his patients.

It would have been possible to give many testimonials indicating the thoughtful, minute care, based on personal affection or personal devotion, which Dr. Jackson bestowed upon the patients under his charge. Thus Mrs. C. D. Homans, whose mother had been an intimate friend of both Dr. Jackson and his son, besides being under his personal care, tells how, even after he had become a very old man, and no longer practiced except as a consultant, he continued to follow every detail of the illnesses occurring in the family. When her son was very sick from the protracted sequelæ of scarlet fever, Dr. Jackson wanted so much to see him and to form his judgment of his prospects, that he climbed up one flight of stairs while the boy was brought down another flight on the mattress.

"I never shall forget your grandfather's searching questions; his close examination of the boy; the way he sat back in his chair and looked at him, nor — after John had been carried away, how he came to me, and said, putting his hand on my shoulder, 'My dear, *I* think that boy will get well — he has made a tremendous fight for four months, and is still very sick — but *I think* he will get well.' How that word from him heartened me!"

Several years after Dr. Jackson's death, Miss Anna C. Lowell, in whose family he visited for three generations, and whom he had watched with peculiar interest and affection all her life, having been asked to give her impressions of him, sent the following notes. There was perhaps no one outside of his immediate family who was in a better position, or better qualified, to appreciate his good qualities.

"The first characteristic of Dr. Jackson's practice that occurs to me was his union of caution with boldness. Compared with the earlier generation of physicians who were in full practice when he entered upon his profession, he gave little medicine and was reluctant to apply heroic remedies. He was considered a reformer in this respect, — yet, in later life, I have heard him say he looked back with horror at the severity of his early practice.

"He studied very carefully every case, before he decided upon the course to pursue. But yet, in moments of emergency, he was fearless, and willing to take risks for the sake of possible cure.

"Dr. Jackson was eminent for his wisdom, evinced not only in his profession, but in his life, and in his judgment of men and things.

"To say that he was many-sided, and candid towards opinions that did not coincide with his own, and men who differed

from him, is but to repeat the same thing, as this candor is a part of wisdom. Yet he was very strong in his own convictions; his opinions having been carefully and deliberately made, he was slow to give them up. He was unflinching in carrying out what his sense of duty dictated, and decided in action. It would be hard to say whether strength or sweetness predominated in his character.

"One of the traits that made the most impression on Dr. Jackson's patients was his wonderful insight into human nature. It was easy to perceive this in social intercourse with him. No one could delineate a character with more justness and delicacy, or in choicer and more fitting words.

"But when he entered your family and sat by your bedside, his quick discernment of the minds, peculiar traits, tastes, and feelings of yourself and all who surrounded you, from the heads of the family to the smallest child or humblest attendant was something marvellous and seemed like magic, yet with what delicacy and consideration did he exercise this gift! There were no intrusive questionings, unasked advice or concealed satire. Here was a friend who seemed to have read your thoughts, and was all ready to feel with and for you, to aid you morally as well as physically, clear off every obstacle in the way of your recovery and peace of mind, and tighten the bonds that united you to those around you.

"And this power came from his remarkable tact, also from higher sources than that, from his nice moral sense and his tenderness of heart. Hence the wonderful power of influence for good which he exercised over his patients. They regarded him as their fast friend and wise counselor, and if they were doomed to long years of invalidism, their lives were cheered and sweetened by his sure sympathy, and the remembrance of his kindness. Perhaps he never evinced his gentle firmness more than when he gradually *weaned* his patients from too great dependence upon his visits. But when he ceased to visit as a physician, he continued through life to be the friend,

and his patients felt that they could go on and meet their trials more patiently and bravely from the remembrance of his wise counsels and the example of his constant cheerfulness.

"It has been said of him that 'his face was a benediction.'

"The face was but the reflection of the benignant spirit within. He always looked on the bright side of life and of men, and it was impossible to be in his presence without catching something of this spirit. It diffused a sunshine in the sick-room and insensibly sweetened the temper and brightened the hopes of those to whom he ministered, sending them forth into life happier as well as wiser."

CHAPTER II

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

There are no data for a history of Dr. Jackson's boyhood beyond the brief scraps furnished by his memory when a man of eighty, and such hints of the family life as are given in the letters to his brother Henry. He used to say that he could recall the famous "dark day" of May 19, 1780, when the schools at Newburyport were dismissed and the fowls went to roost at midday; but if in fact he was then at school, as he says, it was as a child of three. He describes himself as having been always a delicate boy, but he was always able to work and to play.

In or about 1783 he was placed at school with Master Norton, but in 1785, when his father moved to Charlestown, James went to board with his Uncle Wendell, in Boston, and for nearly three years attended the Boston Latin School, of which the well-known Samuel Hunt was then the master. This portion of his education made a strong impression on his mind, and he afterwards recorded his memories concerning it in a long letter, written at the request of the committee, of which the Rev. Edward Hale was chairman, for the "History of the Boston Public Latin School."[1] At the time of writing it he was just sixty-seven years of age.

[1] See page 393.

Towards the close of 1788, after Mr. Jackson's family had moved back again to Newburyport, James was placed in the school of Master Pike, and there he remained until the spring of 1790. He was then in his thirteenth year, and was admitted to Dummer Academy, at that time under the rule of the "Reverend and excellent Preceptor Isaac Smith, the first successor of the well-known Master Moody." Dummer Academy was a prime school, and counted among its graduates many young men who became living forces in the community. In the last quarter of the collegiate year 1793 he entered Harvard College at advanced standing, and was graduated in 1796, in his nineteenth year, "with some of the lower marks of distinction in his class." A few brief letters of this college period have been preserved, and are of interest as marking that important time when boyhood is giving place to manhood.

JAMES JACKSON TO HIS BROTHER HENRY

CAMBRIDGE, May 26, 1793.

DEAR HENRY, — If you minded the date of this, which I suspect you have not, you have seen that I was at Cambridge, of which I have been an inhabitant about three weeks, and which, as I expected, I like very well. We were scared here with a report some time ago that your ship was upset, but when we inquired into the business we found there had been a vessel seen upset some time before you sailed; about the 23d of March, I believe.

I hope you have been in London some time and that there have been some letters on the Atlantic for us at least three weeks. Charles is to speak the English oration, which is

accounted, I believe, the most honorary part, next Commencement.

It is three weeks, so that I don't know how it is now, but I know that when I came away from Newburyport the young ladies who attend St. Paul's church had not been there above five or six Sundays since the second Sunday in February,[1] and when they did go they never looked as formerly at our pew more than at the Parson.

Please to give my respects to Capt. Folger, Mr. Joy and Mr. Smith, and I would not have you forget to tell Robert that you and he are both frequently thought of in America, but by no one more than your affectionate brother,

JAMES JACKSON.

CAMBRIDGE, September 14, 1794.

DEAR HENRY, — If you are not too busy I should like to have a little familiar chat with you. In the first place, how do you do? the second place do you find any one that can cruise up and down the Ganges so well as friend Nick and Stephen used to up and down the Merrimack? Is there a man on board the John that squeezes lemons as well as Nick or puts in rum as well as I do? Can a lad among 'em make as good egg pop as Tom Cary?

I live in a world of familiar chit-chat in college. I am now in my third year. Tho' we are not in continual motion, yet we dull lads think it a very pleasant place. Strange as you may think it, nothing appears to me pleasanter than sitting *still* with half a dozen friends around the college fire. And the fact is I am not singular in this opinion. However I confess I should like to g' up t' England and stretch across to France and over t' India in one of the big vessels very well. Perhaps I may do something of this kind: as I have determined to be a physician, it will be advantageous for me to go to Europe at least and be surgeon in one of their armies per-

[1] Henry had just left home for his first long voyage.

haps, or if there are none, go into a hospital: at any rate I hope to see Europe within six years. . . . And one of these days when you are settled in your snug little house and I am settled in mine, we 'll see which can tell the largest stories. As to your story of the Batavians, who go and steal oars while people are using them, it will be nothing to what people will have seen. Uncle John[1] shall stare and confess that he never even heard of anything equal to *that*. Ay, and that many and oft may be the times that we shall be happy together is the *hope* of your

Servant till death,

JAMES JACKSON.

MR. H. JACKSON.

On April 20, 1796, when he was on the point of finishing his college course, and was reaching out a little seriously toward the responsibilities of the future, he writes :

I remember that, four years ago, when I did not spend for my private pleasures four dollars a year, you told me I should be an extravagant fellow — 't is very true that I now am so, and, sad to say, every one of my brothers is just like me. I will not preach up amendment to you — but for myself, I am determined as soon as I leave college, which will be in three months, I will become one of the most industrious, steady fellows in the country. I now tell you this so that you may flog me if I am not so, when you return. Thus much and enough.

From your sincere friend and affectionate brother

JAMES.

CAPT. H. JACKSON.

Finally, on August 17, 1798, two years after graduation, James, then studying medicine, and recently engaged to be married to Miss Elizabeth Cabot of Beverly, writes to Henry: —

[1] Mr. John Tracy.

. . . All friends here are well. Betsy thanks you for your blessing and your hope and desires her love. "And yet a little while," my dear fellow, and I hope we shall all be as happy as modest firesides and accompaniments can make us. For my part I think my present lot and my present prospects as pleasing as I can look for in this world. Heaven bless you, and make your return speedy, and your voyage prosperous.

Yours affectionately,

JAMES JACKSON.

Dr. Jackson was at this period in hard straits for funds to pay for his education, while his father was in no position to be at large expense on his account. One method by which he sought to increase his working income is described in the following letter from his brother Charles to Mr. F. C. Lowell, the family adviser on such matters: —

CHARLES JACKSON TO FRANCIS C. LOWELL

NEWBURYPORT, February 25, 1796.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I want to consult you about a project of James's, which he and I talked a great deal of when he was here lately.

I am aware that it will strike you at first as extravagant and foolish. Indeed, so it did me, but let us hear him through and see what he has to say for it.

You will observe from the nature of this subject that it is peculiarly confidential. I would not wish that even he should know that I consulted you upon it.

He observes that my father will support him a few months longer, after which he will give him about enough to pay his board; pretty certainly not more. James asks then how is he to support himself for the remainder of his term of study and perhaps for a year or two afterwards. He certainly cannot,

without running in debt two hundred to three hundred dollars a year. He observes then, that if he could make an effort and borrow at once as much as he would be obliged to do in the course of two years, he might make that support him for three or four years.

If all this depended upon James's own skill and attention to the business, I should give it up at once as a ruinous and extravagant plan. But Dana has made James some very good offers to become concerned with him. Dana, it seems, has a right to send an adventure in each of Mr. Gray's vessels; and in those he has sent has succeeded very well. But his funds are by no means large enough to improve one half of the opportunities. He offers to increase his own if James will put in an equal sum, and that they shall be jointly concerned in all his ventures.

I find James has a high opinion of Dana's skill as a merchant, and he calculates on making at least a hundred per cent. a year. I think, however, from the manner in which this property will be *spread*, that they cannot in any event lose much; and James says, suppose they make nothing, and suppose at the end of two years he has spent all his money, he shall then be in no worse situation than he will be without it. For without this experiment he must borrow the sum in that time and spend it as he goes. But this he thinks is supposing the worst possible event, and he supposes that in this manner he can support himself at least three years with the same money that he will otherwise be obliged to borrow and spend in two.

I asked him where he was to procure this sum. He asked me in turn where he was to procure two or three hundred dollars a year for three or four years to come. If he cannot command this sum, he must certainly give up his profession, for he cannot get along without it.

One thing I feel confident in: his expenses will not be more for having command of this sum. The embarrassment

he has been through, apparently, and the peculiar situation he is in at present have, I believe, impressed him very thoroughly with the importance of great economy, and I have no doubt of his thorough attention to it in the future. After all, he can give sufficient security for five hundred dollars, so that the principal sum would be safe in case of his early death. I have accordingly always intended to lend him that sum out of Mrs. Tracy's fund. When he can offer equal terms I shall still prefer him to a stranger. I have now fifteen hundred dollars out on no better security than he could give for five hundred. If, then, he is to have this sum, he ought to dispose of it according to his own judgment, and I do not know that I have any right to say, I will let you have it to do this thing with, or not to dispose of it in that manner. Still, however, if I were convinced the plan were a very bad one, and that he would probably be a great loser by it, I would find some reason for refusing him the money, at least, at present. I want now your opinion on this subject, and I want it soon, too, for the sooner it is settled the easier he will be. I have said a great deal about it, but perhaps not all that might be said from not knowing what in particular your objections to it may be.

Perhaps the best outcome of James Jackson's college life was that it brought him in contact with John Pickering of Salem and John Collins Warren of Boston, both of whom were to remain through life the closest of his many friends. Mr. Pickering is well known as having been a man of rare ability and character, a remarkable scholar, a prominent lawyer and jurist, and an active friend of Harvard College. He was the son of the Hon. Timothy Pickering, the Federalist leader and Secretary of State under Washington, and was himself a distinguished representative of his dis-

tinguished name. Dr. Warren was in the class next below the other two, but, as he says in his own Biographical Notes,[1] Dr. Jackson and he "fell into the same circle of acquaintance, and were more associated together than members of the different classes usually are at college."

A number of Dr. Jackson's letters to Mr. Pickering will be introduced farther on, but an extract from a letter written by him to Miss Anna C. Lowell, at the time of Mr. Pickering's death, May 5, 1846, may be quoted here to give an idea of the warmth and significance of this friendship.

Last night I lost one of my oldest and best friends — best in every sense. The expression often means one most attached to us, most constant. And this he was to me. But I meant best in a higher sense. He was one of the best men among my friends. I refer to Mr. John Pickering. He was my classmate at college, which we left fifty years ago. From the first year of my acquaintance with him, we have been friendly, and never has there been a sour moment in our intercourse. His temper was the most truly and richly sweet. His heart was of a purity which could hardly admit the mixture of an evil thought or purpose. His love of knowledge and his industry in acquiring it were his only faults. It was an effort to him to attend to the labors which a provision for his family required of him, because these labors interfered with his studies. He did, however, make the effort, but with the least possible regard to worldly gains. He did bend himself to uncongenial work, and as I verily believe, his health has been destroyed and his good and pure life shortened by this constrained exertion. A peculiar characteristic of him was his liberal use of his riches. I do not mean of the little gold he gathered. By a sort of

[1] *Life of Dr. J. C. Warren*, by Edward Warren, vol. i, p. 273.

chemical attraction every aspiring and sincere student interested in true learning, found him out and went to beg a little aid; and went away loaded with as much as his back could carry.

Affectionately my dear child, yours,

J. J.

At the time of Dr. Jackson's visit to London, as a student, in 1799–1800, Mr. Pickering was private secretary to Hon. Rufus King, then our ambassador to England, and his presence, combined with the courtesies which he was in a position to show his friend, enriched the pleasure of the visit. Referring in his "Reminiscences" to this meeting with Mr. Pickering in London, Dr. Jackson says, "London was a large place, and many of my countrymen were there, but all of them put together, Englishmen and Yankees, were not so valuable to me as John." Mr. Samuel Williams, also an Essex man, whose brother had been in the same college class with Dr. Jackson and Mr. Pickering, was consul at the same period, and by him also Dr. Jackson was made welcome.

Immediately after leaving college Jackson served for two quarters as teacher in the English branches at the Leicester Academy, where he occupied a position next in rank to that of the principal, Mr. Adams. This work was congenial to his tastes, and if he had followed his inclinations, he would have stayed at Leicester longer; but in December, 1796, his father, who was then Supervisor of the Internal Revenue for the district of Massachusetts, induced him to resign in order to take a place as clerk in his office.

Of his experience as a teacher no details are known,[1] but children and teaching alike remained dear to him through life. He used to tell his grandchildren how, on a winter day, one of the bigger boys in the Academy tormented a delicate little French boy by rolling him in the snow. Seeking for a suitable punishment in kind, Mr. Jackson ordered the bully to stand with a snowball in his hand, but felt a sinking at heart as he gave the order lest the culprit, who was larger and stronger than himself, should put him in a predicament by refusing to obey. Fortunately, authority and dignity prevailed, and the justice of the punishment was not disputed.

Mr. Jackson remained with his father for one year, "not without some benefit from the study of business," and the following letter to his friend Pickering falls within that period: —

JAMES JACKSON TO JOHN PICKERING

CHARLESTOWN, March 12, 1797.

DEAR JOHN, — I am willing to believe that you have been wondering why I have not written. For more than a month past I have had it in my mind every day, but I very seldom

[1] (Found among old papers.)

John & George Hunt to James Jackson Dr.

To ½ quire paper d'l'd John	$00.10
To 11 quills d'l'd . Do	" 15
To ½ quire paper d'l'd George	" 10
To 13 quills d'l'd . . Do	" 20
To inkstand d'l'd . . Do	" 11

LEICESTER, Sept. 23d, 1796.

Oct. 10th, 1796. Rec'd. payment in full for the above —

JAMES JACKSON.

have had leisure at the same time when I felt like it — and these feelings must be consulted if one wishes to be agreeable, in epistolary, as well as other communications. I know not whether I have ever told you that at my father's desire and request I left Leicester about the 1st of January. Since that time I have been in my father's office as a Clerk — I shall continue there probably eight or ten months, and then have engaged myself as a pupil to Dr. Holyoke. I assure you that I gave up with considerable regret my employment, in which I had found much satisfaction, and with reluctance a retreat where my philosophic disposition had been fully indulged. I sleep and dine in Charlestown, else, my residence is in Boston. Now this Boston is a most rascally, dissipated place — it contains two theatres and several Hotels — and with a disposition like mine, philosophic, and a mind ever hungering after such food as it finds in the conversation and conduct of a mixed company in Julien's parlour, thirsting after that Champagne which is found sparkling in Federal Street, and the Haymarket three times a week — I say with such a disposition it is not strange that I have so often made Julien's my philosophic retreat, and the theatre my moralizing observatory. But my retreats and observatories must be neglected — like thousands I am forced by necessity to listen to the voice of prudence; for ten days or a fortnight past, I have withstood temptation — and with a resolution and firmness magnanimous and unprecedented — (in myself) I have thrown aside the playbill, and when walking by Julien's, have passed on the other side. By way of defence of six weeks of dissipation since I have been in this quarter — for you know I always was ambitious to make my conduct appear in some degree rational to you — by way of defence let me observe that Frank W., Charles and myself could not meet together alone in any other place but Hotels, and as neither of us had any other acquaintance of our own standing, it is natural we should seek each other somewhat often. For the "Old

Gentleman's "[1] letter accept my very sincere thanks — I would not soil the subject by handling it myself — but will quote to you Mr. Cabot, who desired me to tell you something to this effect, that he (the Secretary) had done himself the greatest honor, and his Country the greatest Service, by a COMPLETE justification of the conduct of our Gov't with respect to Europe.

How peculiar must be the feelings of Washington at this time — how various — how grand. It would be truly an epicurean feast to read his feelings, and his reflections upon his return to his own fireside, and to the Station of a private Citizen. Of many great men of antiquity, of most, we are apt to adopt opinions too favorable. Of him posterity can never think enough. 'T is surely unparalleled that a man should be so long engaged in public life, in such a variety of Situations, (for our Country, its sentiments, and politics have been constantly fluctuating) in different lines of employment, and through the whole, meet every occurrence just as he ought — that he should always act his part with spirit, give it its full force, and not once " o'erstep the modesty of nature " — there is his peculiar excellence — for tho' few could equal him in wise and good action ; still fewer could go so far and never make a foolish or a wrong step. But upon this subject I should never find an end — and tho' I labor to say something worthy of it, I shall never do justice to my own feelings, much less to its merit.

" The prospects of peace in Europe," say late accounts, " are entirely dissipated." The struggle is a great one — the question seems to be whether a french directory shall lord it over Europe or confine their despotism to their own regions. . . .

I had the pleasure of seeing Horace Binney half an hour at his chamber two nights since. He will be a very smart fellow. Both in manners and information he is well fitted for the fine gentleman. I was much disappointed in not being able

[1] Hon. Timothy Pickering.

to hear him deliver an oration to the Phi, on the death of Wellington; . . . there was a poem at the same time by Richardson. Adieu for the present — it is Sunday. I must alter my dress before dinner for company.

James Jackson.

These half-humorous excuses for an occasional indulgence in the pleasures of the town recall to mind that there was an outburst of general dissipation and extravagance, during the years which marked the reaction from the war, and also that in the little circle of which James Jackson was a member, a stricter code of manners than common was obeyed, reflecting the best customs of New England towns in earlier days. The following extract from a letter written by Judge Lowell to his son Francis just after his graduation has an interest in this connection: —

"Boston is the sink of vice. It is the Babylon of profligacy. I was told it was impossible to avoid the snare. It is false — it is the suggestion of cowardice."

CHAPTER III

MEDICAL STUDIES

In December, 1797, Mr. Jackson made a new change to which he had for many years looked forward with eagerness and hope, and entered himself as a pupil in medicine under Dr. Edward Augustus Holyoke of Salem. The study of medicine was, to be sure, not wholly new to him, for during his senior year at college he had attended the lectures then given in Cambridge by Drs. Warren, Waterhouse, and Dexter. It is, however, an interesting fact that later, when, as professor in the Medical College, he was called upon to lecture to the two older classes of the undergraduates, he expressed much doubt as to the benefit to college students of instruction of this sort. Opinions may differ as to the correctness of this view, but most thoughtful students of education would uphold him in thinking that undergraduate lectures upon medical subjects are usually of but little value as a preparation for serious professional study.

This year (1797), which saw the beginning of his pupilage with Dr. Holyoke, was a momentous one to Mr. Jackson on another score, for it was then that the foundations of his happy married life were laid. The Essex towns were within easy riding distance of each other, and the best Essex families felt themselves united

by strong bonds. The widow of Andrew Cabot, brother of the distinguished Federalist, George Cabot, who had been an intimate friend of James Jackson's father, lived with her eight daughters in the town of Beverly, and even before beginning his medical studies he had become engaged to the oldest daughter, Elizabeth.

A speedy marriage was out of the question; and, in fact, it had to be postponed for four years, by the end of which time Dr. Jackson had finished his studies and had been for just one year in successful practice.

The method of study to which Mr. Jackson devoted his two years with Dr. Holyoke was not without its merits, inadequate as it seems when compared with the elaborate teaching of the present day. The arrangement was substantially a copy of the English apprenticeship system, although modified, as Dr. Jackson wrote at a later period, in such a way as to give the pupil a larger share of instruction and less of tedious labor. The term of medical apprenticeship in England at that time was usually five years, but the time of pupilage in America was commonly shorter. When the master was a man of ability, and was willing to give the pupil all the opportunities in his power, there were rich fruits to be gathered in a brief time. The visit to the bedside of the patient, whose illness considerations of friendship conspired with those of science to make an "important case;" the earnest talk during the walk or drive homeward; the pressing need of making the most of such physiology and anatomy as was current, — all these influences must have been to the eager student an edu-

cation of the highest order. It was, however, an atmosphere which, however stimulating to the intelligent, the ambitious, the resourceful physician and pupil, — as is that of practice in the back country to-day, — was, without doubt, dulling to the unintelligent and the lazy-minded.

The keen and fair-minded Sir James Paget, who was in a position to witness every shift in the swift development of medical education by which the last century was marked, devotes some thoughtful comments to the apprenticeship system of England in his earlier days, and passes, on the whole, a favorable judgment. The term of service then required by the Society of Apothecaries was five years, and for this a payment of one hundred guineas was charged. Paget was allowed to go to London for hospital study at the end of a shorter time. But even that period he believed to have been much too long. Nevertheless, he was able to say, —

"Thus, after my four and a half years of apprenticeship, and when I was nearly twenty-one, I was to begin my hospital work with about as much knowledge of anatomy and physiology as, I suppose, an average student at the present time has at the end of his first year's hospital-study; with more knowledge of medicine and surgery than such a one would now have after two or even three years' study; and with an unusual disposition for scientific pursuits, and an unusually educated power of observing."[1]

The medical instruction in the schools was arranged on the assumption that the students had received a preliminary training of this sort, and did not pretend to

[1] *Memoirs and Letters*, edited by Stephen Paget, London, 1900.

give the elementary teaching and drill that would have been needed for a novice.

The positions of "dresser" and of "assistant" in the great hospitals were eagerly sought for, and commanded a high price; while those who, like Paget himself, could not afford them were forced to enter themselves as pupils. The advanced student and the trained practitioner had an excellent chance to fill out the gaps in their knowledge with the friendly aid of the master, but the amount of information that each one carried away with him was largely determined by the amount that he had brought.

Dr. Holyoke, "my glorious old master," was well fitted to give Mr. Jackson a large share of the benefits of the system of teaching which has been described. The son of President Holyoke, and himself a Harvard graduate and a man of intelligence, industry, and high principle, he became perhaps the foremost physician in New England. He lived to be over a hundred years old, but even in his early days he was as well known to every citizen of Salem as the most time-honored landmark in the town. His well-balanced instincts led him, moreover, to teach accuracy in observation and moderation in treatment, — doctrines that James Jackson found eminently congenial, and continuously professed in his turn, believing in them so fully that he was ready to give not only a cordial but a critical welcome to the methods of clinical research to which Louis, a quarter of a century later, gave so powerful an impulse. My warrant for this estimate of Dr. Holyoke is partly the current opinion of his contemporaries, who chose him

first president of the Massachusetts Medical Society and always spoke of him with great esteem, but still more the positive judgment of Dr. Jackson himself, as expressed in the fine dedication of his thesis on the "Brunonian System," in 1809: —

> Dear Sir, — In compliance with custom, this little work must have a dedication; and I cannot hesitate a moment to whom this dedication shall be made. By you I was taught to pay a sacred regard to experience as the source of all medical knowledge, and by you I was forbidden to resort to speculative principles as guides to practice, except where experience failed, while humanity still prompted an effort to give relief. Through a long course of years, while suggestive medical theories have had their rise and fall, you have watched the course of nature in the diseases of the human body, and with equal prudence and zeal have been her minister and their cure.

It is a good maxim of literary criticism that the author of a book may usually claim the credit of having really entertained the ideas with which he is able to inspire his readers, and upon the same principle it would be no more than just to assume that this eloquent tribute, especially when offered by a writer so conscientious as Dr. Jackson, is deserving of literal acceptance.

The principle of reliance on accuracy in clinical observation is so familiar to the present generation, and has been accepted as of such obvious utility, that the merit of the men who adopted it more than a century ago is only to be recognized when a strong effort has been made to reproduce the intellectual surroundings in which they had been brought up. There had been good

observers and independent thinkers, to be sure, even in the centuries before John Hunter, who had died only a few years before Dr. Jackson began his studies, leaving an influence behind him which was destined to increase year by year. Nevertheless, so far as pathology, clinical medicine, and therapeutics were concerned, it was still speculation and deduction, rather than observation and induction, by which medical practice and teaching were controlled. The writings of such men as Cullen and Brown, who were among the prominent representatives of medicine in England during the latter portion of the eighteenth century, abound in forms of reasoning and principles of practice which sound almost unintelligible to our ears.

When Dr. Holyoke began his daily rounds, every man who chose was at liberty to call himself a doctor; and the usual fee amounted to about eleven cents of our currency.

By Dr. Jackson's time, to be sure, affairs were in a much more promising state. The Massachusetts Medical Society had been established, systematic teaching was on foot in Cambridge, and the Medical Schools of Philadelphia and New York were already doing good work. Nevertheless, the student of medicine of that day was without the microscope, the stethoscope, the clinical thermometer, without the treasures of knowledge which these instruments of precision have made it possible to accumulate, and without the inspiration and instruction that come from the vast medical literature and abundant intercourse of the present day.

The physicians who, in the presence of this state of

things, decided to devote their lives to the establishment of the art of healing on the sound basis of science and experience, had before them a task of discouraging magnitude. Even to-day, in spite of our immense advances in scientific equipment, it is found extremely difficult to arrive at positive conclusions in this field, either through laboratory studies or bedside experience. Not only was this difficulty vastly greater a century ago, but the therapeutic traditions of the times were a heavy burden of dour, irrational customs, and yet such as conscientious students were unable to shake off. They could exercise moderation and good sense in the choice and use of remedies; but their own principles would have forbidden them to cast aside entirely the usages which the experience of the past had sanctioned, even if their knowledge had prompted them to do so. The followers of the "theorists," such as Hahnemann or Brown, could face the tangled problems of treatment with a lighter heart and easier conscience; but the men of Dr. Jackson's stamp had the wisdom to see that these problems could not be solved by reference to any single principle, or by any exclusive theory of any sort or kind whatsoever. The recognition of this fact, coupled with the sense that the hard task of discovery could have been made easier if all had been willing to join hands, made him reject with indignation the facile *a priori* modes of reasoning of those schools. This feeling finds forcible expression in the Brunonian essay of 1809.

The whole period covered by the joint lives of Dr. Holyoke and Dr. Jackson, which stretched from 1728 to 1868, or nearly a century and a half, witnessed a ver-

itable revolution in medical standards, hopes, and aims, — the transition[1] from rank superstition to splendid achievement. Of this great transformation, Dr. Holyoke lived long enough to see the promise, and Dr. Jackson a portion of the fulfillment.

On the evening of one of the early days of October, Dr. Jackson's brother Henry, who was then about to sail for London in his ship the Thomas Russell, belonging to the Messrs. Perkins, "with a heart always full of love and generosity" offered him a free passage to London. Mr. S. G. Perkins, one of the younger brothers, was to be his fellow passenger.

With this offer of Henry's a chance was opened to the eager student which represented the culmination of his dreams. In the "Reminiscences" of his old age, Dr. Jackson dwells on the details of the voyage with evident delight.

"This proposition to me was a very sudden one and entirely unexpected. . . . I believe that I had no sleep that night. If this was so, it was an occurrence very new to me, and such I believe as had not happened more than twice before in my life.

"We embarked on the 20th of October, 1799, and took our departure before sunset that evening. The ship was small, very low in the water, and never kept a dry deck. As to all other matters she was well spoken of by gentlemen of experience. Our cabin was fitted with goods, cargo of various descriptions. In place of the cabin there was built up on her main deck what I think the seamen call a booby (cuddy) hut, or by some such name. It had wooden walls and those

[1] See Dr. S. A. Green's address on the *Medical History of the Century*, Massachusetts Medical Society, 1881.

not very thick. Its only entrance was through its door in front. This little box answered for us the purposes of a ship's cabin. The accommodations which belonged to it were brought within a very small compass, but there was all that was needed. The captain's berth was at the rear and on the starboard side of our dwelling-place. On the larboard side of the same, the corresponding place was occupied by two berths. In the upper one was our friend and fellow passenger, Mr. S. G. Perkins. My berth was immediately under his, my bed being made upon the deck floor.

"In the front of the cabin there was placed a berth for the first mate. In the corresponding part, on the left, was a young gentleman, a son of a friend of my brother the captain, who had now gone on board to learn the business of a seaman under his guidance. The open space on the deck between our berths was occupied by our table, and by the chairs on each side of the table, except where we found a very narrow space, to pass upon on either side. To these accommodations I think we added three or more small closets, in which were packed away the various crockery ware, etc., for the table and our little supplies of tea and coffee etc., etc. Let me not pass without mentioning that our friends laid in for us various grateful articles for the table, such as gingerbread and some very fine cranberry-sauce, which Mr. Perkins as well as my brother and myself decided to allow ourselves as a treat every Saturday night, in honor of sweethearts and wives. I presume that this practice was not a new one to the passengers on the great waters, but I mention it in order to suggest one improvement on like occasions which was adopted by us: that is after the first Saturday night we soon voted to have a Saturday night for all the other evenings of the week. I think the story is not a bad one, and as there is another which is allied to the first I will add that also. This is that almost every evening (and perhaps the almost may be omitted) each of us added at least one glass of good sherry wine. As to the wine, if you must

know its history, I think it must have been smuggled in by our friend Mr. Perkins, for this good reason, that his wine was much better than my brother's or mine. Wherever the wine came from, be sure that some good cheer appeared about the supper table in company with that good toast. But don't suppose that the stars were always bright, or that the days were never darkened by black clouds. . . .

"That you may enter into all our feelings I will tell you that at that time the French were capturing our ships on the open sea, and that we were destined to go up the English Channel where we were exposed to their cruisers. Each man knew that if he were thus taken he might be made a prisoner and put into a French prison, unless indeed we should any of us have been spilt into the sea, an act then not uncommon on the part of our French friends. We, that is our master and his sailors, knew before midnight of the 20th day of our passage that we were near to Dover, a very short distance from Calais. Of course business men were anxious to be on the land. The ship could not find any port there, but Mr. Perkins, with whom I had become a fast friend during the 20 days we had lived together, begged the captain to set him on shore, now, under a full moon, about midnight. Our captain, always on the side of enterprise, agreed with Mr. Perkins that we could no doubt find boats of some description off Dover by which we could be taken off and landed on the shore. Before the daylight had left us that afternoon we had seen the cliffs of Dover, and to me it seemed that I could have pitched a biscuit on the shore. When put on board the boat, for I readily agreed to join Mr. Perkins, I could not think that I should be long in the boat, but soon found that we were at a distance of six or eight miles. I think we had passed more than two hours when the master of the boat drove us through the surf into the soft gravel. We were much rejoiced to find a good hotel, and very soon to get some tea from our host, with bread and butter and some fried fish from the

British Channel, and all the other good things that we asked for.

"As we had arrived at the house about 4 o'clock in the morning, we were very soon ready to lie down to rest on a quiet bed where there was no roaring. I know not which of us spoke first, I know that we agreed at once that these beds were something hitherto unknown to us. You have at some time studied geology, and you remember that as you dig along or lay open the ground, the substance beneath you is made up in successive layers. You first see a section of rich soil with an intermingling of small stones and some variety of other materials, next below this a mass of clay and so on.

"Imagine some half-dozen mattresses thus regularly arranged in lamina and filled successively with fine straw, with coarse straw, then with layers of hair and layers of feathers, making a high pile of elastic materials contributing to your support when you lay yourself upon them. Perhaps you have never in this young country met with a bed made up of so many strata. Many travellers have now become familiar with them, but you can imagine how delightful they were to us after 'turning in' for three weeks upon our hard berths. But we did not lie wasting the day. . . . Remember we were new men in this mother country of ours, and we had not thought carefully enough how many new things we should find there. For instance that very afternoon as we were travelling along the road, looking out on the fields by the roadsides, we were often asking questions of our English fellow travellers. Among other things, Mr. Perkins eagerly asked his next neighbor in the coach what those articles were which he saw laid up in bundles or parcels, evidently produce of the fields. The neighbor raising himself up and looking round first answered his question by asking in return, 'Pray, sir, in what part of England have you been brought up?' My friend, who was a fine looking man, in like manner raised himself up and answered, 'Why, sir, indeed not in any part of England.' But in return

said the John Bull, 'But bless you, sir, you talk English as well as any man in England,' and so the talk went on until we had convinced John Bull that we were familiar with the English language, though not with all English products under their usual forms.

"We had left Dover not long after midday in a stage-coach with the expectation of reaching London long after dark. We travelled at a good rate, and at six or eight in the evening our coach halted to refresh our horses with some oats and water. . . . When we reached London we drove under the lamps in the streets and past the lights at the shop doors as much as five miles at least, till we stopped near St. Paul's Church and were let out at the London Coffee House. There we found a large room or hall, lighted up with tapers, and I thought that the gentlemen whom we saw were eating their suppers to go to bed. I was soon undeceived, and conforming to the customs of the place I followed my companion and guide and called for a succession of as many articles as satisfied our wants, whether the meal was called dinner or supper. Soon after we were led up two or three flights of stairs in a crowded house belonging to the hotel . . . and sat down in some comfort with the assurance that our troubles on sea and on land had come to an end for this time.

"Early after breakfast we went to Finsbury Square, to show ourselves to Mr. Samuel Williams.[1] You should know that, at that day, Mr. W. was of course to be called upon by every Yankee, and that he was sure of having all his wants supplied. Usually the Yankee carried a bill of exchange for Mr. W. but I did not, my friends had given me a bill to another gentleman, but Mr. W. treated me as if I had carried to him ever so many.

"Mr. Williams and I knew each other very well, though we had never before met personally, . . . for his brother, Frank Williams, and his cousin, John Pickering, were my classmates

[1] United States consul at London.

in Cambridge and most intimate friends. Accordingly he knew my wants, and the first thing he told me was that John Pickering had arrived in London the week before and was established as the official secretary of Mr. Rufus King, then our minister to the court at St. James. I will just say before I leave this matter that, saving those of my own kith and kin, there was no one whom I should have been so glad to meet as Pickering. London was a large place and many of my countrymen were there, but all of them put together, Englishmen and Yankees, were not to me so valuable as John.

"I think that Mr. W. invited me to dine with him this first day, but my old Salem coat was not fit for London. I believe it was on the next day that I dined with my kind friend and then met J. P. for the first time. Mr. King's house where Pickering was then just established was at a distance of four or five miles. I was living with Mr. Perkins at the London Coffee House where I could not live without plenty of money. I knew before I left home that I should seek for the instruction I had in view at St. Thomas's and Guy's hospitals, two hospitals which were allied together so far as pupils were concerned. In the halls sometimes of one, sometimes of the other of these celebrated hospitals, the lectures were given and the public operations were performed. To reach these establishments it was necessary to cross the River Thames and to find lodgings in their vicinity. The lectures for that winter of the year 1799 were opened in October, and were to be continued in two successive courses through four months for each course. I obtained lodgings in that vicinity at the house of a hatmaker in St. Saviour's Church Yard. Of my other arrangements, etc., I will treat at a more fitting time.

. . . "In regard to my brother, Capt. H. Jackson. Mr. Perkins and I left the Captain when we were off Dover about 2 o'clock in the morning of November 20th. 1799, and I can recall now how dull my good brother must have felt when we took our leave of him. We were all going to the same place.

We were to be set down in Dover with the hope of reaching the great city the next day in the stage-coach. Harry was to go in the ship, and he was to go up the broad mouth of the Thames and through a distance of 60 miles or more to the great city itself. The Frenchmen might take them as prisoners, and the voyage up the river was not without its obstacles. The great ships down to the little tug-boats were passing up and down continually in a style as little like running through a clear course as our people in Boston pressing ahead between 2 and 3 o'clock P. M. to carry bundles and get home to dinner. The stranger ever so well instructed in navigation would not ordinarily attempt to guide his boat through this crowded path. A ship could not then get through the water as we could over the land. We at once began to enquire whether our friends had reached the city or how soon we might look for them. I think that we had passed a week in London before we saw the friends with whom we had been sailing the three weeks previously across the ocean. Meanwhile I had seen my brother Robert, who was already in London, though I did not know it until I arrived there. He was in lodgings at the extreme West End of the city, at a distance I believe of five miles or more from our Coffee House. I met him on the second evening after my arrival and was much gratified to do so. We were almost strangers to each other. His complexion had assumed the hue which a young man gets in a short time on the open sea, and I had grown up to manhood from the age of 13 or 14, the period at which he had first left home, during which time my boy's face had undergone the changes which disguised me to him. Two Boston friends who were just dining with him soon left us to ourselves and at liberty to talk over the individuals of our household and its neighborhood. At that time my mother had been dead more than two years and a half, but till then Robert had not seen any one from whom he could gain the details of her last sickness. Though he was young when he parted from her, he was the

oldest child; my father had had one long absence on his visit across the Atlantic, and very likely she had delighted in making a man of her darling. He felt the importance which he had in her eyes, and I perceived at once that he had a tenderness of feeling which at first surprised me when I had become fully accustomed to the great loss we had undergone, and when I realized how entirely our feelings become familiarized to great changes like this I have mentioned.

"In a few more days after my first visit to Robert, Harry had effected his landing in the city, and we three soon met each other and seemed to realize at once feelings like those of home. For a time Harry was full of business. First he had his ship to be placed in some safe quarter, whatever of cargo was to be discharged was at once to be placed in stores on the shore, and various matters of business were to be adjusted. We were in the shortest days of winter in London, so that I saw very little of my brothers from this period."

While in London Dr. Jackson served as "dresser" at St. Thomas's, and studied anatomy with Cline at St. Thomas's and with Astley Cooper at Guy's, and vaccination at the St. Pancras Hospital under Woodville, besides attending the regular courses of medical lectures. He was fortunate enough also to renew and strengthen, during this visit, his friendship with Dr. J. C. Warren. Only a few letters of this period are preserved; but the close interest in the chances for medical education in London, which was shown by Dr. Jackson when it came to advising his own son, indicates that he carried away warm memories of his stay. From that year onward he was a constant buyer and an eager reader of English and French books; and although he never crossed the Atlantic again, he frequently exchanged courtesies with

the prominent physicians of Europe, and kept himself constantly informed of their views and of their work.

Fortunately, Dr. John C. Warren, who had gone to England the year before, and worked side by side with Dr. Jackson, although paying more attention than he to surgery and anatomy, wrote home to his father long and very interesting accounts of his experiences, and these are published in the first volume of his "Life" by his brother, Dr. Edward Warren.

It is interesting to find Dr. Warren saying in one of these letters, dated December 8, 1799, "The people here look for facts; they trust no theory, but experiment is the only creed. Go to Edinburgh for theory." With his eager and tireless spirit Dr. Warren found the intellectual opportunities of London thoroughly satisfactory, but less to commend in the physical surroundings.

"You have no idea, sir, what a shocking place this is in winter. No cold weather, for the grass is perfectly green; but a constant drizzling that keeps the town dirty as a kennel, notwithstanding all that can be done. The air is thickened with smoke and vapors, so that it is scarcely respirable; and as for sun, no one can tell when he was seen. The days are five hours long; or, more strictly speaking, there are five hours of twilight: for, while I have been writing, I have, within this week, been obliged to stop almost every day, at some part of it, so totally dark was it. Many have already cut their throats, and, if the present weather lasts (which it will), a terrible slaughter will take place, I dare say."

Many years later, when the two friends were both growing old, Dr. Warren revisited London and wrote a long and affectionate letter to Dr. Jackson, describing,

with the accuracy and detail that were characteristic of him, the changes that had come over the streets and corners which had been so familiar to them in their student days.

St. Thomas's Hospital, where Dr. Jackson entered himself as "dresser," was a very old foundation, and even in 1561 had been a place of medical training for young men who were "supposed to learn their profession from the surgeons, as in other trades."[1] Until the developments occurred which led to the removal of St. Thomas's to its present site on the Thames embankment (1868 to 1871), the two hospitals, Guy's and St. Thomas's, stood very near each other, on opposite sides of St. Thomas's Street and near the southerly end of the old London Bridge. St. Saviour's Churchyard, where Dr. Jackson had his rooms, was only a block removed.

Guy's Hospital had been opened for patients in 1725; and from 1768 until 1825 the two institutions were closely united for the purposes of hospital teaching, and were called the "United Hospitals." Students attached to either one were at liberty to attend the operations and lectures in both. In spite of this nominal union, there was always a certain amount of jealousy between these two great hospitals, and occasional periods of open rupture.

A letter from Joseph Warren, surgeon to Guy's from 1745 to 1790,[2] gives the following interesting details as to opportunities for study, which represent the state of affairs in Dr. Jackson's time and for many years later:

[1] *Biographical History of Guy's Hospital.*

[2] Cited in the *Biographical History of Guy's Hospital.*

HATTON-GARDEN, December 29, 1792.

When I first became acquainted with the two hospitals of St. Thomas and of Guy, which was in December, 1734, the established rules of those hospitals at that time were that each surgeon was permitted to receive four pupils and four dressers at a time, inclusive of apprentices. . . . All the money received from apprentices and dressers is the whole and sole property of the surgeon, or surgeons, with whom such apprentices and dressers are entered at the steward's office of the respective hospitals. The number of pupils at these hospitals has for many years past been unlimited, but the number of apprentices and dressers is not unlimited. . . . The dressers pay £50 per annum, or £31 10s. for six months; the pupils 24 guineas per annum, or 18 guineas for six months. . . . There have been lectures read in anatomy, in which observations in surgery have ever been introduced, from the beginning, first by Mr. Girl, then Mr. Sharp, Mr. Warner, Mr. Else, and at present by Mr. Cline. The fee for these lectures and for the dissecting-room is 12 guineas. There are lectures read every morning at half-past seven on Midwifery by Dr. Lowder in the borough; they continue until half-past eight. At ten o'clock in the morning Mr. Babington, the apothecary[1] at Guy's, gives a lecture on Chymistry which continues until eleven, when the practice begins. Those mornings that pass without the lecture in Chymistry, Dr. Saunders supplys with one on the Practice of Physic. The Chymical lectures continue until there has been two courses given, which employs them from the 1st of October until the month of May. The anatomical lectures are every day from one o'clock until three. These are read at St. Thomas's Theatre by Mr. Cline, the former, in Chymistry and the Practice of Physic, at the Theatre at Guy's. All the pupils that enter for the anatomical

[1] It is to be recalled that the physicians of that day were called "apothecaries" for the reason that their license to practice was given by the Apothecaries' Guild.

lectures pay seven guineas; if they chuse to dissect and attend the dissecting-room they pay five guineas extraordinary. The terms for the Chymistry, Materia Medica, and Practice of Physic are ten guineas. I cannot take it upon me to say when they were first instituted, but there were lectures read before the year 1750. There are not any Chirurgical lectures given, but those that finish each anatomical course by Mr. Cline. They have amounted hitherto to twelve in number to each course. The lectures have always been delivered *viva voce.*

The medical teaching of the United Hospitals was represented by several excellent men, of whom Dr. William Saunders, Dr. William Babington, Dr. Ralph of Guy's, and Dr. Fordyce of St. Thomas's, the latter being the author of the famous work on Fevers, were the chief. Mr. Abernethy was teaching surgery at St. Bartholomew's, and Sir Everard Home at St. George's; but it is doubtful whether Dr. Jackson ever attended the courses of these distinguished men. Mr. William Cooper of Guy's had his last year of service during the winter of Dr. Jackson's stay, and was immediately succeeded by his able and energetic nephew, Astley Cooper, with whom Dr. J. C. Warren became very soon quite intimate.

Dr. Saunders was a graduate in medicine of the University of Edinburgh (1765), and a pupil of William Cullen, and subsequently became a writer of considerable note, a good teacher, and a successful practitioner. He began to lecture at Guy's about 1772, and in 1780 he published a volume of 136 pages on the "Elements of the Practice of Physic." Sir Astley Cooper says of him, "He was a most entertaining lecturer, but super-

ficial person, with a considerable share of genius." In 1805 he took part in the founding of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, and was a member of its first council, together with Dr. Babington.

Dr. Babington was a man who won the esteem and affection of all his colleagues. He took his degree of M. D. at Aberdeen in 1795, and in the same year was elected assistant physician to Guy's Hospital. The biographical history from which these notes are taken says, "History does not supply us with a physician more loved or more respected than Dr. Babington." This estimate is fully borne out by the opinion of his colleague, Sir Astley Cooper, who says, "I never knew such a good man."

The medical lectures which were given by these physicians were not solely didactic, but were partly delivered on the cases of patients in the wards. Dr. Lowder was lecturer on midwifery, and Dr. Haighton, who assisted him, and who was an experimenter of originality and merit, also gave instruction in physiology.

Besides occupying himself with the studies thus indicated, Dr. Jackson took a special and extended course with the well-known Dr. Woodville, physician to the St. Pancras Smallpox and Vaccination Hospital. His connection with the vaccination movement will be dealt with carefully further on.

The first volume of "Medical Reports and Researches," edited by Sir Astley Cooper, Dr. Haighton, and Dr. Babington, — the predecessor of "Guy's Hospital Reports," — was brought out in 1798, just before Dr. Jackson's visit to London; yet the fact that this volume was the

first, and that but few serial publications of any sort had been published before it, is one proof the more that this period was witnessing the dawn of a new day for the study of medicine.

In August, 1800, Dr. Jackson sailed for Boston in the Superb, "a large ship for that period," and reached home after a journey of forty-nine days. Two days later he began practice.

CHAPTER IV

RETURN FROM EUROPE; VACCINATION MOVEMENT

It is certain that Dr. Jackson stepped again upon the shores of his native country with a light heart. He was then twenty-three years old, with mind elastic, ambitious, and alert, a happy marriage in prospect, the certainty of a generous welcome by a host of friends, and the knowledge that his medical training had been as good as he could have had any right to ask. He had but little money and many debts, but these conditions did not daunt him.

He writes in his "Reminiscences:" —

"On Oct. 1, 1800, I began business. Vaccination had been introduced about the time that I commenced my studies, but the practice had not been extensively adopted at that day even in England. Dr. Woodville of London was physician of the Pancras Smallpox and Inoculation Hospital, where he had attended to the subject of vaccination more carefully and more extensively than any other, not excepting Dr. Jenner. I placed myself under his care (for ten guineas, I believe), and learned all then known about that business. The practice of vaccination had just been introduced here, and Boston was full of it — so far as talking went.

"My friends took me up on that account, so that in that October I derived $150 from that source. I also derived just as much from other business, that made my fees amount to $300 the first month. In the remaining 11 months of my first year I earned $500, or nearly $50 a month, or $800 for the

year. I must say that everybody talked to me of vaccination, so that I got to fear that people would think I could talk of nothing else, and therefore before my first winter was over, I rather avoided the subject. However, the cow-pox gave me notoriety, and that is a great advantage to a young man if it comes to him fairly, without any tricks."

Scarcely a week after his arrival home he wrote to his friend John Pickering, as follows: —

Boston, October 7, 1800.
(Received November 17, 1800.)

Dear John, — . . . I am thinking of cow-pox. If I had matter enough I could make a *mint* of money in a *bit* of time. Do wait on Mr. Wacksel with the enclosed letter and call when he directs to get a package from him for me. Send the package as soon as possible, or if he gives you two, send them by different vessels from London or Liverpool. Ask Mr. Wacksel if there is anything to pay and pay him. I will pay you when you come this way.

Now I do not ask this but command it; for it may be very important to my future fortune, so that I will not give you leave to neglect it. Everybody here is in a rage to have the cow-pox. I brought matter here which has nearly failed and I fear will quite. If so, I may not be able to get a supply till this reaches me from London. It is late in the evening and the vessel sails in the morning.

Yours very truly,

J. Jackson.

Four days later he inserted in the "Columbian Centinel" the following card: —

"Dr. Jackson informs the Public that he has at present a supply of cow-pox matter, and inoculates for this disease. Dr. Jackson may be found at his lodgings in the house of Mr. Bull, Court St., behind Mr. Davis's office."

But unluckily his vaccine-matter proved insufficient in quantity and defective in quality, and a month later he wrote to Mr. Pickering again, in considerable concern, saying: —

Boston, November 13, 1800.
(Received December 24, 1800, at London.)

Dear John, — I enclose a letter from Mr. Bancroft. I wrote to you by the Rising Sun more than a month since. I then enclosed you a letter from Mr. Wacksel and gave you a commission perhaps troublesome enough. I shall the more regret if it has been so because it is now unnecessary. When I arrived here everybody was talking of cow-pox. My friends knew I had attended to this disorder and understood that I should bring out the matter of the disease. Higginson particularly was recommending me to everybody. Little expecting these circumstances, I had brought with me a small piece of thread and four lancets charged with the matter. I very soon made use of the matter I had. At the time I wrote to you I was apprehensive that it would all fail — and the next day I ascertained that it had so done. You may conceive my embarrassment. I appear to have been exalted only to fall. The ignorant would not know that no precaution of mine would have given effect to the matter I had used. I believe I looked blue. See if my letter to you at that time is not tinged with this colour. Dr. Waterhouse had promised a supply, but I could not depend upon having it in season. I knew that Dr. Manning of Ipswich had received matter from his brother whom we saw in London; but it was said that he kept it to himself. Driven by despair, I went secretly to Ipswich determined to pay any price for a supply. My success was here as complete as unexpected. The Doctor gave all I asked and refused all compensation. Since that time, with due interruptions I have gone on as well as I could wish, and gained credit by my resource at a moment when my friends were in despair. I have not, however, had so large a share of cow-pox

business as I expected, because people have grown more cool than they were on the subject, and because the matter is now in the hands of all the physicians here. For this, however, I have been abundantly compensated by a much larger share of other business than I expected. Probably I have had more in the six weeks since I arrived than I shall have in any other six weeks in the course of the year to come. What I have had would maintain me and a wife in a snug way. I mean to try in the course of a few months whether what I shall have will do so.

The next half year was prosperous even beyond his expectations. It was true that he did not long retain his position of distinction as representative of the vaccination movement. This movement had been in full swing at London for several years before his return to America, and never met with the furious opposition among us that it had excited in the mother country, and the practice of vaccination was quickly taken up by the majority of practitioners. Nevertheless, some protest there was, and a good deal of scientific doubt as to the efficacy and harmlessness of the new treatment, and Dr. Jackson, as will be seen, bore his full share of the labor of testing and of advocating it, not with sword and lance, like Dr. Waterhouse, but as a conservative and critical yet earnest physician.

Accustomed as we are to-day to a sense of complete security against the dangers of smallpox, it is not easy for us to realize what vaccination actually meant to the communities of hardly more than a hundred years ago. At that period, every child that was born into the world had more than an even chance either of falling a victim to the disease, or of bearing on his face the tokens of

the struggle through which immunity had been secured;[1] and it is something even to have figured, as Dr. Jackson did, as one of the first bearers of the good tidings from the England of Jenner to his own neighbors in New England.

Smallpox had prevailed in Boston in epidemic form every few years since its first appearance in 1649. The last great outbreak had occurred in 1790, but it appeared again in 1802, before the use of vaccination had become widespread. It was, indeed, well known, not only that one attack of the disease served as a protection against further danger, but that artificial "inoculation," not with the modified vaccine-matter, but with the smallpox virus itself, that is, the direct transference of the poison of the disease from the pustule on the skin of the sick person to the skin of a well person, secured an equal measure of immunity, while the illness so produced was usually less serious in itself than that resulting from an infection occurring in the usual mode.

Various methods of inoculation had long been practiced in the Oriental countries. Rumors of them filtered into England during the early part of the eighteenth century, and, indeed, it is now said that in certain

[1] An amusing sample of the modes of disinfection at the time of Dr. Jackson's birth is furnished by the following notice: —

Boston, August ye 13, 1776.

These Certify that Ebenesor Stimpson has been so smoak'd and cleansed as that in our Opinion he may be permitted to pass into the Country without Danger of communicating the Small-Pox to any one.

John Scollay
Nath'l Appleton
} Selectmen of Boston.

portions of the British Isles an analogous practice had been more or less in vogue among the peasantry at an even earlier date. It was, however, to the courage and energy of Lady Montagu, who returned to London from Constantinople in 1721, that the practical introduction of the method among the cities of the West was really due. So far as America is concerned, it was in Boston that the torch of progress was first lighted, and that men were found willing to endure the storm of abuse and ridicule, and even danger, which raged about those by whom the old traditions were attacked.

It was to the intelligence and tenacity of Rev. Cotton Mather and of Dr. Zabdiel Boylston of Brookline that the community owed the successful introduction of inoculation at the relatively early date of 1721.

The first person who was actually inoculated by Dr. Boylston was his own son, a boy of thirteen years. This was done on the 27th of June, 1721, and as Dr. Mumford justly says,[1] "no earlier date in American medicine can truly equal it in importance and significance, and very few dates since."

As a result of the first year's work of Boylston and Cotton Mather, aided by Drs. Robey and Thomson, two hundred and eighty-six persons were inoculated, of whom six died. But during all this time Boylston was obliged to keep himself in hiding, and could hardly go upon the street except in darkness and by stealth. Cot-

[1] *Narrative of Medicine in America*, by James G. Mumford, M. D., 1900.

ton Mather's house, in which a patient was being treated, was stormed by the mob, and a lighted bomb was thrown into the patient's room. Later, a similar bomb was thrown into Boylston's apartment. It is pleasing to reflect that the reformers finally succeeded in their task, and that the opposing physicians admitted themselves convinced.

Important as was the boon conferred by inoculation, the blessing was, on the whole, one of doubtful utility.

"The principal advantage claimed for inoculation was that smallpox thus produced was much milder in type than when the infection was received in the natural way. While the death rate from natural smallpox was one out of every three or four persons attacked, it was, at the highest, from the inoculated disease, not greater than one out of fifty, and sometimes as low as one out of two hundred, the average death rate being somewhere between the two. The disadvantage was that smallpox produced in this manner, although milder in type, was just as contagious as when contracted naturally; hence inoculation had the effect of keeping the disease almost constantly in existence, and the annual number of deaths from the disease was even greater than prior to its introduction."[1]

No more striking statement could be made of the advantages of "vaccination" over those of inoculation with smallpox virus than is contained in the following terse comparison, from the clever pen of Dr. Waterhouse: —

[1] Professor William M. Welch, in Loomis and Thompson's *System of Practical Medicine*, p. 514.

VACCINA OR KINE POCK

A comparative view of the natural smallpox, inoculated smallpox, and kine pock

Natural Smallpox.	Inoc. Smallpox.	Kine Pock.
A contagious disease; one in six who take it dies.	Contagious; one in three hundred dies.	Non-contagious; never fatal.
It is like an attempt to cross a dangerous stream by swimming, where one in six perishes.	It is like crossing the stream in an old leaky boat, where one in three hundred perishes.	It is like crossing the stream on a new and safe bridge.

At the time of Dr. Jackson's visit to England in 1799, the acceptance of Jenner's discoveries had been accepted, the introduction of cow-pox had already passed the stage of violent antagonism, and Dr. Woodville, who had at first suffered great loss in his practice, was chief among the practical leaders of a rapidly advancing reform. Dr. Waterhouse's attention had been attracted to the literature of the subject early in 1799, and a short article was brought out by him in the "Columbian Centinel" of March 12 of that year, entitled "Something Curious in the Medical Line," followed in November of the same year by a report on some experiments by Dr. Woodville. Early in the next year he obtained some vaccine matter from England, preserved on threads, and on July 8, 1800, vaccinated his own son. To him belongs, without the slightest question, the merit of having been the first physician in this country to see the value of the new remedy. Dr. Jackson, as has been said, studied with Dr. Woodville

at the St. Pancras Smallpox Hospital in the winter of 1799, but was a few months behind Dr. Waterhouse in putting the method into practice in this country.

As early as June, 1801, Dr. Jackson made an offer to the State Board of Health, of which at that time Isaiah Doane was president and R. Gardner secretary, requesting its indorsement of certain experiments which he contemplated making, to prove the efficacy of the cowpox as a preventive against smallpox. To this application the Board replied that "their avocations would not permit that attention which the plan proposed." [1]

To Dr. Jackson, therefore, belongs the credit of having first suggested experimental evidence of the value of the new remedy, of such a sort as, when brought forward a year later, justly produced a profound impression, and went far to establish the claims of vaccination in the minds of thinking men. The experiments as finally made were set on foot at the instigation of Dr. Waterhouse, in June, 1802, and were carried out in a small building erected for the purpose on Noddle Island, in Boston Harbor, under the supervision of the Board of Health, with the assistance of Doctors Lloyd, Danforth, Rand, Jeffries, John Warren, Jarvis, and Waterhouse. It seems inconsiderate that Dr. Jackson was not invited to be of this number, in view of his application of the year before, but young men of twenty-five do not always get an attentive hearing, and the responsibility to be assúmed by the town was considerable.

The most important test was the following: Twelve

[1] See Report of the Board of Health, republished in the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal* for October 17, 1901.

children were vaccinated on the 16th day of August, and two and a half months later, on the 9th of November, were inoculated with the fresh matter of smallpox. Finally, on the 21st day of November, the smallpox inoculation was repeated, while at the same time the children were fully exposed to the disease by being placed "in the same house, in the same room, and often in the same beds, with two other children afflicted with the smallpox," and without suffering the slightest evidence of harm.

The pages of the "Columbian Centinel," which then served — in the absence of a medical periodical — as the chief means of communication between the doctors and the public, contain many letters and articles of much interest for the student of the vaccination movement in the early years of the last century. Dr. Waterhouse was the chief propagandist, publishing letter after letter, with a pertinacity which was certainly effective, if sometimes tiresome. Dr. Jackson joined in various measures leading to the general adoption of the practice. He was one of the signers, in 1802, of the circular announcing the opening of the Vaccine Institute, and in 1803 of the strong and famous letter issued by the managers of the Boston Dispensary, of which institution he was already one of the physicians.

In 1808 Dr. Jackson was appointed by the Massachusetts Medical Society as one of a commission, of which the other members were John Warren, Aaron Dexter, and J. C. Warren, "to inquire into the present state of evidence respecting the prophylactic powers of the cow-pock; and to report such measures as they

may find to be expedient for establishing the practice on a safe foundation."

This report set forth, in about fifty carefully written pages, the evidence which is now familiar to us all. It was indeed not difficult, even at that early period, to find abundant reason for profound and almost unalloyed congratulation. Never had it happened that a therapeutic discovery of such magnitude had come so suddenly into the possession of mankind. Nevertheless, the report of the commission is by no means a triumphant eulogy, but reflects the cautious and critical inquiry of responsible and scientific men. A century of experience has shown us that the discovery was, in fact, of greater worth than the best that they then dared to hope.

With this report the public connection of Dr. Jackson with the problems of vaccination came to an end.

Portions of two letters from Dr. Jackson, published in the "Columbian Centinel" in February and April, 1801, are, however, introduced here, for the reason that they illustrate so clearly his unwavering belief in the necessity for caution, accuracy, and scrupulous honesty as conditions for scientific progress: —

Mr. Russell, — It is a highly interesting question to men of all orders whether the *Cow-pox* is a preservative from the *Smallpox*. The evidences in favor of this power in the *cow-pox* which have been given to us by English practitioners, are very numerous and very respectable. In more than a thousand cases certainly, probably in two or three thousand cases, has this power been demonstrated. From the agreement of so many experiments, philosophers are usually ready to draw the most positive general principles. If the results of a few experiments appear to oppose such principles, it may com-

monly be inferred that these results are owing to irregularity in some parts of the experiments. Yet should it happen that no such irregularity can be discovered, and that any real deviation from the general principle appear to take place, it is important that such deviation with all the circumstances attending it should be publicly recorded. This record may be made by the young or inexperienced without infringing upon the privileges of the learned to make general deductions. These considerations have induced me to transmit to you the following statement. It is also proper for me to declare to those whom I have inoculated for the cow-pox, that my confidence in it is not so perfect as it once was.

Then follows a detailed account of the case of a Mr. Wheelock, who, after having been vaccinated by Dr. Jackson and later inoculated with the virus of the smallpox, exhibited on his arm some signs which led Dr. Jackson to regard it as possible that the original vaccination had not proved so complete a protection as he had anticipated.

It will be readily conceived by those who know me that I have not witnessed these circumstances without mortification. But it will not save my feelings to conceal the facts. It is more pleasing to me to give my evidence in favor of the truth, even against an opinion of which I have been an advocate. I do not wish to urge medical gentlemen to a hasty opinion on this subject. Had the case occurred under the inspection of any other person, I confess I should have wished to examine the facts very fully before I admitted them. I expect to find in others, and not least in the well-informed, a similar incredulity. I therefore invite gentlemen who have it in their power, to a strict scrutiny of the facts which I have related; and promise to render every assistance for this purpose in my power. If from their accuracy in the examination any error

should be discovered, or if from their observations it should appear the most obvious deduction is not a just one; no person will be more gratified than myself. I do not presume to decide that Mr. Wheelock has had the smallpox. I can only say that his case has excited in my mind doubts, which I thought I should never find there. At the most, this case can only prove that the cow-pox does not always preserve the subject of it from the smallpox; but this is an inconsistency in the operations of nature to which we should not give full credit without the clearest evidence.

JAMES JACKSON.

BOSTON, February 10, 1801.

This communication was followed by several rejoinders, written by gentlemen who did not believe that the evidences to which Dr. Jackson had referred indicated that the virus of the smallpox had really exerted its specific action in despite of the vaccination, and pointing out that inoculation with smallpox virus is liable to set up other sorts of inflammation besides those characteristic of variola. One of these communications was published by Dr. Jackson himself, on April 8, 1801, with the following preface: —

I inclose you extracts from a letter which I received some time since from a very respectable physician in the county of *Essex*. They are respecting the publication in your paper of the case of Mr. *E. Wheelock*. These remarks are predicated upon the facts as given in my statement. This ought to be done, if that statement cannot be proved defective either in external or internal evidence.

No man is less ready than I am to deny the power attributed to cow-pox, as generally existing. I have said that "in more than a thousand cases it has been *demonstrated*. But in Mr. *Wheelock's* case, I still think that "a real deviation

from a general principle appeared to take place." My correspondent does not essentially differ from me.

Perhaps we are too confident in the universally uniform operation of the laws of nature as respects the animal economy. Since we frequently see irregularity in animal and vegetable productions, why should we deny that the ordinary laws of nature respecting diseased actions may sometimes be transgressed? It may indeed be more correct to say that peculiar circumstances sometimes prevent the full operation of the laws of nature, than that those laws are ever transgressed.

I am not ignorant that I lie open to remark in several respects. It would not be difficult to obviate such remarks, and to answer some, that have been made, which do not correspond with my own opinion. But this would require more attention from the public than I wish to ask; probably much more than the public wishes to give.

I take this opportunity to publish that I have lately received some cow-pox matter from *London*, with which I am inoculating gratis such poor as apply to me. The same is done by some other physicians in town, and I doubt not will be done by all who interest themselves in the introduction of the vaccine disease among us. While the poor are benefited by this arrangement, the physician will find a compensation in the constant supply of fluid matter, on which depends very much the certainty of success in inoculating for this disease.

J. JACKSON.

April 8, 1801.

From what we now know, it is clear that Dr. Jackson's doubts were unnecessary. Nevertheless, the willingness to express them and the cautiousness in drawing conclusions which led him to entertain them were both highly characteristic of the writer.

Of course, meantime, the physicians throughout New

England, and in other States as well, were rapidly taking up the new methods, although many years elapsed before they became general. Some of the towns, with Milton at their head, joined in the inquiries that were being made, and lent their influence to the support of the new movement. The following extracts from the records of the town of Milton show with what a deep and solemn feeling of thankful deliverance the new era of immunity was welcomed.

The records from which these extracts are made were printed in 1809 as a pamphlet, a copy of which was sent to the selectmen of every town in the Commonwealth, prefaced by an eloquent address, signed by Samuel Gile, minister of the gospel, Milton, the three selectmen of the town, and the five members of the Committee for Vaccination. After referring to the "deadly breath of pestilence" by which the people had seen their "ablest men, our country's strength and defence, mowed down," they say: —

"We beseech you, therefore, by every consideration which is dear to man, attentively to peruse these papers; to invite your respected ministers to consider the contents, and call them to the immediate attention of the representatives of your town, that they may be fully acquainted with the subject before their attendance at the next General Court.

"Use your best endeavors to spread them amongst your people, and thereby prepare the way soon to establish their security; in your exertions you will find the way to peace and pleasantness, for the object of the undertaking, which we call upon you to join, is to diffuse amongst men one of the greatest temporal blessings ever bestowed on our race, a perfect security against that cruel pestilence the smallpox."

The measures which the town of Milton urged were, indeed, those which were prominent in the minds of every thoughtful man, namely, that beyond the protection of individuals through vaccination the solemn duty remained to eradicate the disease, and that this end could never be accomplished until vaccination was made universal. They urged, therefore, a yearly vaccination, as a measure of protection, and the appointment of a "standing committee of active, zealous men," whose duty it should be to go personally from house to house and urge the claims of this precaution, and thus "as faithful centinels to guard the fold against invasion."

Among many interesting papers which the pamphlet contains is a series of letters from prominent physicians, including John Warren and Benjamin Waterhouse, giving their views of the new treatment.

Dr. Waterhouse's characteristic communication contains his striking and often quoted comparison, which is given elsewhere.[1]

On the 25th of October, 1809, twelve children of Milton were demonstrated to a number of respectable witnesses, "exhibiting their arms with the scar of the cow-pox inoculation, . . . and the mark of the impotent effort of the smallpox matter" introduced later, and a certificate was presented to each one of them by the doctor, of which the following is a sample: —

JOSHUA BRIGGS

You are hereby discharged from the Hospital, where you and eleven more appointed to that purpose have offered to all men, by the TEST of Small Pox inoculation, a convincing

[1] Table, Vaccina or Kine Pock, p. 227.

proof of the never failing power of that mild preventive the Cow Pox.

Whilst you remain a living token of mercy, your mouth will delight to testify your gratitude, for a blessing great as it is singular in its kind, so that the hearts of men may unite with yours in praise to the Almighty Giver.

Amos Holbrook, Physician

Oliver Houghton, Chairman of the Committee for vaccination.

Milton, 25th Oct. 1809.

Finally, on October 30, 1809, the following votes were adopted at town meeting: —

"*Voted*, That there shall be an annual inoculation of the Cow Pox to take place henceforth in every year to come in the month of June.

"*Voted*, That there shall be a permanent committee whose members shall be elected annually at the same meeting other town officers are appointed:

"That the Committee cause public notice to be given by posting up notifications at the meeting-house doors, two Sundays previous to the day fixed for the inoculation; that they warn the inhabitants from house to house at least four days beforehand, and that they use their influence to have all individuals liable to the Small Pox turn out; to prevail upon mothers to bring forth their offspring ever so young, and to invite occasional strangers and labourers in the town to partake of the benefit.

"That the meeting-house be the place where the vaccination be performed, conceiving that the act by which people of all ages and conditions are brought together gratefully to receive the benefit of so singular and admirable a blessing, cannot be otherwise than an acceptable offering to the Merciful Being whom they are in the habit of worshipping there.

"That the inoculation be presided over by one of the selectmen at least, and attended by all the members of the committee; that they invite to join in attendance such characters whose presence may contribute to confer on the meeting that respectability to which its object gives it a title.

"That they faithfully record in the town register the names, ages, and result of inoculation of every individual vaccinated, and that they deliver over the register to the town Clerk within ten days after the inoculation be completed.

"*Voted*, That whereas the proceedings of the town appear to have met the approbation of their fellow citizens, the above committee are directed to use their best endeavors to contribute to the general spread of so inestimable a blessing as the Cow Pox, or Kine Pock inoculation, with power to organize themselves in that manner which they will deem best calculated to that purpose, and that they do report occasionally the result of their proceedings."

The series of striking papers from which these few extracts have been made were duly communicated to Governor Gore, and the pamphlet includes a letter from him expressing his sanction of the movement.

In the following year, 1810, an act was passed by the legislature, declaring it "to be the duty of every town, district or plantation" to provide for regular vaccination, and an order was also passed directing that the proceedings of the town of Milton should be published and distributed with copies of the act.

CHAPTER V

MARRIAGE AND EARLY YEARS OF PRACTICE

Returning, now, from the digression of the vaccination movement, we may allow Dr. Jackson to describe, in his own words, his marriage and the founding of his home, which followed quickly on his return.

"However small my income might seem, yet I was emboldened by my friends, old and young, to be married at the end of my first year. I had begun this year with a debt above $3000, and had not any source of revenue except my business. My father could not afford to give me anything — he was one of my creditors. However, he said he would make me loans from time to time if I was prudent. Accordingly, on my birthday [1] I was married to Elizabeth Cabot, to whom I had been engaged rather more than four years. At the time of that engagement and long after, I talked of being made the happy man in fourteen years instead of four years. But this was not proof of success. The great question in my mind was, should I be able to maintain a family, or should I leave them to the charity of friends. My dear mother-in-law was less able to help than my father was. I used to say that the town must maintain me out of the Almshouse or in it, — for that I was determined to have a living.

"I was very bold in my steps. I got a house as near State Street as I could find [Congress Street], so that I might be seen, and I remember that on the first snowstorm we had, I dug out the snow from my yard, a work to which I was not

[1] October 3, 1801.

equal, for it wearied me sadly; but it said, 'You see I shall not be ashamed to give my bones to my work.' My business increased greatly in my second year. I also had my wife's youngest brother, Robert, a most true and kind-hearted brother, as a boarder, at $3 or $3.50 a week. My wife's uncle, Mr. Samuel Cabot, my friend, lived in Milton, not rich, but with a large family, and he regarded it as his privilege to live with us as much as he pleased, mostly dining on very ordinary food. He added to our income on this account.

"My fees for this year, on the books, but good, amounted, I think, to $1800 or rather more. I think my whole expenses were about $1350. From this sum I considered half my house rent ($250) fairly belonged to office rent, so that I have always regarded my proper home expense as $1100, and I have never known any man going among the Boston gentry who spent as little in his first year.

"My dear wife had much sickness in this year. Her first child (Edward) was born in August, 1802 — very small, but healthy for six weeks. We were indeed bound up in him — but he was soon taken from us and our hearts were almost broken; so it seemed to me. I had such a pang, that I hardly knew how to draw my breath when he gave his last. His sickness began with a convulsion when he had seemed perfectly well; we were overpowered. He lived I think only four days without any evidence as to his disease. . . .

"We soon recovered our calmness and became resigned, but I have never ceased to remember the first great grief I felt. It had been my delight to have this little darling in my hands, and already it had learned to return my caress, and to utter those sounds which show in the infant a recognition of those who foster and love him. I felt, in truth, as if he recognized me and returned the love I displayed to him. For sixteen happy years after this his dear mother was with me and had much enjoyment of life; and for her dear children she had all the love that the most true and tender heart could

hold; but I may almost say that there was a tenderness left in that large and true and warm heart of hers which was never absent from her while on earth.

"These lines are written only for my children and those grandchildren old enough to remember me now when my old age has not entirely extinguished me. My recollections are of October, 1802. I am writing in August, 1865."

The second and third children of Dr. and Mrs. Jackson also died in infancy or early childhood, and the following letter, written in 1842 to Miss Anna C. Lowell (niece of Miss Nancy Lowell), refers to both events: —

DR. JACKSON TO MISS ANNA C. LOWELL

June 20, 1842.

. . . It is grateful to have Aunt Nancy's interest in me manifested at this distance of time, though I needed nothing to assure me of it. The sad events she refers to occurred in 1807. I had two fine boys, and I happened to say to the mother of Eliza Winthrop that if I should lose them both I should rejoice that I had had them, they had afforded me so much pleasure. One was $3\frac{1}{2}$ years, the other 20 mos. old. In three weeks after my remark to her they were both gone. It was indeed severe, but I did not alter my opinion. They were gone, but not dead to me — as Dr. Walker showed us yesterday afternoon. I have had five sons and one only remains. But they all live, and they live to me. I have always looked forward to a reunion with them and with others dear to me, and only pray that I may be worthy of such pure society. I know, my dear child, that you hold the same views, and that you agree with me in not regarding such considerations as gloomy but the contrary.

Affectionately yours,

J. J.

The first year of Dr. Jackson's practice was marked also by another event which in many ways was of fundamental significance. In 1801, Dr. J. C. Warren returned from Europe, after an absence of two years, in the course of which he had made himself a master of surgery, while Dr. Jackson had decided to devote himself exclusively to the practice of medicine. These two men had been friends in college, had studied together in London during the winter of 1799–1800, and were thenceforward to be co-workers in many good enterprises, both of private and of public import. Generous rivals, they brought to their joint labors, for more than half a century, temperaments and mental gifts which varied widely. Dr. Warren contributed scientific ability, tireless energy, an inflexible will, and an ardent zeal for righteous causes; Dr. Jackson, finely disciplined patience, wise judgment, firmness in purpose, and unusual powers of persuasion. Dr. Warren was a zealous temperance reformer and teetotaler; Dr. Jackson, although exceedingly temperate, and believing that the habitual use of wine was suitable for age alone, yet had no prejudice against its moderate employment. In religious matters, which both men rated as of prime importance, a similar difference was manifest. Dr. Jackson's religious views were simple, and were held rather as being the natural exponent of his private sentiments than as dogmatic opinions.

Dr. J. C. Warren writes in his memoranda, under the date of 1843, that when he returned from Europe to Boston, in 1802, "there were scarcely any young practitioners except Dr. Jackson. Perceiving that we should

often come into competition, we made an arrangement to inform each other of any causes of discontent, and thus we maintained an amicable association for more than forty years, working together and devising plans for improvement."

Dr. Jackson's professional success continued to answer all his hopes, and it was not long before Dr. Warren and he became well known to all their fellow citizens, and divided between them a good share of the best practice of the town.

The following note to Mr. Pickering in London, written during this period, gives an amusing hint of one mode of treatment, then of universal employment, but of which the young doctor of to-day makes little use:

DR. JACKSON TO MR. JOHN PICKERING

Boston, January 20, 1801.

Dear John, — I have already given one letter to F. Dana, and in that I have desired you to bring out with you some books for me. As you can very easily get those by means of our friend Murray, and as you can pack them with your own, I do not consider it a very troublesome commission. There is one thing more which I want done, which will be troublesome enough. I have hesitated very much about requesting it of you — before you undertake it, weigh the matter well, and think if you shall have patience to go through it. I want very much to have some leeches and cannot get any proper ones here. I brought with me a cupping glass which I thought would supply their place, but I find it will not always. Since I have been here Dr. Jeffries has told me that he had kept some here two years — I have not thought this possible. If you are willing to bring them, you must engage some apothecary on whom you may rely to furnish you with a quantity

of them and give you directions as to their treatment. I wish for as many as you can well bring. The most important part of their treatment as I conceive is to change their water every day, and it is this which is so troublesome. There is a small treatise on the subject by a Mr. Horn, which tho' it is horsically written may give you some information. All this founded on the presumption that you will take passage for Boston.

Yours truly,

J. J.

The fact that Boston was a small place, and that rivals were few, while family clans were large, brought about, in the course of time, another result of practical significance besides that of insuring notoriety. The successful physicians came, namely, to know their patients' families, root and branch; and this was especially true of Dr. Jackson, because of his sociable instincts and his wide personal sympathies. As one of his younger friends has said, his patients rarely presented themselves "out of the blue," but came with their histories already known to him, sometimes even better, perhaps, than to themselves. He had, moreover, the assistance of many warm friends of his father; and one of them, Stephen Higginson, then living on Beacon Street, engaged him to make daily visits to his wife and children, sick or well. As a result of this, he soon made himself a trusted counselor of the household in all matters, a part which he was destined to play eventually for many families of the town.

In 1802 Dr. Jackson received, on Commencement Day, the degree of Bachelor of Physic from Harvard College, in company with Robert Thaxter, Benjamin

Shurtleff, and John Clark. In the same year he was appointed a physician to the Boston Dispensary, his colleagues being Drs. John Flint and Samuel Hunt; and on June 19, 1802, a circular was issued by the managers, defining the districts to be visited by each of these men, and arranging for the mode of application by patients. It was the "middle" district, "extending from the north side of Summer and Winter streets to the Mill pond and Creek," that fell to Dr. Jackson's care.

The first public act of importance in the furtherance of which Dr. Warren and Dr. Jackson joined hands was the reorganization of the Massachusetts Medical Society, in pursuance of a scheme suggested by Dr. John D. Treadwell of Salem, an able and highly respected friend of Dr. Jackson, and his predecessor by several years as pupil to Dr. Holyoke. The history of this movement, by which the whole body of reputable physicians were welded together for the better service of medical progress, has been repeatedly told, but by no one better than by Dr. Jackson himself.

Within a few months, he writes, after his admission to the society, Dr. Treadwell came to him, and communicated the outline of a plan which he had long had very much at heart. "He had, in fact, aided by a legal friend, Mr. Sewall, afterward chief justice of our Commonwealth, drawn up the bill, which, with some modification, was subsequently passed as an Act of our Legislature on the 8th of March, 1803." Dr. Jackson became at once interested in the scheme, and devoted himself warmly to carrying it into effect. In subsequent years

he referred repeatedly and at length to what was then accomplished, believing the changes to have been of great importance. By the first charter the number of fellows in this society had been limited to seventy; and even this number had never been reached at any one period. It was originally planned that they should constitute a somewhat exclusive aristocracy of physicians,[1] holding up a standard to the community, and passing judgment on such candidates as chose to present themselves. "In some instances, candidates for practice availed themselves of this opportunity of proving their qualifications, but the number was comparatively very small. . . . In the great majority of instances, . . . young physicians engaged in business without any recommendation of license from a publick body, and without having complied with any regulations as to the term or mode of education."

Dr. Jackson did not believe that public legislation should be invoked to secure a compulsory standard of fitness, but felt that "the great object must be effected by influencing public opinion." This was to be accomplished by making the new society so democratic that it should include every one who had had a tolerable education, and then inducing the members to pass a by-law "forbidding any of its fellows to consult with, to aid or assist in any way, any medical practitioner who should enter his profession after the passage of the

[1] It is interesting to note, in this connection, that it had been thought necessary by those conducting the affairs of the society in 1785 to secure the passage of an order "that Fellows of this Society observe a profound secrecy in respect to any future nominations."

said by-law without having obtained a license from the society, or a medical degree from the University."

In an address delivered before the society, fifteen years after the passage of this act, Dr. Jackson said:—

"The period . . . has now arrived, at which we can speak of the effects of this system; and these I shall state with accuracy and fairness.

"First, there has taken place a great change, throughout the Commonwealth, in respect to the value placed on medical education. The public, the citizens generally, have become much more solicitous to learn whether young physicians have duly qualified themselves for their professional duties. . . .

"Second, the increased and more general attention to medical science has operated upon the students. Their zeal has been excited, and they are more solicitous to be duly instructed. . . . The pupils no longer understand that it is enough if they learn what one master can teach, or if they get the mere routine of his practice; they have discovered that they are to excel their fathers.

"These are not exaggerations. The change even within fifteen years has been most manifest. . . . It is not to be pretended that our education is better than in many other places, nor even so good as in some others. But many more enjoy its advantages. It is not so easy among us, as in most other parts of the world, either in Europe or America, for a physician to engage in business without certain necessary qualifications. Our standard is perhaps nearly as high as the state of society will bear. I trust there is a disposition to raise it as fast as the general advance in wealth and intellectual improvement will permit."

Dr. John Warren was the first president of the newly organized association. Dr. Jackson served as treasurer from 1807 to 1811; vice-president from 1823 to 1825;

president from 1825 to 1832. He also delivered the annual address (on Fever) in 1818.

Not long after the society was established on its new basis, in accordance with the act of 1803, Dr. J. C. Warren and Dr. Jackson and others set themselves to work to arrange for the publication of the Communications, only one volume of which had appeared during the life of the society thus far, and none since 1790. Their efforts were in so far successful that in 1813 the first volume appeared of a series that thereafter ran on without interruption. In these volumes the medical life of the Commonwealth is to a considerable extent reflected. Here are to be found the personal observations of Dr. Jackson on the influenza epidemic of 1807, and in 1813 the elaborate report on the "Spotted or Petechial Fever"[1] by a committee[2] of which he was an active member. Besides these there were a number of other contributions, reports, addresses, and shorter papers, to which reference will be made later when his writings are considered as a whole. Nothing by him is to be found that does not bear the marks of accurate observation, thoughtful analysis, dignity, and grace in style.

Almost immediately after their return from Europe, both Dr. Warren and Dr. Jackson received the pleasant compliment of an invitation from a small group of well-known gentlemen of the town, of literary standing, to join them in forming a private society for the study of natural philosophy. Ten members were to constitute the nucleus of the club, but new ones could be added

[1] Cerebro-spinal meningitis.

[2] Drs. Welsh, J. C. Warren, and Jackson.

by unanimous consent. Each of the members, in turn, was to lecture for the edification of the rest, on such subjects as his talents and his training best fitted him to expound, while books on philosophical topics were to be read aloud and then discussed.

Dr. Kirkland and Judge Davis had been the prime movers in this scheme,[1] and the original members, besides them, were William Emerson, Nathan Frazier, James Jackson, John Snelling Popkin, Josiah Quincy, Timothy Williams, and John Lowell. Dr. J. C. Warren and John C. Howard, as well as Rev. W. E. Channing and Stephen Higginson, Dr. Gorham, John Quincy Adams, and others, were subsequently chosen.

Dr. Jackson served as secretary for a period, and agreed, too, to give ten lectures on chemistry in the winter months of 1802–3, while Dr. Warren chose comparative anatomy and physiology for his share. The two friends were also appointed in 1806 as a committee to make an observation of the great eclipse.

DR. JACKSON TO MR. JOHN PICKERING

Boston, January 10, 1802.

Dear John, — When I saw you last, I forgot to ask you for the medical book or books you have for me. For these I expect to pay you, tho' you made no charge of them. I will thank you to send them to me with some other books which I want to borrow of you. It will be my business in the course of the present week to take up the subject of electricity, to make a digest thereof for our society. For this purpose I want to look over Adams on Electricity, which I believe you have. If you have also Cavall's or any other works not

[1] See *Life of Dr. J. C. Warren*, by Edward Warren, vol. i, p. 72.

exceeding half a dozen volumes, I will thank you to let me have them. Do send all these as soon as convenient to you by Cross and Manering's stage.

Since I saw you we have been honored by the accession of J. Q. Adams to our society. The philosophers of Europe must look well to it that they may not soon be eclipsed by the new light that is here springing up. What do you think of walking up once a week to partake of our scientific labours — to aid us in killing mice and in making paper men dance.

Step. Higginson saw your botanical works in my room some time since and remarked that he ought to have them and you ought not, and begged me to ask you to sell them to him. He has since reminded me of it. If you seriously intend to sell any books and these are in the number, he will be glad to take them of you.

I shall direct this to the care of Mr. Putnam because I suppose you do not usually call at the post-office.

Yours ever,

J. Jackson.

On January 8, 1803, Dr. Jackson writes to his friend Mr. Pickering: —

"Our studying Society have engaged in the fashionable operations of Chemistry — and to those I devote every leisure hour I can command; but tho' my business is not good, my hours of leisure are too few. It is in consequence of my engagements in this way that I have not written to you before."

This society had a useful existence of six years, and Dr. Edward Warren tells in his "Life of Dr. J. C. Warren" how, under its auspices, his brother became occupied in the study of the city drinking-water, then obtained from wells, and made an impressive demonstration of its impurities. From that time on his interest in the matter never flagged, and in 1820 he sent to

the legislature a widely signed petition for the introduction of a uniform system of water supply, while at the same time Dr. Jackson's brother Patrick offered to organize a company for this purpose. The city government refused, however, "and the citizens were forced to wait thirty years longer for this copious source of health and comfort."

In 1803 the two young men, Warren and Jackson, were chosen members of the Monthly Anthology Club, "a society of more public and general utility, and more permanent in its results, than the former."[1] The object of this club was to establish a reading-room and library of reference and to publish a magazine; and in fact the magazine appeared in series for six years, ten very creditable volumes in all being brought to life, — "a true revival of polite learning in this country," wrote President Quincy, "after that decay and neglect which resulted from the distractions of the Revolutionary War; and . . . an epoch in the intellectual history of the United States."

To judge from the following letter, Dr. Jackson's connection with this movement was in relation to medical matters alone, and he felt apparently a little sensitive at the idea of being thought a literary collaborator.

DR. JACKSON TO MR. JOHN PICKERING

Boston, August 17, 1805.
(Rec'd August 30, 1805.)

Dear John, — I received last week your letter concerning Anthology — an unusual press of business has prevented my answering it before this time. I regret exceedingly that I

[1] *Life of Dr. J. C. Warren*, vol. i, p. 75.

am known to have any connection with this work — and certainly should not have had except under expectations of perfect secrecy, for I forgot what every one knows, that six men together never kept a secret. I engaged last winter to give occasionally some assistance in the review of Med. books — I had previously assisted in furnishing the Meteorological journal. In doing so I joined myself to a worthy friend of ours, one of the faculty. We were afterwards requested to take the entire direction of the Med. department. I consented to do so. But the truth is, we have not had the direction — the thing has not been managed as we wished. As to the other parts of the work, I have scarcely ever read them. There are some good people engaged, but no one can spend time enough to do his best. I had not conceived, however, that it erred in the endeavor to please everybody. I know that the opinions of the reviewers have been several times attacked, and when this has been done with tolerable decency, the strictures have been admitted into that part of the work called the Anthology. Respecting the statement of diseases this is almost the only part of the thing for which I should be willing to answer generally, — altho' it seems I was led into an error respecting the state of health in another town. I had heard, as I thought from good authority, that the smallpox was in Beverly, and I think I was told that one or two persons would probably die of it there. Not doubting the truth of the story, and not thinking it important in itself, I introduced it merely to have an opportunity of bringing into view the cow-pox.

I could say much more on this subject, but I should be tedious to you and to myself. I do not acknowledge to any one here that I have a concern in the work, and indeed I have not written anything for it these three months except the statement you refer to. Since I moved I have not been able to keep an account of the thermometer, winds, etc., and I think any one who notices the Meteorological table for two

months past will find it has been less accurate as well as less complete.

I am much obliged to you for writing me on this subject. I have had particular reasons for wishing you to review Dufief, and if you can do it without the books you wrote for, I wish you would now do it. Those books cannot be found. Shall you never come to see us? Tell your wife I must take the liberty to send my love to her in good old style.

Yours truly,

J. Jackson.

Labors and interests such as these, taken in conjunction with his medical editorship, and medical writings undertaken for the Massachusetts Medical Association, must have been a fine training for Dr. Jackson, with his pronounced literary instincts and his native gift of pure, fine style, and the friendships that he formed during this early period must have broadened and deepened still further the channels of his social life. A reading-room and library of reference were established through the efforts of the Anthology Club, and from this beginning arose the Boston Athenæum,[1] of which Dr. Jackson and Dr. Warren were thus early members.

The Medical Improvement Society, which in its earliest form had a life of about a dozen years, was also organized by Dr. Warren and Dr. Jackson about 1803. They used to meet on Thursday evenings, at each other's houses, for communications and discussions on purely medical subjects. The members of this society, besides those named, were Drs. Dixwell, Coffin, Bullard, Shattuck, and Howard. All of these last-named gentlemen died in the course of the first five or six years, but the

[1] See President Quincy's *History of the Boston Athenæum.*

meetings were continued by Dr. Warren and Dr. Jackson for about six years longer. Through the efforts of this society, the Boston Medical Library was established, which was afterwards absorbed by the Athenæum.

In 1806, another organization, the Friday Evening Society, was founded, having a mixed, partly social and partly scientific tendency, as in the case of the present well-known Thursday Evening Club, and for six years this body also had a thriving life. "There were about eight members of this society, among whom were Col. George Gibbes, President Holley, Dr. James Jackson, Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster, Hon. Benjamin Vaughan, a Portuguese philosopher Don ——,[1] and Francis C. Gray."[2]

The following letters from Dr. Jackson to Mr. Pickering indicate, in part, the character of their meetings: —

DR. JACKSON TO MR. JOHN PICKERING

Boston, September 9, 1813.

Dear John, — Have you ever heard of the "learned Portuguese"? If not, let me tell that there is here Mr. Corea de Serra, a Portuguese, who is one of the pleasantest philosophers I have had the happiness to see. He is about sixty years old — plain, civil, fond of talking and always talking well. He has lived all over the world and gathered his knowledge from the books of all ages and countries (as one would think) as well as from personal observation — in observation he is acute and discriminating. What of all this? — Simply that I think he is just the man you would like to see — will you then come and see him? I mean to ask him to dine with me next week —

[1] Probably Corea de Serra.

[2] Quoted from the *Life of Dr. J. C. Warren*, vol. i, p. 79.

and if you will come I will ask him a day when you can come. We have a club every Friday even'g which he attends while he is here. I should prefer to have him dine with me Thursday and to keep you till Friday night for Club. But if you will come on Friday and go to the Club and stay till Saturday and dine with me — and calculate to stay the evening (for he is a noble setter and you can't leave him) — if you will do this, Saturday shall be the dining day. None of your flummery — tell me by Monday's stage which day you will come.

Yrs.

J. Jackson.

Boston, October 11, 1813.

Dear John, — It is well that my false date was not attached to any paper that could come within the cognizance of the law — for in the hands of an Essex lawyer I should not have found any mercy. I have just read your Memoir, which I had felt great curiosity to see. I have read it only once — and if you want me to find fault, and that I consider the most friendly course in the present stage of the thing, I can only say that there is almost too much caution in stating the opinions and the grounds of them, and too much precision in the language. On a second reading I may find these objections removed. I should like to go over it with you. I want also to see the vocabulary, which I hope you will bring up — and further, I want to read the Memoir to our Club, which affects to be literary and scientific, and which Corea constantly attends.

Now for the day, I have fortunately discovered that not only my servant, but all the other men of that class in town will be occupied in a brigade muster on Thursday. I would take Friday, when you might also go to Club, but that would spoil the dinner, as Corea likes setting through the evening. I shall therefore take Saturday if he can come. There is no chance of finding him at home except in the morning, and therefore I shall call on him to-morrow morning, and after

arranging the matter I shall add a note to this and throw it into the office. If you come Saturday you must stay till next day — but I wish you could possibly be here on Friday night also — and take your bed with me — for our Club is commonly pleasant enough.

Yrs truly,

J. J.

Wed. noon. I called on Mr. C. three times yesterday, and at last, not finding him, left a note. He is too much of a philosopher to answer it. I have waited till this time, and not hearing anything I shall presume he is coming. I shall therefore expect you on Saturday.

Boston, October 25, 1813.

Dear John, — I read your Memoir to our Club. I promised to inform you what remarks it drew forth. They were generally those of approbation. The members were disposed to insist much on what you allowed — i. e. the similarity of the language throughout the U. S. — and our freedom from provincial idioms, etc., — meaning British provincial idioms, etc. One gentleman thought that the charge on us of being peculiarly disposed to make new words was not well founded. He thought the English writers of the present day, the common writers, abounded in new words. But all agreed in a desire to see the vocabulary. I beg you therefore to send it up. If you are not actually about printing it, I should prefer to read it on the evening fortnight from this next Friday, as I shall thereby save looking up a paper for that evening. It is not important, however. I should much prefer that you should come yourself and spend the even'g with us and read the paper — and this you may do any Friday evening.

Yours,

J. J.

You must be sensible that I write under no small apprehension of furnishing some additional articles for your vocabulary.

In 1806 Dr. Jackson took an active part in the establishing of the Boston Medical Association, successor to the short-lived Boston Medical Society, founded in 1784, an organization through the agency of which it was sought to insure the adoption of the highest standards of conduct in the dealings of the physicians with their patients and with each other, and to secure uniformity of fees.

At the present day, when the traditions of medical ethics have become fairly well established, and when the functions and relations of the great body of physicians have become so varied and so complex, the office of this society is not so important as it was a hundred years ago, when the problem was that of the creation of the traditions which time has so endeared to us. For what was accomplished in those early days we have great reason to hold this society in grateful remembrance.

In 1808 Drs. Warren and Jackson were again associated as a committee of the Massachusetts Medical Society, in preparing a new pharmacopœia. It was hoped that this work would be adopted throughout the country, and for that end a correspondence had been carried on with the medical representatives of all the different States of the Union. The little volume of 272 pages, modest in size and neat in appearance, and furnished with an admirable preface, is said by a contemporary historian to have "effected a complete change in the language of a branch of medical science," and to have "produced an exactness in the names of medicinal substances, and a protection in their preparation, which have greatly relieved practitioners of medicine, and con-

tributed to the safety of the community. . . . The plan of the Edinburgh College was pursued in this valuable work."

In 1809 Dr. Jackson came up for his degree of M. D.; for although he had been nine years in practice, he was still only a Bachelor of Medicine (since 1802), and a Licentiate of the Massachusetts Medical Society.

His thesis on this occasion consisted in an elaborate criticism — not to say an arraignment — of the once famous system of medicine devised by Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh,[1] and known as the Brunonian System.[2] The medical controversy suggested by these words is an affair of so long ago that its very terms sound strange and foreign to our ears. A century of progress has carried us out of sight of the men and teaching of that day. It is not, therefore, as a piece of scientific criticism that we claim importance for Dr. Jackson's essay. Its interest for us lies in the fact that it illustrates afresh certain characteristics of the author to which attention has been already directed, and because it stands as one of the early tokens of the new forces by which the history of medical progress was thenceforth to be controlled. On these grounds we may profitably consider its argument in this place.

Up to this time the data had been insufficient for the formation of medical opinions based on experiments and observation, and those who had been able to construct

[1] Not connected in any way with the genial author of *Rab and his Friends.*

[2] The term "Brunonian" was first applied, scoffingly, to a group of young men who took the side of Dr. Brown in the discussions in the Medical Society of Edinburgh.

the most plausible theories or impose them by the weight of their personal characteristics had been recognized as the leaders.

By 1809 the tide had fully turned, but the incoming waters still fed the restless eddies where the older forces joined battle with the new.

The science of the present day is generous to hypotheses, but demands that they shall prove their right to live, and that they shall not, on their part, claim the privilege of exclusiveness.

Dr. John Brown was born in 1735, in the village of Buncle, County of Berwick, Scotland, though the most important years of his professional life were spent in Edinburgh, where the famous Dr. Cullen was then the leading representative of the medical department of the university. His parents were poor and unknown, but even as a boy he was ardent, talented, and industrious, always able to win admirers, always ready to take the lead. He earned his own schooling by weaving and other manual work.

He was soon to be seen as a student of medicine at the University of Edinburgh; and at about this period he fell into habits of dissipation, from the toils of which he never afterward escaped. Had it not been for the extravagance and weakness of his personal character, Dr. Brown might well have become a leader of the medical profession to good purpose, for he was possessed of energy, courage, and insight. As it was, however, his inordinate egotism and vanity made him a narrow partisan, and blinded him to the mischievous aspect of the reforms which he advocated. The same traits were

mainly at fault for his ungenerous behavior toward Dr. Cullen, who had been among the first to recognize his abilities, and had given him his friendship and support. His principal grievance seems to have been the disappointment at not receiving a position in the university which he had expected at Cullen's hands, — a disappointment which was intensified by the thought of his poverty and of the claims he could not meet. Then Cullen cast a slight on him, as he thought; but surely, none such as to justify the bitterness with which he turned upon his former friend and patron, or the virulence with which he assailed the opinions of the teacher for whom, but recently, no praise had been too great.

Dr. Brown's first impulse toward the reform of the medical practice of the day came from a personal experience with an attack of the gout, which had refused to yield to the depletive measures then in vogue. Thinking the matter over, he began to reason whether the theory of the treatment was not wrong, and had soon convinced himself that it was "debility," and not "excessive vital activity," that was in need of correction.

Here was a thought of which his keen intelligence did not fail to see the bearing, — the chance for a real reform, and an opportunity for practicing to advantage the art of system-making and system-breaking with which racial inheritance and personal training had made him familiar. If the traditional system was false in one particular, it probably was false in all. Not only the gout, but ninety-five per cent. of all diseases, he concluded, were due to debility. Life implied, he reasoned, an

"excitability" supplied at birth, in due measure, to the various organs of the body; health was an artificial state, maintained through the interaction between this excitability and the various exciting agencies, such as heat, food, and the nervous energy itself. Finally, sound therapeutics should aim at restoring the broken balance between excitability and excitement, and stimulants should replace evacuants and depletives as the remedies in chief.

With the narrowness so often found in intense natures, he attached inordinate importance to his special dogmas. His "system," as finally elaborated, may fairly be described as an inverted cone of arrogant assertions, unsupported by clinical or experimental evidence. His main propositions, to be sure, if given the most charitable construction, and expressed in the form most acceptable to modern ears, are reasonable and important, and express principles even then not new, and for which fresh application is daily being found. A good share of our therapeutic studies are guided by the inspiring doctrine that "activity is life." But on the other hand, Brown sinned, Dr. Jackson averred, in two directions. Not only did he discard the inductive method, and set theory above experiment, but even when he came to argue deductively, he allowed his reasoning to run wild.

In Dr. Jackson's thesis we find both these sorts of errors clearly recognized, and a careful setting forth of arguments under these two heads forms the greater portion of his lengthy essay. A passage in the eloquent preface gives his reason for considering the publication of Brown's views an especially reprehensible act, in view

of the fact that it implied a disregard of the better tendency of his time.

"For was it not true that he wrote when the wisest physicians had already entered the path of truth, that of observation, experiment and deduction; the path which Hippocrates and Sydenham had trod with so much success, and at a period when all would desire to follow in this path, although many were discomfited because it was rough and rugged? Was it not at this moment that Brown, professing to follow Bacon according to the good new fashion, declared, that by the discovery of one principle he was able to explain all the secrets of physiology and medicine? . . .

"According to Brown, it is useless to record the phenomena of disease; to collate or compare cases; for these phenomena, these symptoms are fallacious. . . . A theory such as Brown's leads the student to believe that his labor and study have arrived at their ultimatum."

In the main body of the essay, Dr. Jackson takes up, one by one, Dr. Brown's propositions as transcribed by Beddoes, his translator and biographer, and endeavors to show the faultiness of the reasoning on which the author had proceeded.

It is easy to see that the faults of a man like Brown were not such as an earnest observer and critic like Dr. Jackson could easily overlook. He too was ardent; but his heart had gone out without reserve to the principle of following observation and experience wherever they might lead, and he sternly disapproved the attempt to offer in its place the easy touchstone of an exclusive theory which was to be applied deductively.

Even in this brief review, it would be unjust to overlook the fact that the reform instituted by Brown,

intolerant and destructive as it was, must nevertheless have had its useful side. The very fact that it continued to gain supporters long after its author had died, poor and almost unknown, seems to be a proof that it contained a kernel of real value. Even in 1809, when its popularity as a separate doctrine was on the wane, it was able to count adherents, not only in Europe, but also in America; and the interest of Dr. Jackson's sharp attack is increased by the fact that it was at once followed by a spirited rejoinder, brought out anonymously, but now known to have come from the pen of a younger colleague and friend.[1] This writer says that Brown's theory deserved the place it had won, and that its effect had not been to encourage idleness, but to stimulate research. "If in his lectures he was sometimes chargeable with frantic prelections and bold assertions, let it be remembered, genius may be pardoned for what dullness was never guilty of." Much more follows to the same effect, charging Dr. Jackson with acting on early prejudices, and attempting to controvert what it would have been better to amend.

The best answer to this criticism is found in the fact that the able Dr. W. T. Gairdner of Glasgow, in an address upon medical progress, pronounces it to be an indication of the better standard of the medicine of to-day that a sweeping theoretical system, such as Brown's, could never hold the sway again amongst the great body of medical men that the Brunonian System held at the beginning of the last century.

[1] Dr. George Cheyne Shattuck.

CHAPTER VI

HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL

Soon after Dr. J. C. Warren and Dr. Jackson first returned from London, filled with eagerness and zeal, they began to occupy themselves with the thought how they could set on foot a kind of medical education which should correspond in some measure to that from which they had derived so much advantage.

To Dr. Warren, at least, the idea was not a new one, for his father, Dr. John Warren, who had already shown himself a man of courage and intelligence in matters of medical organization, had long since imagined a scheme such as was eventually carried out, and the memoranda of Dr. J. C. Warren state that they had often talked it over before the actual attempt at its consummation.

The enterprise had in it the principle of certain growth, and if President Willard had not, long before, secured the elder Warren's services for the "Medical Institution" at Cambridge, it is not improbable that the new school would have sprung up in Boston even earlier than 1810, and independently of the college. For at that time the universities of the English-speaking world had not assumed, to any great extent, the organization of medical colleges, and the tireless energy of the Warrens, seconded by the persistence and devotion

of Dr. Jackson, all of whom felt strongly the impulse toward teaching with which the best physicians of all times have been inspired, would probably have been quite equal to the task of enlisting sympathy and support.

As matters stood, however, the bequest of one thousand pounds, made, before the Revolution, by Dr. Ezekiel Hersey, the high-minded and far-seeing physician of Hingham, together with other gifts of which this was the nucleus, made it incumbent on the college to assume, to some extent, the charge and direction of medical education.

The idea of organization, whether for education or for general harmony and strength, had not made much progress among the scattered physicians of New England previous to the Revolution, and it was among the benefits of the war, and one of the results of the wise policy of Washington with regard to the army hospitals, that this great doctrine took firmer root.

The foundation of the "Medical Institution," of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and of the Boston Medical Society occurred within a few years of each other and of the advent of peace, but although the seeds of progress had been sown, there was no definite promise of a steady growth toward maturity. Personal jealousies, difficulties of travel, and, most of all, a lack of widespread enthusiasm for coöperation, and of sufficiently high standards in practical medical teaching, had retarded the development of all these important institutions. It was really with the coming of Dr. J. C. Warren and Dr. Jackson that they took on a new life.

The Faculty of the "Medical Institution," as at first

constituted, was made up of Dr. John Warren, Professor of Anatomy, Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, Professor of Theory and Practice of Physic, and Dr. Aaron Dexter, Professor of Chemistry.

Dr. Warren's admirable lectures, which he had begun to deliver when he was surgeon to the army hospital, then at the corner of Milton and Spring streets, near where the Massachusetts General Hospital now stands, were made as practical as circumstances permitted, but he was an exceedingly busy physician, and the journeys to Cambridge soon became intolerably onerous, even after the building of the bridge in 1786.

Dr. Waterhouse, a highly picturesque figure, was really more interested in the natural sciences than he was in medicine, and though he was lecturer in both those branches, he gave more of his interest and thought to the former than to the latter, and had not even the semblance of a clinic. Dr. Waterhouse had himself had a long and fine training in Europe, and had undoubtedly been, in his day, the best-trained physician in New England. But unfortunately, although learned he was not wise. He was a man with whom it was difficult for others to work in harmony, and his relations with his colleagues became strained to the breaking-point. An ardent Democrat, he thought himself the object of political hostility to the prominent Federalists who controlled the Corporation of the college.

It was obvious that medical teaching was starving in Cambridge, and that the clinical department in particular was languishing for lack of modern methods and young blood.

Deeply impressed with these needs, the party of reform decided on two measures, the first looking to renewed pressure on the Overseers of the Poor of Boston to admit teachers and students to the wards of the new almshouse on Leverett Street, — a privilege which they had denied to Dr. Warren in 1784, — the other to the securing of a place on the teaching force for Dr. Jackson.

As means toward these ends the Corporation was applied to, with the result that, on July 18, 1810, Mr. John Lowell was asked to seek a conference with the Overseers, and that on July 23 the following order was duly passed, establishing a professorship of clinical medicine: [1] —

"It is hereby ordained by the Corporation,

"1st, That there shall be, and hereby is, established in Harvard University a new professorship of clinical medicine, and it shall be the duty of the professor who may be elected to said office, at such times and places as may be pointed out by the Corporation with the approbation of the Overseers, to deliver courses of clinical lectures, to point out at the bedside of such sick persons when cases may be suitable for the purpose, the symptoms of the disease under which they may labor, and the indications of cure and methods of treatment which have, by experience, been found most successful in similar diseases. . . .

"3rd, the students in medicine shall notwithstanding be held to attend, as heretofore, the course of lectures which may be delivered by the Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physick, provided the said lectures be delivered in some convenient place where the students (having regard to their

[1] Dr. J. C. Warren had already been appointed assistant professor of surgery, and was offering courses in Boston in rooms hired for that purpose.

attendance on the other medical professors) can attend, to wit, in some convenient place and at some convenient time in the town of Boston."

With the passage of this Resolution, the Medical School appeared for the first time as the serious rival of the country doctor in the practical training of the young physician.

The new chair of "clinical medicine" was no sooner founded than Dr. Jackson was elected as its first occupant. The following extracts give an idea of the ceremoniousness of the proceedings at his induction into office. Stately and formal as they appear to us to-day, they seem simple enough when contrasted with those which marked the inauguration of Dr. Warren and Dr. Waterhouse twenty-seven years before. In many ways, however, the tide was turning, and when, only a few years later, Dr. Jacob Bigelow and Dr. Walter Channing were elected to their lectureships, they accompanied their letter of acceptance with a note[1] begging for a simple announcement only.

FROM THE "COLLEGE BOOK"

Sept. 1, 1810. The delegates of the joint committee of the Overseers and Corporation appointed to notify Dr. James Jackson of his election to the office of clinical professor of medicine in the College at Cambridge, having read before the Corporation a letter from Dr. Jackson signifying his acceptance of the said office, it is

Voted, that same letter be read before the Hon. and Rev'd Board of Overseers, and it is further

Voted, that the Corporation proposes to introduce the said

[1] See below, page 271.

Dr. Jackson to that office at Cambridge, on Wednesday, the 21st day of Nov., next, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, if that day be agreeable to the Hon. and Rev'd Board.

Voted, that a publick dinner be provided in the Hall for the Hon. and Rev'd Overseers, the Corporation, the officers of the University, and such others as may be invited on the occasion.

Nov. 27, 1810, the Corporation with the other Overseers and other gentlemen attended the induction into office of James Jackson, M. D., Professor of Clinical Medicine, and the annunciation of Levi Hedge, A. M., as College Professor of Logick, Ethicks and Metaphysicks. The ceremony took place in the college chapel at three o'clock P. M., it being what is called a private inauguration. The President introduced the occasion by an address, setting forth briefly the origin, history, progress, and merits of the medical institution of the College and that part of it in particular now to be committed to the Professor elect. He requested the Holliston Professor of Divinity to read the statutes, next called upon the Professor elect to pronounce, subscribe, and deliver to the President the declaration and promise required, and which had been handed to the Professor by the Holliston Professor. This being done, the President asked leave of the Governor (his Excellency Elbridge Gerry) to announce the Professor's consent, being signified the Professor was formally announced, to whom the President then directed his address of welcome and congratulation. Dr. Jackson made a short speech in reply and sat down.

Here follows the account of the induction into office of Dr. Warren and Dr. Waterhouse, which is cited for the interest of the contrast: —

"At a meeting of the President and Fellows of Harvard College, Sept. 18, 1783.

. . . "2. *Voted*, that, as the General Court will, it is probable, be sitting at the time of the induction of the medical

professors, the President be desired to send a letter to the Speaker, in the name of the Corporation, requesting the attendance of the House of Representatives on that day.

"3. *Voted*, that each medical professor at his induction make and subscribe the following declaration, viz, I ——, elected professor of ——, in the University of Cambridge, declare myself to be of the Christian religion as written in the church of the Protestant communion. I promise to discharge the trust now imposed in me, with diligence and fidelity, and to the advantage of the students, in my particular department. I promise to promote the interests of virtue and piety by my own example and encouragement. I declare and promise, that I will not only endeavor the advancement of medical knowledge in the University, but consult its prosperity in every other respect. I promise to demean myself as a good citizen of the United States of America, and to use every endeavor to perpetuate their union and promote their happiness. And in particular, I promise, according to my best ability, to support the present Constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and to conduct in conformity to its wholesome laws.

"4. *Voted*, that the President and other officers of the Medical Society and the Consul and Vice-Consul of France, be invited to attend the ceremony of the induction of the medical professors."

"Oct. 7, 1783. This day two medical professors, viz, Dr. John Warren and Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, were publickly inducted into office.

"At about 11 o'clock A. M. the Governor and Lieut. Governor, with several other gentlemen of the Board of Overseers and Corporation, came to the University, and at the steps of Harvard Hall they were received by the President, Professors and Tutors, and conducted to the Philosophy Chambers. A little before 12 o'clock, upon the tolling of the bell, all the undergraduates assembled in the front of Harvard

Hall and formed in two ranks in inverted order. As soon as they were formed, the President, the rest of the Corporation and the Professors and Tutors, preceded the Governor, the Lieut. Governor and the other members of the Board of Overseers, the Consul and Vice-Consul of France, the officers of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and the clergymen and other gentlemen present, down the steps of Harvard Hall, from whence they were conducted by the undergraduates to the Meeting House, who, at the front door, opened to the right and left, and stood with their heads uncovered till the Governor of the University and other gentlemen of the procession had passed into the Meeting House. . . .

"4. The professors were called upon by the President to make their declarations and promises agreeably to the form determined by the Corporation (at a meeting of the Corporation, Sept. 18, 1783), and the Professor of Divinity was directed to deliver them the papers containing the declarations, et cetera, which each read standing before the door of the pew in which the Governor sat, and after reading, each signed the particular paper which had been delivered to him, and the President called for the inaugural orations of the new professors which were delivered by them from the desk in the Latin language. . . .

"7. The 13, 14, 15 and 16th verses of the CXXXI Psalm, according to Tate and Brady's version, were then sung.

"Immediately after the singing, the company was invited to dine in the Hall, and the procession returned to Harvard in the same order it moved from thence.

"Mem°, The whole of the President's report in this solemnity (the prayer excepted) was in Latin."

This is the note by Drs. Bigelow and Channing, referred to above, as written five years after Dr. Jackson's election:[1]—

[1] *College Book*, vol. viii, p. 2.

Boston, August 2, 1815.

Dear Sir, — We the subscribers, penetrated with the recent honor done us by the Rev. and Honorable Corporation and Overseers of Harvard University, and at the same time not being ambitious of appearing before the public in any introductory performances, humbly request that our appointment as lecturers in the medical institution may be simply announced in such way as you may think most proper, and that any ceremonies of induction on the occasion may be dispensed with, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

J. Bigelow.
W. Channing.

Our acceptance of the appointments is enclosed.

At the present day it is quite unnecessary for a newly appointed teacher of medicine to beg that ceremonies of induction be dispensed with.

The appeal of the Corporation to the Overseers of the Poor of Boston was this time destined to succeed, although scruples were still felt at the idea of admitting students freely to the wards, and of involving the city in the expense of modern treatment of the sick. It was the latter fact which led the Overseers of the Poor to stipulate that the new incumbents should serve without pay, and should bear the expense of all the medicine which they thought fit to prescribe. This was a shrewd arrangement; for by it the city saved itself several hundred dollars a year in the cost of medicines, and also a considerable sum in fees for medical attendance, besides securing for its sick poor the services of the two rising physicians of the town. Many citizens since then, as before, have given freely of their time

and labor for the public welfare, but instances must have been few where they have paid so handsomely for the privilege.

"The Boston Almshouse," says Bartlett, writing two years later, "has a spacious, well-constructed edifice, with kitchens, a well, and forty-six other apartments. It is governed by the Overseers of the Poor, and is conducted by a master with proper assistants. The average number of inhabitants, for the past two years, is about 359, of whom 139 are state paupers. The objects of admission are the meritorious poor, unfortunate females, vagrants (who are kept employed), and maniacs. The usual number of sick and infirm is about fifty."

Referring to the innovation in medical service, he says: "The attendance on the sick has been much improved by this change." The almshouse served its purpose as a place for clinical instruction in surgery and medicine from 1809 until the opening of the Massachusetts General Hospital in 1821, and then passed out of view as a centre for medical teaching and clinical research. This was unfortunate, for in other cities the vast opportunities which such institutions afford have been utilized to the great benefit of humanity. For us, also, however, a new day has now begun in this respect; and once more, and that, too, under better auspices than a century ago, the hospital wards of the Boston Almshouse are yielding their share of data for the enrichment of medical science.

Useful though the Leverett Street Almshouse was, both for its own purposes and as affording a chance for the beginnings of clinical instruction, its hospital

facilities were perhaps, in reality, not quite so magnificent as Dr. Bartlett's description would suggest. The address prepared by the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital in 1814, which was approved by the Overseers of the Poor, declares that "the almshouse in this metropolis does not pretend to *cure;* and that all it possesses is accommodations for eight patients."

In 1810 the first of the lectures in Boston were given under the new auspices, having been duly announced as follows in the columns of the "Columbian Centinel:" —

[*September* 19, 1810]

MEDICAL LECTURES

The lectures in the Medical Institution of Harvard University will be commenced in Boston, on the first Wednesday in December, on: —

Anatomy and Physiology	By Dr. Warren, Sen., and
Surgery and Midwifery	By Dr. Warren, Jun.
Theory and Practice of Physic	By Dr. Waterhouse.
Chemistry and Materia Medica	By Dr. Dexter and By Dr. Gorham.
Clinical Medicine	By Dr. Jackson.

Those who attend the Lectures on Clinical Medicine will have an opportunity of seeing Medical practice in the Hospital Department of the Alms-House. Surgical treatment and operations will be exhibited in the same place to the Attendants of the Lectures on Anatomy and Surgery by the Professors of these branches.

The use of the Boylston Medical Library, will be enjoyed by the students.

Dr. Gorham will give a private Course of Lectures on Chemistry, to the gentlemen of Boston, after the conclusion of the Medical Lectures.

[*October* 21, 1810]

[Same advertisement, time of lectures being given.]

Dr. Jackson at 4 P. M.

The Hospital will be attended during the hours between the lectures of Dr. Waterhouse and Dr. Warren.

Application for admission to the lectures should be made to the Professors Nov. 21.

[*November* 28, 1810]

[Same advertisement.]

During the continuance of the above lectures Surgical operations will be performed and the subsequent attendance afforded gratis by the Professors of Surgery on all persons whose circumstances shall be such as to render them proper objects, provided they bring certificates to that effect from the Selectmen of the town where they reside.

As yet, the Medical School had no home of its own, but since 1805 Dr. J. C. Warren, as Assistant Professor of Surgery, had given lectures at 49 Marlborough Street (corresponding to about 400 Washington Street), over the store of White, the druggist, and this was made the temporary headquarters of the new establishment.

On March 6, 1811, a handsome puff of the medical courses appeared in the "Centinel," which is here cited on account of its local flavor. Although it is signed "An Attendant," it was evidently regarded as inspired, and for that reason elicited the entertaining rejoinder which follows it: —

[*Columbian Centinel, March* 6, 1811]

COMMUNICATION

Among the various institutions for the promotion of science, and for the increase of the comforts of life, no one has a stronger claim on the favor and support of the public than the Medical School lately established in this town. The improvement of medicine is so immediately interesting to our selfish and benevolent feelings, that it must gratify the thinking part of society to observe growing up among them an institution which promises such important advantages to this science. It would therefore be doing injustice to the community not publicly to notice the progress and success which has thus far attended this institution. There have been given, during its first term, a course of lectures on the theory and practice of physic; a course on clinical medicine, rendered particularly instructive by the hospital advantages connected with it; a course on chymistry and materia medica (the possession of a large and excellent apparatus enabled the professors to give an admirable theoretic and demonstrative view of this science); a course comprising anatomy and physiology, surgery and midwifery. The professors of these important branches, whose skill, ability and uncommon exertions I more particularly witnessed, were attended by about 40 medical students, exclusive of the students of the Cambridge University, and a large number of citizens. Aided by a rich and extensive collection of preparations, they made their anatomical course minute and complete, combining in matter and manner those excellencies which gratified the most sanguine expectations of those whose object was pleasure and general instruction, and of those who sought particular and practical knowledge; their lectures on surgery were able demonstrations of all its practical parts; those on midwifery were a demonstrative view of the most approved practice in all the intricate cases of the obstetric art. The chirurgical instruction was particularly valuable,

as it embraced all the modern improvements of the art, many of which are not to be found in books, common in this country; as an opportunity was afforded by the hospital of the Almshouse for the inspection of the practice in a variety of diseases, and as several important operations were performed, which were accessible to the student.

These lectures have concluded for the present season, and we may, without partiality, remark, that they were executed with so much ability, that the school, though in its infancy, exhibited the strength of manhood. The medical students of New England may now congratulate themselves, that they have in their own neighborhood an establishment, which promises them the best means for acquiring a proper medical education, particularly those first principles, which are absolutely necessary to enable them to do their duty, as practitioners. Every medical man, who really has at heart the advancement of his professional science, will generously encourage this school.

AN ATTENDANT.

[*Columbian Centinel, March* 13, 1811]

REJOINDER

It must be pleasing to every philanthropic man to hear that all the professors of the new medical school in Boston, have executed their respective duties with so much ability, as to give the strength "of manhood to infancy," but I see no wisdom in puffing up some of the branches. I wish well to the medical school, but I would hint to some of the younger ones, that your old butchers whose character for fair dealing is established, *never find it needful to blow up their meat before they bring it to the market.*[1]

ANTI PUFF.

[1] An allusion to a butchers' custom, under reprobation in the newspapers of the day.

The following tax-bill indicates that the Medical Institution had taken up its abode in Boston at the date given, and also that its wealth consisted rather in the goodwill of its friends than in assessable property, since the whole sum of its state, town, and county tax amounted to but sixteen dollars.[1]

Ward Number 11 to Medical Institution of Harvard University

Your commonwealth taxes.

	Doll.	Cts.
Poll		
Real estate	2	80
Personal estate } Income, etc. }		
	2	80

Your town and county taxes.

	Doll.	Cts.
Poll		
Real estate	13	20
Personal estate } Income, etc. }		
	13	20
	2	80
	$16	00

Boston, Sept. 4, 1812.

In sanctioning the removal of the Medical School to Boston, the authorities of the college had safeguarded the privileges of their undergraduates by providing that the professors of anatomy and surgery, and of chemistry, should continue to deliver, without fee, a number of lectures annually to certain classes of the students. These lectures were given for a number of years, from 1810 onward.

In 1818 Dr. Jackson also was called upon to arrange for delivering to the members of the Junior and Senior classes a number of lectures once a week each year, "on subjects relating to the care and preservation of

[1] *College Book*, vol. vii, p. 35.

the health." These were topics which were suitable for discussion before an undergraduate audience, and which Dr. Jackson was eminently fitted to handle in a practical way.

A syllabus of these lectures was published, and forms an excellent outline of the course.

In 1811, also, that is while the reorganized Massachusetts Medical Society was still, relatively speaking, in its youth, and when Dr. John Warren was its president, an attempt was made by a small body of physicians, who had become dissatisfied and had resigned their membership, to obtain from the legislature a charter for a new medical association, to be called "The Massachusetts College of Physicians." [1]

This marked an important crisis in the history of the state society, and the discussions to which the attempt gave rise rang loudly for a time both in the House of Representatives and in the public press.

The revolting doctors included a number of the prominent colleagues of Dr. John Warren, and among them Dr. Waterhouse; but the society as a whole stood firmly by its president, while his son, Dr. J. C. Warren, with the aid of Dr. Jackson and others, collected materials for argument, and wrote the vigorous letters that formed the weapons of warfare and eventually won the day.

Dr. J. C. Warren's Biographical Notes, published in the "Life," by his brother, Edward Warren, give much of the inside history of this controversy, and the account here following is introduced only for

[1] *Life of Dr. J. C. Warren*, vol. i, p. 103 ff.

the sake of completing the sketch of the medical movements with which Dr. Jackson was identified. The arguments for the two sides are best set forth in the memorial of the petitioners and the counter-memorial on the part of the society, afterwards printed in its Transactions, and also in the "Letter to a Republican Member of the Legislature," — published anonymously, but written by Dr. J. C. Warren, — and the reply which it evoked. When these documents are carefully read, in the light of a knowledge of the men and of the times, the conclusion is inevitable that the ruling forces behind the new movement were personal jealousy and ambition rather than a recognition of the public needs.

In the new birth of ideas and hopes that followed the confusion of the Revolutionary War, there had been a chance for men of energy and public spirit, such as Dr. Warren, to come forward and assume the leadership; but it was natural, also, that others, of real intellectual ability, it might be, but without especial talent for organization, should feel sore at seeing themselves apparently relegated to the second place. It was easy for such persons to say that the scientific work done hitherto by the leaders of the Massachusetts Medical Society was insignificant in amount and poor in character; easy to bring against them accusations of arrogance and of the passing by of colleagues abler than themselves. The fact remained that a great step forward had been taken, that means had been found to bind together the physicians of the State, not alone, as previously to 1803, the "best" physicians, but all

who were willing to adopt reasonable standards of education and of ethics.

The act embodying the charter of the proposed association provided for functions that would have duplicated those of the established organization, so that instead of one strong state society, democratic in form, there was danger that two relatively weak and rival bodies would come into existence.

It was found, furthermore, that the interests of the Medical School, its standing in the community, and its prospects for public support were also in peril.

Dr. J. C. Warren [1] gives the following graphic account of the meeting in the House of Representatives when the final vote was taken: —

"A Committee of the society and of the Medical School, with Dr. John Warren at their head, supported by General Brooks, Drs. Dexter, Townsend, Childs of Pittsfield, Kittridge of Andover, and the large body of the most respectable veteran members of the profession, met the Committee of the House of Representatives in the Senate Chamber. They were addressed by most of the gentlemen above named, and by others.

"The conference was quite imposing. The chamber was crowded with spectators; and the venerable character of the opposers of the memorial, or petition, altogether produced a strong impression. Dr. Jackson and myself were present to supply the materials for [our] seniors to work with. The subsequent discussions in the Senate and House were violent, but highly favorable to the Medical School. The community took deep interest in the affair. The debates were protracted for a week or ten days, during which no other business was done.

[1] *Life of Dr. J. C. Warren*, vol. i, p. 105.

"On the question being taken, there were two hundred and nine in favor of the memorial, and two hundred and eighteen against it. A reconsideration was moved by the minority for the next day, which was carried; and, in the mean time, the memorialists scoured the country, and brought in some additional votes, diminishing the majority: but this majority, though small, being quite decided, the affair was considered settled; and great was the joy of the Medical School."

Dr. Warren's biographer goes on to say: —

"The results of this combat were, on the one part, a successful medical school; on the other, the elements of a hostility which showed itself whenever it could do so with effect. Among the fruits of the latter was an interference in getting 'subjects,' which was very unpleasant. The controversy was carried on with great warmth in the newspapers of the day.

"No further attempt was made to get up a second medical school until many years after."

In 1811 the "New England Journal of Medicine" was established, edited first by several physicians, acting as a committee, and later by Dr. Channing and Dr. Ware alone. In this movement also Dr. Warren and Dr. Jackson took the most prominent part; and up to 1825 Dr. Jackson had contributed the largest number of articles of any writer, Dr. Warren following him with one less. The titles of his papers are given in the last chapter of this memoir.

This was a most important undertaking, for at that time but few medical journals were being published, even in Europe, and in New England the daily press alone had served their function. The "New England Journal" was substantially succeeded in 1823 by the

"Medical Intelligencer," but was not wholly given up until 1828, when both periodicals were united under the title of the "Boston Medical and Surgical Journal," a publication which has had a career of increasing usefulness ever since that day.

In the spring of 1812 Dr. Jackson was appointed Hersey Professor of Theory and Practice of Physic, in place of Dr. Waterhouse, and he acknowledged his appointment in the following characteristic note: —

Rev. John T. Kirkland, President of Harvard College.

Dear Sir, — I have received yours of the 6th inst., informing me that I have been appointed Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic. I wish now to inform you that, with a high sense of the honor conferred on me, I have determined to accept the office. It is proper, however, that I should state what can hardly have escaped your own reflection, that some time will be requisite for preparing myself for performing the duties of this office; and that, while I shall exercise all possible diligence in so doing, I cannot promise myself to deliver any course of lectures to the undergraduates during the ensuing year; nor even to deliver a full course to the medical class in the winter which will follow that now approaching.

I am, Sir, very respectfully

Your obedient servant,

James Jackson.

Dr. Jackson's age at the time of this appointment was thirty-five. The following note from Dr. Kirkland is of interest as illustrating Dr. Jackson's fondness for seeing things done with due regard to appearances: —

October 21, 1812.

Hon. John Davis.

Dear Sir, — At the meeting of the Corporation yesterday, it was voted that Dr. James Jackson be installed Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic on Thursday the 5th day of November, and that the Treasurer and Mr. Lowell be a committee to determine upon the arrangements suited to the occasion. Dr. Jackson proposes to have my Latin speech and his answer and then to make a dissertation in English. He suggests whether it may not be well to have it take place with some form, etc.

You will please to consult with Mr. Lowell, and give notice to Dr. Jackson what you determine, particularly as respects his oration in English.

Your pres't and serv't,

John T. Kirkland.

The entries in the "College Book" duly record that

"At a meeting of the President and Fellows of Harvard College, Nov. 6th, 1812, Dr. James Jackson having heretofore been elected Hersey Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Harvard College and he having signified his acceptance of the same appointment, was this day, in the presence of this board, and Honorable and Reverend Board of Overseers, inducted into the said Professorship, having also subscribed the declaration in such cases required. Dr. Jackson made an inaugural address, and was inducted into office with the usual public ceremonials."

In 1814 two memorials, to the Corporation and to the General Court, respectively, were issued simultaneously by the medical professors, under a sense of need for ampler quarters, and as a response to this appeal the money was obtained through which, in the following

year, 1815, the Mason Street School was built, the first predecessor of the stately structures now rising in Longwood, at the foot of Parker's Hill.

Recognition of the State's bounty in providing funds led to the adoption for the new building of the name of Massachusetts Medical College.

Thus first was medical education in New England given a home, to be a centre for affection and for growth, and here much painstaking teaching was done for thirty years.

Notwithstanding its relations with the college, the Medical School remained, to a great extent, a private venture of the professors during the early years of its existence. To them the applications of the students were made, and to them the fees were paid. It was mainly in response to their efforts that the grant of ten thousand dollars toward the new school building had been obtained from the legislature; and after the building was erected and opened, the Faculty were a committee of the whole to attend to its heating and lighting and the repair of its leaky roof. The expense of such repairs as this came, indeed, out of their pockets, until, after some correspondence with the authorities of Cambridge, a better arrangement was adopted. Even as late as 1827, a letter from the Dean, then Dr. Walter Channing, recites that the Medical Faculty have "as a body voluntarily expended fifteen hundred and twenty-five dollars from their own resources, within the last three years, for the purposes of the medical school. . . . Likewise, for a single object of the above description, they have pledged themselves to pay annually

three hundred dollars for the three years next to come."

The little knot of friends who formed the Faculty met at each others' houses and laid plans for shouldering their enterprise. In all these labors Dr. Jackson bore a prominent part, as he had in drawing up the memorials which led to the appropriation by the college and the State.

The year that saw the opening of the first Medical school building, in Mason Street, saw also the death of Dr. John Warren, at the age of sixty-two. More than any other single man he had contributed the zeal, the wisdom, the patience, the labor, which now at last was bearing fruit.

The Corporation of the college realized the importance of the occasion, and joining with the Councilors of the Massachusetts Medical Society, arranged for an impressive funeral service, at which Dr. Jackson was to deliver the oration. The exercises were held in the "Stone Chapel" (King's Chapel), and from there a great procession marched to the family burying-ground, at the foot of the Common. The oration was an eloquent tribute of affection, recognition, and respect.

On occasions of this kind Dr. Jackson appeared to great advantage. His feelings were sincere and warm, and his excellent command of language enabled him to give them simple but fine and adequate expression. Another address of like sort was made by him in 1829, after the death of Dr. John W. Gorham, son-in-law to Dr. John Warren, and Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in the Medical School. This position he had

held at first in conjunction with Dr. Aaron Dexter, but since 1816, alone. He had thus been in a position to coöperate effectively with the Warrens and Dr. Jackson in their efforts to raise the standard of medical teaching in New England.

CHAPTER VII

MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL; CHOLERA REPORT

What with the demands of private practice, the care of his family and children, and the diversified labors of which some hint has here been given, the first decade of Dr. Jackson's professional life in Boston was filled to overflowing. Nevertheless, time was found to help in fostering a movement the accomplishment of which lay very near his heart; namely, the founding of the Massachusetts General Hospital.

The credit for the first conception of this movement undoubtedly belongs to Dr. John Warren; but Dr. Jackson's support was cordial and devoted from the first, and the long and eloquent appeal for contributions, signed by the two friends, bears the mark, to a considerable extent, of his stately and graceful style. Both men were themselves contributors in considerable sums to the fund, besides making the practical success of the undertaking one of the main purposes of their lives.

It was Dr. Jackson's visits to this institution which Dr. Holmes had in mind when he so charmingly wrote: "I have seen many noted British and French and American practitioners, but I never saw the man so altogether admirable at the bedside of the sick as Dr. James Jack-

son. . . . To visit with Dr. Jackson was a medical education."

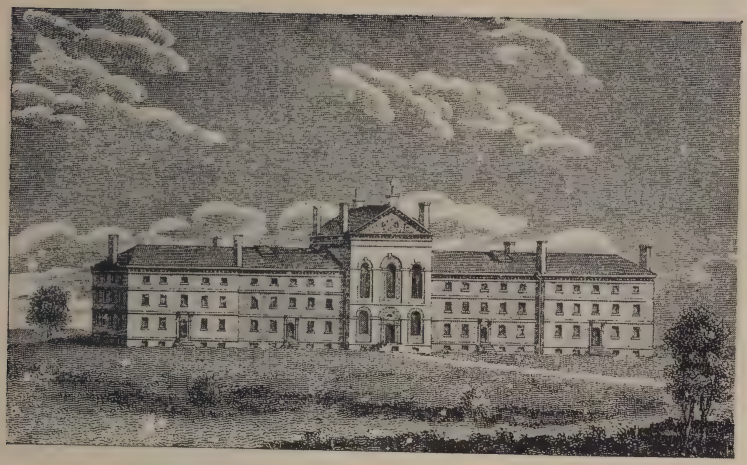
The circular letter prepared by Drs. Jackson and Warren was published on August 20, 1810, and the first meeting of the Corporation was held on April 23, 1811. Nevertheless, the hospital was not opened for patients until 1821, partly on account of the interruption due to the War of 1812, and partly because of delays that were inevitable.

The letter itself made an appeal at once warm and cogent. The needs of the different classes of society with reference to the serious problems of illness were all carefully canvassed, and the relative functions of the "Dispensary," the almshouse, and private charity were clearly and reasonably set forth. Attention was also called to the special claims of sufferers from disorders of the mind, which, until about this time, had received but scanty notice.[1] Finally, the important principle was laid down that the functions of a good hospital should embrace the teaching of medicine. "A hospital is an institution absolutely essential to a medical school, and one which would afford relief and comfort to thousands of the sick and miserable. On what other object can the superfluities of the rich be so well bestowed?"

The following paragraphs give the opening and the closing of the eloquent appeal: —

It is unnecessary to urge the propriety and even obligation of succouring the poor in sickness. The wealthy inhabitants of the town of Boston have always evinced that they

[1] Dr. Waterhouse had from the first urged the importance of the study of insanity.



CITY ALMSHOUSE, LEVERETT STREET, BOSTON

MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL AS ORIGINALLY BUILT

consider themselves as "treasurers of God's bounty;" and in Christian countries, in countries where Christianity is practised, it must always be considered the first of duties to visit and to heal the sick. When in distress, every man becomes our neighbor, not only if he be of the household of faith, but even though his misfortunes have been induced by transgressing the rules both of reason and religion. It is unnecessary to urge the truth and importance of these sentiments to those who are already in the habit of cherishing them, — to those who indulge in the true luxury of wealth, the pleasures of charity. The questions which first suggest themselves on this subject are, whether the relief afforded by hospitals is better than can be given in any other way; and whether there are, in fact, so many poor among us as to require an establishment of this sort.

The relief to be afforded to the poor, in a country so rich as ours, should perhaps be measured only by their necessities. We have, then, to inquire into the situation of the poor in sickness, and to learn what are their wants. In this inquiry, we shall be led to answer both the questions above stated.

. . . . . .

The amount required for the institution proposed may, at first sight, appear large. But it will cease to appear so, when we consider that it is to afford relief, not only to those who may require assistance during the present year or present age, but that it is to erect a most honourable monument of the munificence of the present times, which will ensure to its founders the blessings of thousands in ages to come; and when we add that this amount may be raised at once, if a few opulent men will contribute only their superfluous income for one year. Compared with the benefits which such an establishment would afford, of what value is the pleasure of accumulating riches in those stores which are already groaning under their weight?

Hospitals and infirmaries are found in all the Christian

cities of the Old World; and our large cities in the Middle States have institutions of this sort, which do great honour to the liberality and benevolence of their founders. We flatter ourselves that in this respect, as in all others, Boston may ere long assert her claim to equal praise.

We are, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

James Jackson.
John C. Warren.

The list of members of the Board of Trustees, up to the time of the opening of the hospital, included the well-known names of Colonel T. H. Perkins, Josiah Quincy, Daniel Sargent, Joseph May, Stephen Higginson, Jr., Gamaliel Bradford, Tristram Barnard, George C. Lee, Francis C. Lowell, Joseph Tilden, John L. Sullivan, Richard Sullivan, John Lowell, Joseph Coolidge, Jr., Ebenezer Francis, David Sears, Hon. Jonathan Phillips, Peter C. Brooks, Joseph Head, Samuel Appleton, John Belknap, Thomas W. Ward. Thanks to the efforts of these men, and to the coöperation of committees of citizens representing the various wards of Boston and the neighboring cities and towns of the State, a large fund was raised at last, and a site, an architect, and plans agreed upon.

Dr. Jackson was appointed Acting Physician, Dr. J. C. Warren Acting Surgeon, and shortly after, Dr. Walter Channing was appointed Assistant (or Admitting) Physician. Drs. Danforth, Rand, Jeffries, Haywood, Townsend, Welsh, Dexter, and Spooner, the best-known practitioners of the town, were chosen a consulting board. The hospital apothecary at that period acted also as clinical clerk and assistant, and the earlier vol-

umes of case-records stand as models of their kind, for completeness, accuracy, and neatness.

Under these auspices, on September 1, 1821, the great enterprise was fairly launched, though during the first three weeks only one patient applied for treatment, and the end of the first year saw but twelve patients in the wards.

In this noble institution, which grew rapidly in popularity and usefulness, Dr. Jackson made his almost daily visits, resigning finally in October, 1837.

His medical and surgical colleagues and assistants during this period were Drs. J. C. Warren, Walter Channing, John B. Brown, George Hayward, Edward Reynolds, George W. Otis, John Ware, and Jacob Bigelow.

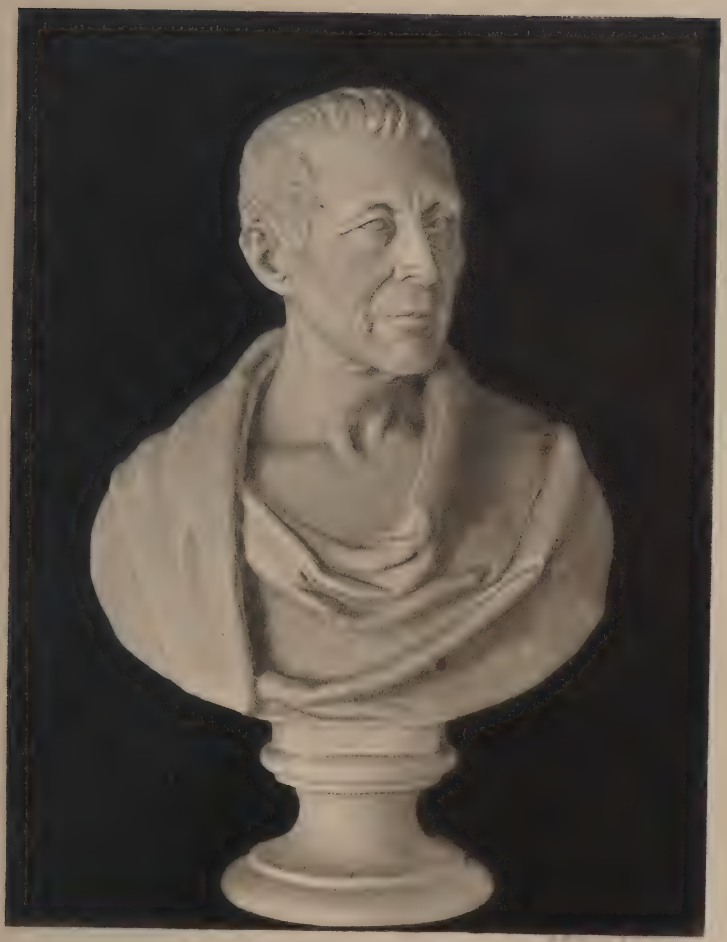
The two tributes that here follow were rendered by the Trustees, the first, written by Messrs. Martin Brimmer and Samuel Eliot, on the occasion of Dr. Jackson's resignation in 1837; the second, also written by Mr. Eliot, after his death, in 1867.

"The Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, having received from Dr. Jackson the resignation of the office he has held since the first establishment of the institution, cannot suffer a circumstance of so much interest in the history of the Hospital to occur, without special notice of it on their records. It was, in great measure, owing to the active efforts of Dr. Jackson, and to the general knowledge of the fact that *he* would interest himself in its success, that this great charity was founded among us. So strong and just was the confidence of the community in his personal and professional character, that all suspicions of possible abuse in an institution of the kind under *his* care were speedily overcome, and liberally disposed persons were readily found to intrust to his integrity

and skill the necessary funds for the foundation of an establishment which should do honor to the city. From its earliest existence to the present time, the Hospital has been watched over by Dr. Jackson with a zeal and fidelity which could not be surpassed, and has acquired a reputation, and been conducted with a success, highly honorable to him and to the other distinguished professional gentlemen with whom he has been associated. While his direct influence on the welfare of the institution has been thus decided and beneficial, the Trustees cannot but consider as equally valuable the indirect influence of the example of disinterested and faithful labor for the general good which he has given to the profession and the public. Under his constant attention, together with that of the professional friends assembled around him, the system on which the Hospital is conducted has been perfected, till it seems, at length, admirably adapted to the purposes for which the institution was founded, and promises to insure its utility during all its future existence. Long may it continue, by doing good to all classes, to embalm the memory of one who had so large a share in its foundation, and in conducting it to its present high rank; and long may this community enjoy the benefit of the direct and indirect influence of the pure, benevolent and elevated character of Dr. Jackson! The Trustees, in communicating this copy of their record, take occasion to request Dr. Jackson to sit for his portrait to some artist of talent, that it may adorn the walls which have so often been the witnesses of his disinterested labors."

The following resolutions were adopted by the Trustees after Dr. Jackson's death: —

"The death of Dr. James Jackson, one of the founders of the Massachusetts General Hospital and its first Physician, whose active service extended from April 6, 1817, to Oct. 13, 1837, and who, as Consulting Physician, was connected with the Institution to the close of his earthly life, Aug. 27, 1867,



James Jackson

is an event of so singular and so affecting an interest to the Hospital, that the Trustees have delayed noticing it officially until a quarterly meeting should draw them together in full numbers. They can add nothing to his well-deserved reputation, but they perform an act of simple duty in offering a sincere and grateful tribute to his honored memory.

"*Resolved*, That the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital recall, with deep sensibility, Dr. Jackson's long connection with the Institution, which he was prominent in founding and extending, and to which, while he retained his powers, he gave the great benefit of his name, his science, his advice, and his influence.

"*Resolved*, That his remarkable traits as a Physician, well-known and appreciated before the Hospital was founded, and fully acknowledged during the half-century of its existence, have been of inestimable value to its administration, not only during the term of his attendance in our wards, but in the subsequent period, during which his counsel and support, while he could give them, have never failed our predecessors or ourselves.

"*Resolved*, That his personal as well as his professional qualities, his activity without imprudence, his decision without dogmatism, his dignity that never wounded, his conscientiousness that never provoked, his exhaustless sympathies, which made him the brother, or the father, as well as the physician of those to whom he ministered, bearing their troubles as his own, and alleviating by the charm of his presence the pains which he could not remove by his skill, his unwearied study, his fruitful knowledge, his contributions to the science and literature of medicine, and his relations to the elder and younger members of the profession, gave him a position at the Hospital as exclusively his own as that which he held in the community.

"*Resolved*, That his labors, as efficient as they were devoted, and his counsels, as wise as they were earnest, rendering him both the ornament and the safeguard of the Hospital,

are among its most precious traditions, and that they are to be cherished for the sake not merely of its past history, which they had so large a share in forming, but of its future course, to which, if they are faithfully preserved, they will be the helpful guides.

"*Resolved*, That the Trustees remove his name from the list of their living associates, only to place it, where it belongs, at the head of the departed benefactors of the Hospital. And to the end that his memory may continue among us, as we think he would have best preferred it to continue, the free bed which was placed in 1837 at his disposal for life shall remain the Jackson Free Bed, perpetuating his attachment to the Hospital, and his benevolence to humanity."

These resolutions having been unanimously adopted, the secretary was directed to communicate them to the family, and to furnish a copy to the public press.

Dr. Jackson's deep-seated reverence for fidelity in observation was well illustrated by his constant insistence on complete and accurate records of the course and symptoms of the diseases suffered by his hospital patients.

An inspection of the early record-books will verify this statement, and the following little incident, told by the late Dr. Morrill Wyman, likewise bears witness to its truth.

Dr. Wyman was at one time assistant or "house-pupil" to Dr. Jackson, and like all others in the same position, was enjoined to be careful and particular in the respect alluded to.

One morning, having learned that a patient had been admitted and had shortly afterwards died, Dr. Jackson asked to see his record, but turned over the pages of the book in vain.

"Why, how's this, Mr. Wyman?" he said. "I find no record of this case." "It was impossible to make one, sir; the patient was brought in insensible." "Very well; that should have been the record, Mr. Wyman."

The following letter gives an accurate picture of Dr. Jackson's work as teacher at the Medical School and at the hospital. It was written at the time when widespread criticism of Harvard College had led to a general investigation of the various departments by the Corporation.

1822.

HON. JOHN LOWELL, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE CORPORATION

Sir, — In compliance with the request in your circular of the 14th inst., I submit to you the following statements. It may contain particulars not requisite to your present purpose, but I have thought that the documents you now collect may be useful at a future day in ascertaining the state of the University at the present day.

I deliver one course of lectures annually to a class of medical pupils in Boston. This course has for several years past commenced on the third Wednesday in November and been continued exactly three months. During this period my lectures are delivered every morning with the exception of Sundays and holidays, and with the exception generally of three or four mornings on account of professional calls. As, however, the term allotted for the course is not sufficiently long to discuss all the subjects which belong to my branch of instruction, I have, in addition to what I consider my proper duties, commonly met my class two afternoons and always one afternoon in the week. One of these afternoons has been devoted to an extra lecture and the other to an examination of the pupils on the subjects of the preceding week. At these examinations the attendance has been voluntary, and hence

they have commonly been confined to a third or a quarter of the class.

Since the Massachusetts Hospital has been opened I have taken the pupils there, sometimes one, sometimes two mornings in a week. On these occasions my morning lectures have necessarily been omitted, as the students have not time to visit the hospital without this sacrifice. At the hospital I give a short clinical lecture after visiting the patients, whenever the time will permit. I have intimated that the time for the medical lectures is too short. I may add that the medical professors would be very happy to increase the length of this term. They have been prevented from proposing this change only from the knowledge that a large proportion of medical students are unable to bear the expense of so long a residence in the city. The number of pupils attending the medical lectures has been gradually increasing within a few years from fifty to one hundred. Of these, generally four-fifths have attended my course; and, of those attending these, about one quarter have not paid for their tickets.

A long letter to Mr. Lowell, though written two years later, belongs practically to this period of college reform, and serves to show Dr. Jackson's strong interest in the subject. He says: —

"Certainly for the last thirty years there have been complaints about the college; . . . it was to the pedantry, the austerity, and the deportment of the instructors that the evils were attributed. . . . It was thought, too, that the spirit of our Revolution had not sufficiently subsided to permit the sons of '76 men to submit to order. . . . When Dr. Kirkland was elected President we thought that all evils were at an end. . . . Whether they [the disturbances] have been more rare, I am not enabled to say, but they have continued to be frequent — and, in short, every man who has had a son to send

to college has felt that though his chance for a good education would be better at Cambridge than anywhere else in the country, he could not be sent there without a very great risk of injury. . . .

"Two or three weeks since I was informed that the subject . . . had been a good deal discussed at a society or club, to which some of our best men, among them Dr. W., belong. . . . Accordingly on the 23rd of July I met with Messrs. Ware and R. Sullivan, Storey, J. Pickering, Ch. Lowell, G. Ticknor, J. G. Palfrey and G. Emerson."

These gentlemen had been invited to meet with Overseers of the college to decide whether they would advise that any measures should be referred to the Board of Overseers, and whether any or what changes would be desirable. The course which these reforms took is a matter of record, and needs no discussion in this place.

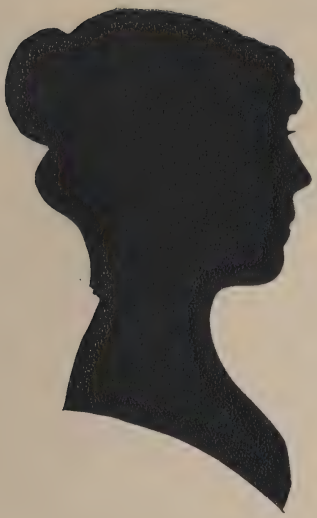
In 1824 a Board of Consulting Physicians of the city of Boston was appointed, consisting of Drs. J. C. Warren, Aaron Dexter, James Jackson, Horace Bean, and John Gorham. The first subject taken up was smallpox. But in 1830 rumors came of cholera spreading from Asia to Europe, and in 1831 and 1832 the board was consulted as to measures desirable to take for protecting the city of Boston. Then the Massachusetts Medical Society appointed a committee on this subject, of which Dr. Jackson was chairman, the other members being Drs. J. C. Warren and George Hayward. The report of this committee was written mainly by Dr. Jackson, and involved prolonged study extending over about two years, as will appear later in Dr. Jackson's letters to his son James.

CHAPTER VIII

DOMESTIC LIFE; WALTHAM

It has been already stated that the first three children of Dr. Jackson and Elizabeth Cabot died in infancy. The later children, by name Elizabeth, James, Lydia, Harriet, Francis, and Susan, were all born during the years which we have been thus far considering; namely, between 1807 and 1817. In November, 1817, Mrs. Jackson died, after a long period of impaired health. She had been widely and warmly loved, but her life had been of necessity so quiet and retired that no materials for a permanent record have remained. All the more on that account the following letter of Dr. Jackson is of interest. It was written immediately after her death, and was intended for no eyes but those of her children, and this fact should be recollected in the reading.

My dear Elizabeth, — The undertaking in which I am about to engage might perhaps appear somewhat romantic. This letter, written while you are quite a child, is designed to be read by you and your brothers and sisters successively, as you shall arrive at the age at which you will duly appreciate its contents. The object of it is to give you some sketches, faint ones I fear they will be, of the mother who gave you birth — whose memory is entitled to your respect and affection not merely from this circumstance, but also because she has watched over your tenderest years with the kindest care — a care which has been marked equally by good



ELIZABETH CABOT

(*The first Mrs. James Jackson*)

J. Jackson Jr.

judgment and by fond solicitude. If, as I believe, you at least, Elizabeth, shall retain some recollections of her at a distant day, you may then be pleased to have those recollections increased by the description of her character, which I am about to give.

I am not so absorbed by my present feelings as not to be aware of the many changes, which are liable to occur in our domestic circle, before the period at which I design to submit this letter to your perusal — one or all of you may never reach that period — or, what is more probable, I may be laid in my tomb. But if it please Heaven to preserve my life, new connections and new objects of affection may engross us. May there be none which will not promote your happiness — your permanent welfare. Under any circumstances however I feel assured that the strong feelings, which have bound me to your mother, can never be forgotten — and for you, it must always be proper and useful to have her excellent example brought before your eyes and proposed for your imitation.

In your mother's character there was none of that brilliancy, which is fitted *only* to attract the gaze of the crowd — in her conduct there was none of the display designed *only* to attract admiration. She valued indeed the respect and affection of others — valued them most highly — but she valued them only, when they were founded on an intimate acquaintance with her.

Her character was modest and unassuming. She had pride indeed — it was a strong feature in her character — but it was a lofty and chastened pride. It was not the passion which leads to exultation in one's own acquisitions and possessions. It was a principle of action which would not let her be satisfied with any effort, or any conduct, which fell short of her own estimate of propriety and of excellence — it prompted her to constant efforts to improve herself and those under her charge. It was a holy and a religious pride, which only made her estimate herself the more humbly.

Her chief characteristics however were great sensibility both of body and of mind; — a lively, deep and ardent affection for her friends, combined with general benevolence and a disposition to sympathize with all whose circumstances brought them into contact with her; — remarkable openness of character; — and uncommonly good sense, in the best acceptation of the expression — or excellent judgment displayed in conduct. To these characteristics should be added great patience under afflictions and especially under such as were strictly personal.

By nature her disposition was cheerful, and this was very little checked by severe bodily sufferings, of which she had a large share; — it did however sometimes yield to anxieties and apprehensions, arising out of her love for others and in this way her happiness was too often marred. Yet her good sense and her just estimate of the many blessings she enjoyed never permitted her to be desponding or gloomy. Her anxieties could not fail to cause pain to one so much interested in her welfare as I was; yet arising from sources so amicable and so generous they increased my interest in her character.

How tenderly she loved you, my dear children, how vigilantly, how faithfully she watched you, disregarding all personal recreations and comforts, nourishment and sleep even, in your service; how she sympathized in all your joys and still more in your sorrows, — I shall never be able to make you sensible. She was anxious for your health; but still more anxious to make on your minds those early impressions, which lead to virtue and to usefulness. The strength of a parent's feelings in respect to their children none but parents know. This I can say from my own personal experience — but the full strength of parental affection I learnt only from witnessing it in her. Indeed all her affections were stronger than mine. It gives me great pleasure to add that her attentions were not without a reward. During the last year of her life especially, and during a long confinement which termi-

nated it, she repeatedly declared her satisfaction in your characters and conduct. I am willing to believe that she was not blinded by maternal fondness — for she saw faults in you all; and had too much regard for your real happiness to neglect the most judicious means for correcting and counteracting them. May future years justify her good opinion of you.

The excellencies, which I have so feebly pourtrayed in the character of your dear mother, were adorned and rendered more lovely by corresponding manners. Her manners were such as could hardly be imitated without imitating her virtues. They were not formed by any rules of art — for although she did not disregard the positive customs of society, yet her manners had a character above the influence of those customs. She had a frankness, an ingenuousness expressed in her countenance, in her conversation and conduct, which can arise only from innocence and integrity of heart — and while she never affected a solicitous attention to her friends in trifling ceremonies, she always manifested in her whole intercourse with them a strong desire to promote their comfort and enjoyment. She was incapable of fastidious reserve to any one; but she maintained a distance of behavior toward strangers at once respectful, easy and dignified. In respect to all, true politeness and a characteristic propriety of demeanor were displayed, as it were, spontaneously and unconsciously. Her conversation was easy and unstudied; — never trifling nor dogmatical — but lively, cheerful and fraught with good sense.

Towards her inferiors in rank her conduct and deportment were such as at once to beget respect and affection. She treated them as she felt towards them — for, always aware that differences of rank arise from accidental circumstances and not from intrinsic merit, she conceived that her own elevation imposed on her only stronger motives to benevolence. She had indeed a dignity of carriage toward her inferiors and particularly her servants; but it was an unstudied dignity,

and it was blended with so much kindness that it never alarmed their pride.

I wonder at myself that I cannot discriminate more perfectly and paint more fully the traits of a character, which engaged my warmest affections from the period it was first known to me, and which during twenty years of unreserved intimacy I have regarded only with increasing admiration. Highly as I respected her understanding, I have said little of that, for it is on the virtues of her heart I delight to dwell in remembrance — a heart so pure, so warm and so innocent — but I might say much to you of her ingenuity, her readiness of comprehension, her strength of judgment, her accurate discrimination, but above all, of what might be called the straitness and simplicity of her views on every subject and of the correctness of her decisions. During the happy years I passed with her I learnt every day to rely more and more confidently on her opinions on all subjects within the sphere of her observation.

The strong and ardent passion of eighteen has not, I think, blinded me at forty — and surely I would not tell you that your dear mother, who had all that is lovely in human nature, deviated from the human character in being faultless. If, however, her faults had been great, there could not be any use, but there would be a kind of impiety, in displaying them to you. But I fear not to approach this subject, as I fear not the truth in anything which respects her — and I may say, unless I was much more blinded than I am conscious of by a partiality, the strength of which I have not disguised to you — that her faults were, all of them, closely allied to the most amiable and generous passions, and never originated in angry nor in selfish feelings — and that while they were such that I never hesitated to point them out to her, yet their direct tendency was to hurt herself only, not to hurt others. Of this description was her anxiety even for you my dear children, — which, founded on the strength of her affection

and her knowledge of the evils that are in the world, had frequently a tendency to undue excess. On this very point, although she exercised much self-control, I had perhaps more frequent occasion to oppose her feelings by appeals to her good principles than on any other. And yet, let me here confess, that I was not aware how much my own anxiety was disarmed, or repressed by reliance on the watchfulness which hers produced — for from the moment in which you were deprived of the blessing of her oversight, I have found my own fears and alarms respecting you to have been greatly increased.

To you my daughters I should not omit to speak of your mother's acquaintance with domestic economy and her good management of domestic affairs. Without being a busy housewife she had a good knowledge of all which relates to the care of a family — and directed the movements of her servants without that constant interference in petty details which would have served only to annoy them. Nor can I omit to speak of her taste, which was uncommonly chaste and correct — this was true in respect to the works of nature, to the beauties of which she was extremely sensible — it was true also in regard to works of art, as much as it could be in one who was uncultivated in this respect. As to literature her pretensions were very small — in early life her advantages were much inferior to those enjoyed by young ladies at the present day — and in later years she was too much engrossed by the affairs of real life to devote much time to books. Yet she had not been negligent of opportunities; and had read with an interest which nourished and improved her mind — and I uniformly found her taste, altho' modestly asserted on such subjects, to be refined and elevated and correct.

Least of all should I omit to mention that your mother had faith in the Christian religion — and that she not only respected and conformed to its rites, but was an exemplary follower of its precepts. This indeed is implied in what I have before said of her.

This dear woman is now released from all earthly cares and fears ; and, I confidently, tho' humbly, trust, has gone to enjoy in Heaven the reward of her virtues and the blessings of her best and truest friend. Hers surely is not the loss. It is ours — but it is our duty to submit — to be thankful for the happiness of which her life has been the immediate source to us, — and to endeavor so to follow her footsteps in this world as that we may be permitted to join her in the world to come. That this may be my lot and yours also I pray with a fervency which I cannot describe to you. My nature must indeed be changed if I ever cease to offer this prayer.

Meanwhile I indulge not a poignant grief. Feelings of that kind I could not but suffer for a moment, both when I saw that I must lose the object of my strongest affections and when the separation actually took place. I should ill show the gratitude which I owe to Heaven for the happiness she has afforded me, if I permitted these feelings to overcome me — and that especially, while I am surrounded by you my dear children in so much health and by so many most excellent and most kind friends. But I will not take to myself too much credit ; for in truth I am not by nature disposed to excessive grief. Now, when fourteen days have not expired since this great affliction was consummated, I have been mostly engrossed in contemplating the character of your beloved mother, in recalling to mind many interesting scenes of our lives, and in thinking of the happiness she may even now be enjoying in a better country. These contemplations have not been gloomy — they have indeed been sometimes interrupted for a moment by a transporting grief, when suddenly rousing from my reverie, I have realized that I should see her no more upon earth. But for the most part these contemplations have been attended with a pure delight. They have indeed been mixed with anxieties in thinking of your future lives my dear children, and of the severe loss you have suffered without being conscious of its importance. It is in this state of feeling that

I have thought it might perhaps be useful to record something of what is passing in my mind, and to lay it by until the period when you may be interested in, and as I will hope, instructed by the communication.

That God may preserve you and bless you and above all receive you at last to himself is again and again my most earnest prayer. J. J.

Boston, Nov. 22, 1817.

Not long after this, Dr. Jackson was married to Sarah Cabot, sister of his first wife, a woman of retiring disposition and simple tastes. There were no children by this marriage, but Mrs. Jackson gave herself with devotion to the needs of her husband and of his children, the younger of whom remembered no other mother. An invalid during her later years, she lived until shortly before Dr. Jackson's death, tended by him with affectionate care.

Dr. Jackson had removed his residence, some years before his first wife's death, to the charming neighborhood of Summer Street, which has already been alluded to in the notice of his brother Charles, occupying there a house which lay a short distance south of Chauncey Place, between that and Church Green, and was surrounded by the gardens and pleasant homes of that beautiful portion of the city. Here, too, there were neighbors of the most agreeable sort, with whom intercourse was most friendly.

In 1825, loving the country and feeling the need of rest, Dr. Jackson bought a large tract of land in Waltham, at the same time abandoning the practice of obstetrics, though continuing for the most part to keep

on, even in summer, with his usual work in town. Here he spent portions of many happy years, enjoying the society of his children and superintending the cultivation of his grounds.

The ten miles of distance which separated Waltham from Boston could be easily covered by the fast horses that Dr. Jackson drove, but his chief reason for choosing the place was doubtless that his brother Patrick had established himself there within a few years after the founding of the Waltham mills, and on land that he bought from the mill corporation for his own use.

In 1841 Dr. Jackson's place passed to his nephew, Francis C. Lowell, and thus became familiar to two generations of cousins from both families, and a hospitable place of meeting for their many friends.

It was a beautiful estate of thirty or forty acres, now so divided up by roads that its identity and its seclusion have been lost.

Its southerly frontage was on River Street, while at its northeasterly corner it was bounded by a lane that opened on the main Watertown and Waltham road, near where the Beaver Brook Station now stands.

Along the northwesterly side ran two parallel and wooded banks, separated by a fertile intervale fed by the slender but lovely Beaver Brook, and bearing a few noble willow-trees. On the crest of the further bank ran a path called the Mall, a delightful and romantic place to saunter.

Among Dr. Jackson's papers of this period there is one, drawn up with obvious care, giving a long list of fruit trees to be set out before the coming season.

SARAH CABOT

(*The second Mrs. James Jackson*)

CHAPTER IX

MEMOIR OF HIS SON JAMES

In 1830 James Jackson, Jr., Dr. Jackson's oldest son, sailed for Europe, to continue there the medical studies which he had begun in America under his father's eye.

He was a young man of unusual charm and promise; and in view of the many evidences extant of his singularly fine character and the simplicity and refinement of his tastes, it could but excite a smile to find a letter written to him by his father, when he was in college, chiding him for supposed extravagances in the spending of money, and sending a pointed warning against the dangers of frivolity. He had, indeed, the gayety and sociability which had been characteristic of various members of his father's family in their younger days, and in some transient exuberance may have given reason for the feeling of anxiety on the part of the parent to whom he was so dear. Perhaps, also, Dr. Jackson had his own college days in mind, and recalled a letter that he had written to his brother Henry, then at sea, in which he said that he, like his brother, had been extravagant during college life, and declared that his graduation, which was then approaching, should see a change of habits.

From the moment of his son's leaving home, Dr.

Jackson began to look forward eagerly to the day of his return, so intense was his affection for him, and with such fervor had he accustomed himself to picture his future career and to see himself living again and with redoubled interest under the glow of this fresh life. Letters passed between them by every packet, and it was with eager interest that he followed every step of his progress, and longed to hear of the acquaintances that he made, the books he read, and the cases that he observed.

One fruitful topic about which both could write with great interest and in much detail was the cholera. This dreaded disease was then ravaging portions of England and of the continent of Europe, and was daily expected on our own shores. Dr. Jackson at first felt greatly alarmed for the safety of his son, and urged him to return to America, even though he should go back to Paris when the danger was past. He yielded willingly, however, to James's representations that he ought to stay and utilize his chances to observe the course of the disease. In the mean time, on his own part, he was engaged in making an elaborate statement, based on such data as he could obtain, which should serve as first instructions to our own physicians whenever they should be called upon to deal with the malady in their turn. The materials which he collected appeared as a report to the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1832.

In 1833 James returned, after four years of ardent and remarkably fruitful study, carried on mainly in the hospitals of Paris under the personal guidance of M. Louis, who had from the first become warmly inter-

ested in him, and who stood to him ever after almost as a second father.

Although but twenty-three years old, and not yet possessed of his degree of M. D., James had won a reputation which an experienced physician might have envied. A brilliant career seemed assured to him, and a social life enriched by the affection of a host of friends.

Almost immediately after his return he was attacked by typhoid fever, and after this by dysentery; but he seemed to be fully convalescent, so that he was thought able to attend a dinner with his friends, when he was seized with a relapse, and quickly died.

The blow to Dr. Jackson was a terrible one. Perhaps no other personal bereavement could have been so hard to bear. He did not, however, give way, but continued to carry on his work, and soon began to collect materials for the memoir of his son, which appeared in 1836. Of this Dr. Henry Barton Jacobs, in a recent paper on "Some Distinguished American Students of Tuberculosis," in the Bulletin of the Johns Hopkins Hospital for August and September, 1902, says: "I scarcely know any book which is more of an inspiration to the medical student, more of an incentive to hard work and to high ideals, than the little story of the life of this young man." The memoir was accompanied by a considerable volume of cases of cholera which the young physician had collected during the epidemic in Paris. It may be said, in passing, that the manuscript of these cases, voluminous as it was, formed but a portion of the great mass of notes which he made during his stay in Paris.

It is unnecessary to speak in detail of this exquisite memoir of the younger Jackson, but there is one point which deserves consideration. M. Louis had warmly urged that his favorite pupil should devote five years more to "observation" before engaging in practice; and a number of letters passed between the father and M. Louis with regard to the advisability of his so doing. But Dr. Jackson, although ready to afford James every facility which seemed to him necessary for his thorough equipment, could not be brought to see the desirability of this plan. It seemed to him that a course so unusual would not be approved by his American colleagues, and would fail to win for his son their confidence and respect. He thought, too, that, aiming as he was at an eventual life of practice, this would not be the best means to fit him for his work. Perhaps, in view of all the circumstances, he was right; and yet, had he lived to-day, when prolonged scientific study and hospital training are so highly rated as a preparation for the practice of medicine, how different might the situation have appeared to him! At any rate, both the decision and the firmness with which it was adhered to were eminently characteristic of the man.

The memoir was not offered for sale, but many copies were sent by Dr. Jackson to his friends, and many warm replies received and filed away with care.

It was in response to one of these that the following letter was written to Rev. William Ellery Channing, the brother of Dr. Jackson's former assistant and successor at the hospital, and a preacher whom he held in high respect: —

DR. JACKSON TO REV. WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

WALTHAM, July 5, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have not replied to the many kind letters I have received, but I must reply to yours. It has gratified me exceedingly. In truth after reading the Memoir to my brother Charles and Dr. Bigelow, to decide on its publication, I looked for a farther confirmation that I had done right, and performed my work earnestly, to you, and to Dr. Boott, and to M. Louis. Your approbation comes first of the three, and I receive it as an earnest that the others will unite with you. I had read it also to your nephew, and got through the proof-sheets of the Memoir just in season to give them to him, when he left us; — so that your son saw them on board ship, I presume. I will think in the autumn whether the Memoir can be put out by itself. I have dispersed the book more extensively, I suspect, than it would have been if put into the shops. I have perhaps a foolish sensitiveness as to its publication in such a way that I should see it in shop-windows. But I shall do as I ought, or at least I mean to.

I should not have written to say all this — though I wished you to know how much you had gratified me. I want to draw your attention to a point, which probably engaged your thoughts, tho' there was no reason why it should engage you as it did me, except as regards general principles. You see what I have said as to James's religious principles. It is common enough for people to strain matters in order to say that a man died in the full faith of Christianity. I would not say so — I stated the exact truth. But I ask, which is best, that a young man should adopt the principles of the Christian religion and endeavour to conform to them, while he is uncertain whether the evidences will bear a strict scrutiny; or, that he should wait to be satisfied as to the evidences before he adopts the principles? There is no age at which one cannot begin to act in conformity with the principles of Christianity;

though at no age do we find men fully conforming to them. But as to the evidences, a young man cannot be competent to decide on them without he gives up other things and studies them alone. And even then, there are many men, as I feel assured, whose minds are so constituted, that it is only when they have arrived at some maturity, they can duly estimate them. It is the internal evidence which you have so powerfully shown, which has always appeared to me to be most satisfactory, and which grows more and more so, as it is contemplated. This evidence grows out of a due understanding of the principles and spirit of Christianity; this understanding of it requires some experimental knowledge of human nature. If a child is bred under the influence of good principles, if good affections are cultivated in him, good habits formed, above all purity of heart cultivated, he finds Christianity grateful to him — it demands much, but he sees nothing in it abhorrent to his nature — but the contrary — and his only fear is that he can never be good enough — but it is a holy fear. Under such circumstances he becomes, in a community like ours, daily imbued, more and more, in the system of our Saviour, he learns that Christ came to save him from *sinning*, and he is already a young Christian, when his mind is not yet made up as to the evidences. Neither this mode of education, nor any other will always succeed — but in a well-disposed mind its operation is admirable, as I think it was in my dear boy's — and in all it is beneficial. On the other hand, I am really afraid to press the question of the evidences too early in life — I would never make it a point that a young person should decide on them. I know that I was in great danger of deciding against Christianity from its being pressed on me — but not by my father. Further, the plain truth is, as I think, that the external, historical evidence is not sufficient to prove *everything* — it would not make me believe in Christianity, if Calvinism is Christianity. One must wait therefore till he can duly comprehend the matter. The good

which relates to the heart, may be learnt early, but exactly what was taught by our Saviour and his apostles cannot be decided by an infant mind.

I do not want to task you for a long letter. I think you will comprehend me; if I were writing to an opponent I should need to be more guarded. I wish to know whether the much greater attention you have given to the subject has led you to different views, or whether mine are satisfactory. If much need be said, we will leave it to be done *viva voce*, if I may again meet you, as I trust I shall. . . .

Make my best respects to Mrs. Channing, and believe me

Sincerely,

JAMES JACKSON.

It may not be out of place to add here a few references to opinions that have found expression since the publication of the memoir, as showing that the personal characteristics of this young man of twenty-four and the work done by him as a student impressed and inspired not only those who knew and loved him, but also many others, even of the present day, whose studies have led them through the fields where he labored.

His contemporary, Dr. Edward H. Clarke, writes of him that —

"While pursuing his studies in Paris he communicated in 1833 a paper to the Soc. Med. d'Obs. on this subject of a prolonged expiratory sound as an early and prominent feature of bronchial respiration, and one which frequently constitutes an important physical sign of the first stage of phthisis. The accuracy of this observation has been demonstrated by many other observers since the appearance of his paper. . . . Probably few have ever heard even of the name of the young physician whose quick ear first caught the sound, and whose careful observation connected it with the condition that produced it."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, a kinsman of Dr. Jackson and later his nephew by marriage, was in Paris when James Jackson, Jr., died, and wrote to his former preceptor, as follows: —

DR. O. W. HOLMES TO DR. JAMES JACKSON

Paris, November 4, 1834.

My dear and honoured Instructor, — In addressing you from Paris I obey an impulse which has become so strong that I can no longer resist it. I pray you, if I in any manner intrude upon your attention, to forgive me, for I write with the plainest and simplest of feelings, a desire to show that I remember your kindness with the warmest gratitude, and the hope that a few words sanctioned by the distance which must so long separate me from your presence may not be utterly unwelcome.

I feel it more especially a duty, at a time when I am enjoying advantages which your instructions prepared me to appreciate, and which the kindness of your dear son opened to me as freely as his own merit had won them for himself. Living beneath the same roof that was over him, admitted to the wards when he pursued his studies; a member of the same society in which he bore an active and important part; the friend of many who enjoyed and will always remember his friendship; a pupil, and a highly favored one of the admirable observer whom he taught me to value; all these familiar images call upon me to break the silence which I have long trembled to interrupt.

I am aware by the kindness of M. Louis of the circumstances which occasioned and attended our irreparable loss, and of the serenity with which you have looked upon the sternest of trials. The extraordinary testimonies of respect and esteem which your son obtained among strangers might well confirm the opinions which you had indulged with regard

to his merits. But how often, and with what warmth of feeling have I heard him speak of that intercourse with you which added the highest charm of friendship to the natural ties which bind father and son together. It is such an intercourse which must have best taught you his admirably combined qualities — the ardour of enquiry, the sagacity in detection, the patience in pursuit, the severity of conclusion which at once marked him as destined to enlarge the bounds of science.

He has gone from us, early indeed, but leaving an example which will exert a deeper influence than many a life of long and laborious study; for it must permanently raise the name and the standard of our students. True it is that when I remember the wants of our chosen Science, the spaces that the young must occupy, I feel that there is none among us who can fill the place which he has left void. But the same path which he followed so successfully remains open for us, and we may hope that ardour and industry and honesty will not be wanting.

And if any just and enlightened minds are found among those of our own students who have been or may be placed in the midst of European advantages, will it not be the noblest of rewards to believe that your own instructions have preëminently contributed to form their best intellectual habits, and that the example of one who was so dear to you has been among their most powerful incentives? May I add to this — as I believe — common sentiment, that wherever your young friends are scattered, they will always feel towards you the affection and the sympathies which children feel for a father whom they have only known by his kindness and interest in their welfare?

Once more forgive me if I have expressed my feelings too fully, and permit me to offer you any of the services which my present relations might facilitate. If such should at any time be in my power, a word from you will be sufficient; if otherwise, I beg you will consider these lines as a tribute

which requires no acknowledgment to assure me that it is read and remembered with indulgence.

With my best wishes for yourself and your family,

Your affectionate pupil,

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Dr. William Osler, writing upon "The Influence of Louis on American Medicine," [1] devotes several pages to James Jackson, Jr., whom he calls "the young Marcellus among the physicians of this country, 'the young Marcellus, young but great and good,'" and says, "I do not know in our profession of a man who died so young who has left so touching a memory."

The testimony of Dr. Jacobs, himself a distinguished student of tuberculosis, has been already referred to.

Finally, so lately as in 1903, the story of "James Jackson, Jr., an American Medical Student," has been made the special subject of an address [2] by Aldred Scott Warthin, Ph. D., Professor of Pathology at the University of Michigan.

After sketching his career and calling attention to the scientific value of his contributions to the physical diagnosis of tuberculosis, the pathology of cholera, the symptomatology of emphysema, the writer goes on to say: —

"Greater than these, was the influence he exerted upon American medicine through his immediate influence upon the rising members of the profession of his generation. To this influence is due in large measure the spread in this country of Louis' principles — the habit of thorough obser-

[1] *Johns Hopkins Bulletin*, 1897.

[2] *The Physician and Surgeon*, October, 1903.

vation of the phenomena of disease in the living and in the dead.

"To few of us is such a heredity and environment as that of Jackson given, and but rarely does such a gifted spirit appear. But to all of us is this one thing given — *the opportunity for the seeking of truth and for the loving of truth.*"

In view of this continued interest in James Jackson, Jr., as well as because the personal memorials of him are so few, the following letters from him to various near relatives are here introduced: —

JAMES JACKSON, JR., TO MISS E. C. JACKSON, PROBABLY ABOUT 1826

Dear Sister, — I heard that Sophia was in town yesterday and went to our house. . . . Perhaps she told you that she and Mary, together with all our family, were invited to Miss Lowell's last evening. . . . I went with the Misses Dana and met there Mary, Miss Lothrop, the Misses Buckminster, Mr. Lothrop, Mr. Brigham, Mr. Stackpole, Mr. Farrar, and President Kirkland. In such company, as you may well suppose, I passed a most agreeable evening. After talking and laughing for a considerable time with Miss Lothrop, I had the pleasure (as it might sometimes be called, but then it was surely an interruption) of hearing Mr. Brigham sing. First he sang a very pretty song alone, but I do not know the name of it. He afterwards was accompanied by Miss M. Buckminster in the "Pilgrim Fathers," which you have probably heard. The words are by Mrs. Hemans, and I think remarkably good. The music is peculiarly to the sentiments. After a little more frolic with the young ladies I had the honor of handing Miss E. Buckminster and Mary Elizabeth in to supper. When the company had satisfied their appetites, or rather when the gentlemen had helped the ladies to a plentiful supply of oysters (for you know they never eat anything

themselves), the cheerful sound of merry voices might again be heard, and the whole party seemed to have gained new spirits by their refreshments. I soon found myself seated by the youngest Miss Buckminster and entered into a very lively and easy conversation with her, on everything and everybody. Presently the President pulled out his watch and informed the ladies by a gentle hint that it was more than half-past ten. He bid them good evening and retired. I was much surprised to find that it was so late for the time had passed away fast and imperceptibly, as is often the case when we are enjoying ourselves. However, I soon found that I was called upon to wait upon four ladies who were under my charge and very reluctantly bid the ladies good-night, and after leaving Mary at her house, walked home with the Misses Dana and arrived there just as the clock struck eleven, so that I got to bed before twelve. Perhaps you will call this too late an hour, but I assure you that I am astonishingly well and in high spirits this morning, so that I can by no means repent of having been out so late.

Your affectionate brother,

J. J.

JAMES JACKSON, JR., THEN A MEDICAL STUDENT, TO DR. J. B. S. JACKSON, IN EUROPE

Boston, November 22, 1829.

You see by the date, my dear John, that you may look for neither novelty nor interest from your correspondent. In these sad and adverse times, in truth, I can almost congratulate you on your absence from our city, where the songs are all lamentations and the most common questions of the day "wherewithal shall we be clothed and where shall we look for bread?" . . .

Possibly you may be pleased to hear something of your college and hospital and their appurtenances, for I will not do you the injustice to suspect that the large wards and eloquent

lectures and well-stocked dissecting-rooms of Paris have quite blotted us out from your memory. "*Est magna componere parvis*," you may say; but with your strong and natural prejudices in favor of North, Allen, and Mason streets, I shall not fear too much the comparison. First, then, of the School. Our success last year, in practical anatomy, combined, perhaps, with other causes, has given us some increase of numbers at the present course. We reckon 92. In this department, we have been progressing with equal success during this first third part of our course. . . .

You would be as much delighted as amazed to witness Dr. Warren's proceedings. His lectures are far more interesting and instructive than those of last year, but his mode of instruction at the hospital is incomparably improved. Will you believe it, Sir, we have had every Saturday, besides the regular operations of the day, of which there has been a great sufficiency, we have had, I say, the honor and privilege of seeing the Doctor (*in propria persona et cum suis manibus*) bandage, splint, and wholly dress from one to three fractures of various bones. If possible, he has examined the case before us, previous to any treatment of it, pointing out the modes and means of diagnosis and then explaining his treatment. It is not only with this branch of surgery that he has endeavored to make us more intimately acquainted. On the same principle he pays the most minute attention to all the cases of interest in the house, much to our interest and satisfaction. I can almost hear you and Charles T. J.[1] exclaim, "the Ethiopian then can change his skin and the leopard his spots." I assure you I have not exaggerated. As for Drs. Big., Webs., and Chan., they are much as they have ever been. Probably I ought to and might say the same of my father — but as it is the first course of his I have attended, I can compare him with no former course. You will not deem it an affectation in me, I am sure, to say that I listen to him with infinite delight and

[1] Dr. C. T. Jackson, the noted chemist.

satisfaction. The object of attending lectures is to be taught — and, on my word, he does understand the art of teaching better than any man with whom it has been my good lot to meet.

As for the Hospital, I presume you know that Dana and Caryl are the house-physicians — we have all been well supplied with patients for the clinical lectures and a good number of quite interesting ones. To detail any of these would be impossible and, for my untutored pen, of little value. I would simply mention that since you left we have had two very interesting cases of Phlebitis — one of which was fatal — the other now recovered. I mention these because I wish you to write me whether you have seen any of these cases treated by compression, and if so how far such treatment has been successful, and whether in any but those of the most superficial veins. The last number of the Edinburgh Med. and Surg. has an article upon this treatment which has been used by M. Velpeau, who is, I suppose, a practitioner in Paris. I have troubled you with this, dear John, in hopes of an answer — let it be speedy and long and full of sweet medic. My love to C. T. and remind him of his promise to write me.

Yours with sincere affection,

J. J., Jr.

JAMES JACKSON, JR., TO HIS SISTER SUSAN

Paris, November 18, 1831.

Dear Sue, — . . . You do not know what pleasure the words traced by my old and dearly loved baby afford her solitary brother. . . . My thanks to Elizabeth, Harriet and father for letters from them of October 16th. To proceed with my Swiss route. . . . We spent the night at a poor hotel at Kandersteg, and in the morning early my friend Selden and myself started upon foot to be taken up an hour after by our companions in a coach which was to convey us about a dozen miles to breakfast, and then leave us to pursue

our day's journey on foot. Our ride was through the very extensive valley of Kander and the morning delightful. This is, at the same time, the most extensive, the most highly cultivated of any of the Swiss valleys I had then seen. I mean among the Alps, those around Geneva, or rather the one vast valley in which is situated the Lake of Geneva, is a garden. But there was here evidence of more prosperity and wealth than I had seen since leaving the towns upon the banks of Geneva. One town in particular struck us much on account of its neat inhabitants and comfortable buildings, Frütigen. There was, as we found on inquiry, one essential distinction between the country we had now reached and that which we had just left, and it is to this point of difference that the different degrees of prosperity which we observed were owing. We were now in a Protestant country — we had hitherto been among the Catholics — nor was this the only time that we had evidence of the same thing — I may say generally speaking, and with a map I could point out numerous instances to support the assertion that the Protestant country in Switzerland may be distinguished from the Catholic by the better appearance of everything which renders life comfortable and happy, — richer fields, better roads, better houses, a more polished people, etc. However, you must not tell my old friend Daisy of my heretic remarks or I shall be robbed of one of the truest friends I have. You may give her my respectful love and tell her I often miss her kind attentions when I look into my bureau drawers and find that her hand of order no longer presides over it. . . . We had now entered the country of the "Ja" and "Sehr Wohl" and "Guten Morgen," and I tried in vain to collect together enough of my small stores of German words to make myself intelligible; however, our ignorance afforded us much amusement. We breakfasted at Mühlhausen and thence walked to the lake of Thun. Having followed its banks for an hour or more, delighting in its beautiful scenery and the mountains which enclose it on the oppo-

site side, we were accosted by a young boy, who was soon seconded by his mother, to know if we would not like a boat to carry us to the head of the lake instead of walking, on so hot a day. Although they spoke in German, we soon understood them, and assented to their proposal. Whereupon the good lady herself, about thirty-five, with three or four little white-haired boys, — all the children are white-headed here, — and a robust girl of eighteen or twenty, prepared their boat and rowed us to Neuhaus at the head of the lake. . . . And now I have room left to beg of you to write me and let me know of all that interests you, books, studies, friends, parties, Amelia and little Mary, and Lizzie Lee and the Lymans. But above all take good care not to grow old before I see you. Remember you are my baby and have been for this dozen years, and I shall not resign my claim.

Your loving brother,

J. J.

JAMES JACKSON, JR., TO HIS SISTER SUSAN

Paris, February 13, 1832.

My dearest Sue, — I received to-day, with great pleasure, your letter of January fourth. . . . I am rejoiced especially to read your letters because they show me your growing and expanding mind, they teach me that you are no longer a baby and hardly indeed a child, which I should never have known while by you, so fond have I been of prolonging your infancy. . . . You speak of two delightful sermons by Mr. Greenwood on New Year's Day. Would I had been an auditor; there are few things out of our own immediate family and circle that I miss more or more seriously regret than being deprived of the pleasure I was wont to enjoy at the Chapel. We have an English clergyman and I am very regular in my attendance at his church, but on my word I profit very little by his discourses, because they do not enough engage my attention; he is neither a Channing nor a Greenwood, and indeed from

our Boston ministers I could select a dozen at least who are in my mind far his superiors. You will easily believe that my thoughts are often turned Bostonwards while I reflect upon the contrast between my present situation of a Sunday and that which you are all enjoying. But perhaps you have no idea of a Paris Sunday. Let me tell you then first, it differs from the other days in the week only in this, that there is rather less business carried on and good deal more pleasure. I do not mean that there are no churches open and that when open they are still entirely empty ; this would not be literally true, but I may say that the proportion of the population who ever go to church is so small that their loss is imperceptible, so thronged are all the roads and avenues to pleasure. In a word a stranger would see very little difference between Sunday and a week-day ; the shops are all open, business goes on, the streets are filled with goods of all sorts for sale, everybody hurrying and pressing, as usual, after the two sole objects of the Parisian population, gold or pleasure. Since I have been in Europe I have been but once reminded of a New England Sunday.

JAMES JACKSON, JR., TO HIS AUNT HARRIET JACKSON

EDINBURGH, July 9, 1832.

MY DEAR AUNT, — I rec'd y'r's of last month a few days since at Liverpool, and need not tell you how much gratification it afforded me. Those who have been long separated fr. the individuals whom by lot they have been connected with fr. birth, alone know the extreme pleasure of learning fr. time to time that they are still kindly remembered in that circle. I will not attempt to express to you, however, with what extreme pleasure I read and re-read y'r letter full of kindness as it was, for it is not at all Jacksonian to thank in warm terms even when most grateful, and altho' with some other of my acquaintances, as one or two letters to some Parisian medical friends of high degree wld. testify, I take the liberty

of indulging in warm expressions, yet with those I love most dearly I seldom dare it.

. . . And now, my dear Aunt, of Scotland; you have bid me write of Edinburgh. I must tell you *a bit* (as they say in Yorkshire) of how I arrived here. Having passed three or four days among the Cumberland Lakes and on Saturday ev'g taken my last sail over the beautiful and romantic Ulls-Water, I spent that n't at Penrith, a town wh. you will remember for its neatness if you ever passed thro' it, and still more fr. its neighborhood, to the interesting lake-scenery I have just noticed. Two or three hours' sleep, for I was off at 3 A. M., and I was on my road in the mail-coach for Edinb.; the weather looked doubtful for 4 or 5 hours, but soon our doubts were drowned in rain and we shd. have well nigh suffered the same fate but for an ample supply of those English indispensables, umbrellas, for we were of course outside passengers. I cannot resist calling to y'r recollection the delightful Eskdale, the clear river, tho' small, rolling over a rugged and rocky bed, with here and there a prominence forming a water-fall in miniature, and the wild, woody and luxuriant banks, steep fr. the road-side. . . .

At last Edinburgh was to be seen, or rather the mountain wh. hides it (remember I 've some Tracy blood, tho' I 've not yet visited the sweet Isle of *Potatoes*). For an hour or so we were now for the first time favored with a sight of the sun, and most grateful were we indeed, as it afforded an opportunity to see and understand the situation and surrounding scenery of the Northern Metropolis. The fine Mts. to the West in the distance and the neat cottages and rich farms, with here and there the beautiful seats of some fortunate individuals whose fathers for ages have accumulated and handed down to them as a rich and enviable possession, with the hawthorn hedges and the wild-rose wh. is so profuse in these Northern regions, all prepare one for a pleasant impression on entering the city. St. Arthur's chair, the craig and the Castle, first

announce to the stranger that Edinb. as he has seen it on paper, is really before his eyes. We entered at the old city, passing thro' one of its main streets and fr. the uniform neatness and beauty of the stone-houses I supposed after a while that we must also have passed thro' a portion of the new, when the coachman a long time after announced our entrance into the last immediately after we turned into Princes' St. and stopped at the Post-Office. And here I must not forget to mention what to me was one of the most American sights I had seen since my residence in Europe, viz., the streets crowded, in spite of the rain, with men, women and children, neatly dressed but plainly, and quietly pursuing their way home fr. church — how different this fr. London, where the increased splendour of the equipages at Hyde Park is by far the most striking change in the Sunday's scene, at least at the West End — and yet more fr. Paris, where it is truly difficult to ascertain any distinction between Sunday and the week-day. I have seen nothing that so resembled our continuation of streets fr. the stone-church [1] to the head of Park or I may say to the end of Beacon St., upon the Sunday ev'g.

I soon got into a comfortable Hotel, and having changed my dress and dined went out upon Calton Hill to examine the Monuments and take a view of the city. You cannot have forgotten this beautifully decorated height, nor the city, mountain and ocean scenery wh. I doubt not you have often enjoyed fr. it. It was about 6 P. M.; the sun was struggling to show itself before it left us for the night, altho' a thick and deep bed of clouds just rising above the horizon shewd that its orb must again be hid before its influence was lost upon us. The mists, however, were not fully dispersed, and for the first half hour, so thick were they and so diminished was the force of the sun by the intervening clouds, that I cld. not discover on wh. side or where was the ocean and could but feebly discern the distant Mts. In a few moments I saw an intelligent look-

[1] King's Chapel.

ing man of middle age and evidently of the labouring class. I addressed him, saying that I was a stranger and begging that he wld. point out to me some of the interesting objects and more especially define the limits of the new and old cities and give me the names of the numerous fine public buildings wh. lie at our feet. All this he did in good Scotch but nae gude English — however he was extremely intelligent, his expressions clear, and the ideas I derived fr. him upon these points quite definite and I doubt not correct. Of the public buildings I will write the girls perhaps when I visit them more nearly. While I was conversing with my newly-acquired friend, the sun had reached a loop-hole in the clouds below, and we seized the opportunity to look for the Leith, New-Haven, and the Firth — the strong light and the rapid dispersion of the mists soon made them manifest but still the opposite high ground on the other side of the water was obscured and I had the satisfaction of knowing that altho' the scene before me was very fine, a yet finer remained for me fr. the same spot at a later opportunity to be enjoyed. . . .

Your loving nephew,

J. J.

CHAPTER X

LETTERS TO HIS SON JAMES

The following extracts from letters to James Jackson, Jr. from his father during James's stay in Europe are introduced as supplementary to those printed in the memoir just referred to, partly on account of their reference to James, partly for the light which they throw on the character, thoughts, and doings of his father.

It will be remembered that Dr. Jackson was engaged, during this period, as one of a committee of the Massachusetts Medical Society, in studying the problem of cholera, which was then prevalent in Europe and dreaded in America. Morgagni, to whom reference is several times made, was the great pioneer pathologist, one of the leaders of the world in careful observing, whose works James had studied with such care even while still a medical student in Boston.

These letters would be better appreciated after a reading of Dr. Jackson's memoir of his son, since many of the letters from James Jackson, Jr., are given there to which these are in a measure the complements. M. Louis, one of the great leaders in the new era of medical progress in France, was devoting himself to the cause of exact observation, and cultivating the statistical method of collecting clinical and anatomical facts. His intimacy with James Jackson, Jr., was such that

the latter regarded him almost as a second father. The collection of "cases" referred to in several of the letters was a series of voluminous clinical reports and observations made on cholera patients, by James Jackson, in the Paris hospitals.

WALTHAM, August 28, 1831.

MY DEAR SON, — I had the satisfaction yesterday to receive yours of June 26th. Your preceding letter was of June 19th when you were sick, and tho' I presumed that you got well in a day or two, yet I felt uneasy to be two months without any knowledge of you. The fault I know was in the winds. . . .

What you find at the French hospitals is just what I expected — i. e., the means of studying diagnosis and morbid anatomy. You may also gain some knowledge on prognosis. Observe the symptoms and changes in the course of a disease, try to estimate the chances of life or death, of long or short disease, etc., and fix the grounds of your expectation — then compare the result. Observe what others, and particularly the Professor, say on this point and what reasons they give. A physician need not always declare his prognosis, but he should always try to make one for himself — it decides the treatment — the greater the danger, the bolder may be the treatment, if any reliance is to be placed on treatment.

As to therapeutics — we often do too much — the French too little. You may perhaps get so well acquainted with Andral or some other such man as to suggest, at some future day, that you have been accustomed to see such and such treatment and ask whether this has been tried in Paris and rejected, etc. Such suggestions modestly made may lead to useful discussions — possibly they may be willing to try the American mode, tho' not the English. . . .

I have applied for your degree of A. M., and will send you the diploma. . . . I hope that you will not neglect your

exercise any more — you see that you lose time by it. I thought you were sufficiently impressed on that subject. To gain knowledge even is useless at the expense of health. Health is physical virtue and is second only in importance to moral virtue. . . .

WALTHAM, September 5, 1831.

MY DEAR SON, — . . . I am certainly pleased to find that Andral agrees with me as to asthma — and still more that he has begun to try the use of purgatives — he begins cautiously, but he will go on more boldly after he has seen more frequently that *il n'a fait pas de mal.* If he does go on he will produce a revolution in the fr. [French] practice. The great error in that practice is the neglect of purgatives, of mercurials and early vesication. What you have witnessed is not more than I had believed. The neglect of purgatives however is much older than Broussais, tho' increased and enforced by him.

WALTHAM, September 23, 1831.

MY DEAR SON, — I begin my letter now because I feel disposed to write to you, — tho' I shall keep it open till the 26th or 27th. Two days since I received yours by packet of Aug. 1 as also one for Lydia. A later vessel arrived from Havre the same day, but I presume not a packet as it brought us no letters. I certainly am grieved that you were sick in July and hope that you were not deceived in the belief that you were convalescent when you wrote on the 27th. I am not disposed to reproach you as you seem to apprehend. But I trust you will learn wisdom from the circumstances — the proper use to be made of our errors and mistakes. I am not much surprised at your self-deception — it is however an instance of the disposition to "reason up to our wishes," to which we all have a tendency. As regards disease in their own persons medical men are very apt to commit this error — more so even than other men. I would not have a physician look for a bad construction to every symptom he notices in himself —

but he ought to practice the art of self-examination when at all sick, and never to hesitate to adopt requisite measures for safety and relief. . . .

I am quite pleased to find that you have found some agreeable companions among your countrymen abroad. I would not cultivate a jealousy toward friends of such a description — but it is well to remember that you must eat a peck of salt with a man before you know him thoroughly — and that it is not well to allow your intercourse to extend to familiarity with new acquaintances — I mean as to personal matters. As to the events of the day and especially professional matters, a cautious reserve is not necessary — but men of different climes, a Virginian and a Yankee, have different notions — and what is most important is to respect those of your companions and not to expose those of your own too nakedly to his animadversion. I dare say you have thought of these things, and your frankness, which I love, is the only thing which I fear.

Do tell us more of whom you see and of the attentions you receive. . . .

Do not think I am not pleased to hear all your professional remarks and movements — I am delighted with them. I want to know more what you have learnt about auscultation in diseases of the chest — but I suppose these things are not easily written. You may however discover that I have been in error on some points. If so, you should write me. I lament that you may not see more of Andral in the Hospital, but hope that Louis will supply his place in some measure. I hope that you will not omit attention to surgery entirely. You must see the great surgeons and be able to talk of them. Good-night my dear son — may God preserve you. . . .

Boston, November 6, 1831.

My dear Son, — Our last letter from you was Aug. 31, Berne. You wish that I was with you. I often have the same wish — if I could travel with any comfort I should harbor

the wish even more strongly, or more readily. I could indeed sympathize with you in admiring the grandeur and beauty of the scenes of nature and in enjoying the conversation of enlightened men — liberalized by science and by the best views of religion like some of the Swiss philosophers. The free intercourse of learned men, loving truth (which is true philosophy) is more delightful than anything this earth affords, when no small and narrow feelings enter to warp the mind and overcome true charity. In our own country I have witnessed this — but we are all working for our livings, and these depend on the reputation we establish, and we are too apt to be so craving as to forget the rights of our neighbors. The same thing happens everywhere to a certain extent — but in an improved state of society it can be shut out for a season, or decently covered up at least, so as not to offend by an unseemly exhibition. . . .

Boston, January 6, 1832.

My dear Son, — On the 1st I received yours of the 28th Oct. It is on the use of the stethoscope, its difficulties. I believe that I wrote you in the same month stating the difficulties on my part. I scarcely expect to overcome them — yet I expect you to do it. It is incomparably easier for you than for me, and you will have great opportunities abroad. Yet I know that you will be collecting materials there — but they will be invaluable ones — treasure them in your memory — in your note-book too — but in your memory — it is there you must look for them in the moment of need. When you begin to feel responsibility you will find a capacity for weighing those materials and giving to each its just value much more than while you regard them as matters of philosophical speculation. . . .

I rejoice that you have had the benefit of M. Louis' instruction in phthisis. It is most important to know when it is present and when it is not. In the last case the patient may be

relieved from great anxiety. In the first, at an early period, I firmly believe that much is to be done, not by medicine, but by regimen and diet.

Boston, January 15, 1832.

I am well pleased with your remarks in comparing Andral and Louis — I do not doubt that the former is the greater man — the latter would seem to be a statician — or statistician: though statistics are very valuable — yet we always find that a man who placed great reliance on them, in any branch of science, physical, moral, or political, is apt to make the mistake of thinking that two and two always make four — which they do not. That is, he applies mathematical reasoning to subjects which do not admit it. I should be very happy however to have your chance of getting instruction from either of these men. In many important respects their opportunities for getting knowledge have been incomparably greater than mine. . . .

I try every day to restrain my impatience to see you back and to be doing the things which will aid you in establishing yourself. I have no fear of your devotion to the cause — and have only to enjoin on you to restrain your impatience also while you are going thro' the preparation. God bless you and help you.

J. J.

Boston, January 24, 1832.

My dear Son, — Yours of November 25 to 28 reached me yesterday — so you see that about sixty days must be allowed generally for the reception of your letters — the average has not been much below fifty-five certainly. At this sitting I shall reply to your letter. As to cholera I have written repeatedly within two or three months. I agree with you that there is less reason for fear as our knowledge of the disease increases. Yet you may find that the danger is really great — and in that case I would have you fly — where? — probably

America. As to its reaching us we have no grounds for an opinion. It is true that it travels over extensive regions like influenza. But the analogy is not sufficiently close to found an argument on it. Influenza sometimes extends from China to Great Britain in one year or less. Cholera has been twelve years in passing from Hindostan to Great Britain. If it comes here, we must meet it as we can. But I am not willing that you should incur a great risk in order to be prepared for it here — especially as I do not anticipate that you will find out how to divest it of its terrors. . . .

Jan. 25. — As regards your translation of Andral, be assured I am much pleased with your enterprise and industry. But I have some fear of your attempting to finish it while abroad. You will recollect that you pay dear for your residence in Europe with a view to advantages peculiar to that region. While waiting for business at home you could do this thing just as well. If done there, you must either neglect some advantages or you must overwork yourself — it is this last I most fear — your zeal will carry you too far and you will neglect exercise as you acknowledge you did last summer. I think of all this. I will not say stop, for I hate to check your ardour, which I love so much, but do not pay too dear. As to publishing it in England, if finished, there are grave objections. It would occupy a good deal of time merely to overlook the publication — and no one would allow you the fair value, for no one would have reason to rely on your fitness for the work — and as to appealing to men of character to look over it and attest its merits, it would be vain — the labor would be too great for such men. All these considerations will show you there is no need of hurrying to finish your work. Perhaps you think that I overlook the direct advantage to yourself in the study necessary to the translation of so valuable a book — but I do not — and if it were not for that I should say decidedly stop. I also consider the help you may get in a difficult passage while at Paris. Still I say remem-

ber your health is your stock for life — not for money merely, but for usefulness. Therefore take your walks at all events.

Jan. 26. — To return to London. I think when there you will be so advanced that it would be tedious and unprofitable to attend regular courses of lectures except from men of the first standing. Everything costs money in London. It would be best therefore to look around — avail yourself of Dr. Boott's information as to characters — visit men and things yourself — go to hear introductories to learn how men lecture — avail yourself of the privileges of a student of advanced standing. I should not be surprised if you should find only two lectures worth attending, tho' you may be compelled to pay more to find this out — and that you should find your time best employed in visiting hospitals, in conversing with intelligent men — and in studying and aiding as a collaborator in Dr. Hodgson's museum. Think that in talking with Dr. H. in his museum, with his preparations for reference, you would be like the pupil to whom Morgagni addressed his lectures, talking to that most faithful pathologist himself. For what is Morgagni's excellence, that which will endear him to every honest pathologist forever — it is his fidelity in giving full evidence, — stating all he saw, whether he understood it or not. Something like this Dr. H. must do by the side of his preparations. I cannot but hope that your interest on morbid anatomy will be a means of making Dr. H. your friend — but a thousand things may prevent this as I know very well — yet the suggestion may be useful. I hope also that you will get free access to the Hunterian Museum. The inspiration of the place will alone do much — old as I am, I burn when I think of it. By the bye, I hope you will get a chance to learn something of comparative anatomy. It is worth much to a physiologist. I have only got general results — but it would be much if I had details familiarly in my mind.

I wrote you as to my arrangements with Dr. [Charles E.] Ware. He has been appointed my adjunct, and after this

year he will deliver the lectures at the College — with a little help from me the first year or two. It would have been a great relief this year to have had him — I worked too hard, and tho' I am very well, I feel unable to go on so. I promise myself much help from you at the hospital if it pleases God to spare us to work there together.

Adieu my dear boy.

J. J.

Boston, February 14, 1832.

My dear Son, — . . . Do not cease to write me on the topics which engage your mind. I only wish I could answer you while the interest lasts. I know the difficulties attending diseases of the brain both acute and chronic — and I am glad the subject has engaged your attention while you have opportunities of studying it practically. You duly appreciate the difficulty of recognizing diseases in their forming state. It has been the study of my life to overcome this difficulty. In respect to acute diseases the opportunity for getting this information is greatest in private practice and with patients of the first class who send early and give all the details. In chronic diseases the cases rarely come before us at the first, — or, at least, they often do not, even in private practice. It is, however, a great help to have acquired first a knowledge of diseases when fully developed, and of their morbid anatomy. It is this which you now have the opportunity of doing. I hope in two years from this time to put your ears in use at my hospital. I think you will find that I have made some progress in the use of my own — tho' less than you have. My opportunities have been very great for two months past — and I have not neglected them entirely, but have not had time to use them fully. I have been truly pressed by business — scarcely getting time for my newspaper some days. To-day I gave my last lecture for this season — and to-morrow begin examinations.

I am willing to hear that you take some interest in political subjects. But do not allow yourself to do anything or to pledge yourself on such subjects. The world is going through a great change. I do not doubt that its results will be salutary — but zealots will retard the good by their eagerness to hasten it — and the wily will avail themselves of the zeal of honest men to do much harm for selfish purposes.

Boston, February 26, 1832.

My dear Son, — Our public examination was finished yesterday, and with that the business of the school for this season. Our hospital is in good part emptied while we purify the wards in succession on account of erythema. I have had some leisure the last ten days and have begun to read on cholera, which will now occupy my thoughts for two or three months. I am disheartened that I cannot make more of my hours — for my old infirmity hangs on me and in spite of every effort I fall asleep. However after getting the habit of study I shall mend a little. As yet I have not come to anything decisive on the great question of contagion — but I must confess that on looking steadily at the subject I do not find the arguments against contagion to be irrefragable. It is quite provoking that we do not get facts in a clear form from England. I think that five good men might have gone to Sutherland under the authority of Government and settled the question. If this has been done I have not heard of it. I look now only to the works of the original observers, and wish that I had them all at hand that I might read them in their order. The argument is very strong for contagion, *if* the disease has followed only in the great roads used by men, on the land or the water. The question is as to the facts. Now the disease till of late has been travelling in countries, of which our knowledge (mine certainly) is very deficient.

Is it true that in passing from Hindostan to Russia, through Persia, etc., the disease has kept on the great road of com-

merce? Or, is it true that if it had traversed Persia in all directions we should hear of it only at the great stopping-places of the travellers — having little acquaintance with any other? The answers which have been given to these questions have not come (to me) in such a shape as to inspire confidence. It will, however, be one of my objects to look into this matter. What is said by Reviewers, Report Makers, etc., I do not heed. Original observers only are worthy to be consulted, and these I have not yet at hand. In Russia there is a better chance for correct information — but not much there. When we come to Vienna, Berlin, Hamburg, one would think we might get some accurate information. But above all I have relied on England, and if we do not in six weeks learn something definite there I shall be greatly disappointed. It is certainly in favor of contagion that the disease presses on steadily toward the west without regard to season. We hear something of the tendency to the disease in the Alimentary Canal in England during the last autumn — but this would not have led us to suppose that this violent disease would be extending there in Nov. and Dec., and if it would, we should look for it scattered over the island, not in two, three or four small spots only. There are arguments on the other side, but it becomes us here to be jealous on this subject — for if the disease be contagious we ought to be guarded at all points against it. If it comes here, we may trust that the habits of our people are such as will render it much less fatal than in the countries in which it has principally displayed itself. Yet it would be a great evil. We have no people to spare — and the business of the country, of course its industry, would be greatly interrupted by it. Should it reach Paris, I can add nothing to what I have already said to you. Consult wise men — keep firm and keep cool, but do not expose yourself unnecessarily — there will be no cowardice in flying if there be real danger — and probably home must be the safest place of refuge. If in Paris with the disease, take care to live in a

good part of the city, in a comfortable room, and with people on whom you may place some reliance.

I was pleased to find that you were right in your diagnosis as to the Empyema. Beat your masters in the race whenever you can — only continue to learn from them more and more, so as to beat them again.

. . . God bless you, my dear son, and restore you to us with your mind enriched and improved but your heart the same as when you left us.

Affectionately yours,

J. J.

Boston, April 3, 1832.

My dear Son, — I had not intended to write by this vessel, but this evening I have received two letters from you — of Feb. 13th and of Feb. 18th. The last contains your proposition to pass a year in Germany. That fills my mind of course, and I shall give you my first impressions without much order — and perhaps change my mind before I seal the letter.

First: — I dare not look at it as keeping you from me another year, for I have been counting the months to your return so often and longing to shorten them that I know not how to think of adding to them. I feel all the time a desire to keep up my interest in medicine that I may go along with you when you return, in the discussion of the subjects which fill your mind. I have not been to the hospital this winter without thinking how much more I should be interested if you were there, and how I could make you useful to me as well as to yourself — and it is one of the considerations which influenced me in my arrangement with Dr. Ware, that I should not be obliged to cut you short in our visits there, by saying that I must go to my lecture in the college. But I will not allow all this to influence me if I can help it. I have endeavored thro' life, tho' I have not always done it,

to think of the ultimate and lasting good rather than immediate gratification. Let me then turn my back upon all this.

What is the good of visiting Germany? My ignorance prevents my answering, and you do not state any evidence that there is much to be got there, but rather urge that possibly there may be and then you will lament the loss, if hereafter you find that there is. As far as my positive knowledge goes, if you are to spend a third year abroad, I should say spend it in France or Great Britain. If there is much there (Germany), why was Ch. T. Jackson satisfied with so short a visit? If there is much there, why do we not get some of it through the French, if not thro' the English? We have accounts of some nice and accurate anatomists and naturalists — of some good physiologists — and occasionally of something good in pathology and therapeutics. But most — if not all of it — may be got from books without going among them. To go away among them is not only to be absent another year, but to pass part of that year in acquiring a language which, as a spoken language, will never help you afterwards, but also to pass that year among entire strangers and foreigners. In France and Great Britain you are among friends and acquaintances — but in Germany it would not be so — to me it would not — for I should not know any man with whom you would associate.

Yet it may be that not having attended to the men who teach there and to the means of knowledge furnished there, I undervalue the advantages. I grant that you have the means of knowing much more on these points — and certainly I am not ready to prevent your having advantages which you clearly discern though I do not. I only want to be sure that you do clearly discern them. I have had no reason to doubt your judgment, but you may be carried too far by your desire of improvement. Meanwhile the ardour of this desire fills me with delight. Good-night, I must finish to-morrow.

Apr. 4th. "*Vita brevis — ars longa.*" So long is art that

if you would exhaust all possible means of attaining it before you begin the practice, no time would be left for the latter — and after all, in our art, there is much which you cannot get until you begin to act for yourself. If Germany contains institutions or living men from whom you can get what their books will not give you — and if that is very valuable which you can so get — it may be wise for you to go there. But the mere written language and the books you may get without such a visit. Think this well over. You need not determine at once, if you go to Edinboro as I hope you will. I shall leave the ultimate decision to you — not to save myself responsibility — but because you have better means of knowing all that should decide the case.

If you do go, I suppose three months would be given to the language. If so much be not necessary, I should think less than a year would suffice. You may perhaps go to Germany next March — and be in France or England in Sept., 1833, so as to reach home the last of October.

To settle this, you must consider what time is wanted in London. I am not sure that a whole winter (8 months) is required for that city, unless Dr. Bright and his colleagues or Mr. Hodgkin at Guy's can teach you a great deal. But in thus trying to economize time, I am only making suggestions — not prescribing. Above all things I would not have you so crowd your studies or so burden yourself as to injure your health. Mr. G. Blake assures us that is not very good. Study and practise the rules of Hygiene — all other studies are vain without this. Besides, it is disreputable for a physician not to do so. . . .

Since the above was written I have talked with your uncles. They ask as I do, what is there to be got in Germany that cannot be got from German books. They agree in my views. You may know that much is to be got — I do not disturb your judgment — if you decide to go, I shall think it right. As to Italy, I have heretofore talked with those who have

been there, and I have never found anything worth going for — though there are good things there. But the time and money spent here would do you more good. I silence my own feelings entirely on this subject. . . .

Affectionately,

J. J.

April 13, 1832.

. . . As to your system of exact observation, follow it closely — as I have already told you — and hold to it so far as regards scientific principles — but you must at one day learn that a question in practice is a question of expediency — and if you regard it otherwise, you could hardly take a step in common affairs. What shall you eat for dinner the day you receive this? — do you mean to regard your health? and have you seen plenary evidence that the cutlets, and "what not" that you may call for as the restoratives, are the best articles? But how much easier to settle definitely actual questions in hygiene than in therapeutics. Now the sick man must take something, water, soup, milk, bread, — you must tell him. So, you must, from the best evidence you can get, decide whether he may take Ipecac or Antimony or Calomel, etc., etc., — or whether it is *best for him* to omit all medicines.

Waltham, July 12, 1832.

. . . Tho' we have the cholera at N. Y. and Albany — and expect it here daily, yet few physicians w'd read your cases as you would desire. However I will read them, if the writing is legible, — and will then tell you my decision. The disease itself is expected at Boston daily — it is at N. Y. and Albany, as you will see by the papers, if these reach you. Drs. Bigelow, Ware and Flint have been sent by our Health Commissioners to N. Y. to see the disease. You tell me you are getting sceptical as to medical books. A certain measure of scepticism is very just. Before we can rely on statements we must look to the

character of him who makes them. This character we cannot always learn from without — but there is an internal evidence in many cases on which we may rely. But the best men form their opinions from general impressions and not on sufficiently accurate observation. Follow M. Louis, my dear son, and get accurate and impartial observations — go as far as possible in this way — but do not throw away entirely the observations of men, who have pursued a less rigid course. Such observations are worth something, though they must be taken with some allowances. The more you study the subject the more you will see the inevitable imperfections in human knowledge — and more depends on the honesty and industry with which men pursue it than on the mode. Still there is a choice and a great choice as to the mode. . . .

You do not tell me where you are — in what street — how you live, etc. As to your political opinions I shall say nothing till your return. A little warmth on the side of liberty belongs to your age — as to the real welfare of the cause all good men will join — but its apparent success is not always real success. I trust however that this will not prove true in G. B.

Waltham, July 26, 1832.

My dear Son, — Immediately after I last wrote you I received yours of June 6th with the second part of your cases. The package by Dr. Howe has not yet reached me, being embarrassed by the state of affairs in N. Y. I have found where it now is and have written to the Higginsons to get it. But the intercourse is so interrupted that I cannot say when it will come. Dr. H. has done all he could about it. The second package contained your closing remarks. I did not like to trust myself, but gave the papers to Dr. Bigelow, requesting him to read one or two cases, and endeavored to make him give me an honest opinion. He returned the papers, advised me decidedly to print them. I was well enough disposed to do so before. I have accordingly arranged with Carter &

Hender to take hold of it as soon as I can get the package and can arrange the papers. Meanwhile let me tell you I anticipate not a little trouble from the illegible writing and the abbreviations of technical terms. John Jackson has engaged to help me — we shall both look over the proof-sheets. I did think of letting Elizabeth copy the whole, which she offered to do, but it would take too much time and be too heavy a labor for her to hurry through. I shall take the liberty of altering some of the expressions, which will not, I hope, displease you. It would take too much time and paper to state wherein, etc. — but I shall not interfere except as to style. You use the personal pronoun too much — a common fault in young writers, and there is a little too much expression of *assurance*, i. e. being sure, in respect to some points. You may be sure, but you need not state it so thoroughly. Having pointed out the faults, which are not of a very serious character, I shall now add that I am very greatly pleased with the thing. It is an evidence of your great industry certainly — the principles on which it is grounded are correct — the inferences are summed up exceedingly well so far as the logic is concerned — and that will do you credit.

As to the cases, I think few persons will go through them, and if the disease were not now prevailing in the country, I should doubt about printing them. I shall make a short preface in my own name to show why I think it right to publish a new book on the cholera, and that by a medical student, when the public are already complaining of the number of books on the subject. I shall hurry the work thro' the press as fast as I can — but some delay will arise from my being out of town — but I shall obviate that as far as possible. I shall send you two dozen copies. If you shall want more, write me on receipt of this. Your argument in the question whether the disease consists in an inflammation, or rather whether it depends on that, is so much like mine that it will be supposed one of us has borrowed from the other. . . .

As yet no cholera in Boston — a little in Connecticut — very bad in New York, though less the last two days. . . . All friends well here. . . . I am glad you were out of Paris in May. French liberty is turbulent — I hope English liberty will not become so. It is better to have Lords than mobs. Say the kindest things for us to Dr. Boott and family.

Yours,

J. J.

Boston, December 20, 1832.

My dear Son, — I had not meant to write to you by this packet, but I must tell you how highly I was gratified two days since by the rec't. of yours of Oct. 21–29. You are deriving the pleasure I had anticipated as soon as I found you would meet Dr. Peirson [of Salem] in Paris; the pleasure and the profit too. The advantages of the company of such a man in pursuing your observations are of great value — and you repay him fully, for I am sure that thro' you he must learn much more than he could by any other interpreter, in addition to the privileges which you are able to procure for him. We are often told how bad the world is — and in many ways it is bad enough — but I often reflect how many excellent men and women it has been my lot to be acquainted with, and have felt assured that just such persons were pursuing their quiet course in all parts of the world. In your travels thus far you have found such, and I thank God for it most gratefully. Indeed if I had no other evidence, this would show me that you are pursuing a right course, and the pleasure from this is indescribable. Remember this thirty years hence — if you then have a son you will know that it is indescribable — tho' you may think now that you know what it is. Do not trouble yourself by supposing that I think you without faults and that I may be disappointed. I know human nature and know myself too well to do this.

I sympathize with you in all the happiness you describe, and see you with Louis stepping forward to take your hand and afterwards walking home with you. I am impatient to see his letter to me. . . .

We are getting into a bad state as to political matters.[1] The S. Carolinians are mad, and are bringing on a civil war and much trouble and suffering to themselves. Our people should sacrifice much for peace, tho' they should not yield to all the demands of S. C. for that would be to give up the gov't of the U. S. I fear our people will not be willing to give up enough. They should give at once all they will ever be willing to give for the sake of peace, and then insist upon obedience to the Gov't by not allowing a boat to enter the ports of S. C. In this way they might I trust avoid bloodshed. If the angry passions are more and more excited, it is impossible to say how far other States will sympathize with S. C., and a war and separation of the States may ensue. May God avert these evils from us. The least evil we look for is a stagnation of business which will cause distress to all industrious people. The course of things among us will perhaps check the ultra republican doctrines which tried to revolutionize Europe instead of bringing about an amelioration gradually — the only way in which amelioration can be brought about for the rising generation. Future ages may be benefited by violent revolutions, but not the present. . . .

Yours,

J. J.

Boston, March 29, 1833.

My dear Son, — We are greatly disappointed at not getting letters from you. Our last dates are Jan. 16th. Within a few days two or three vessels have arrived at N. Y. from Havre — of which two at least must be packets — perhaps to-morrow will bring letters. . . .

[1] The Nullification movement.

I have finished my winter's work in the Hospital, — Dr. Ware takes hold this morning. My course has been satisfactory on the whole. Many of my cases have been interesting and instructive — to me at least. Students do not seem to me so eager to acquire the knowledge which cases afford, as I should wish. [Oliver Wendell] Holmes knows more of my cases this winter than any one — he spent three or four months in the hospital as apothecary. If you see him, he can tell you much that is interesting. Do not mind his apparent frivolity and you will soon find that he is intelligent and well informed. He has the true zeal.

Boston, May 20, 1833.

. . . I think it probable that you will pass a week or two in London — if you do, you will not I trust hold the medical men so cheap as not to get something from them. They know something. They do not pursue so sure a method in the search for truth as you of the numerical school, but it would be bigotry, which does not belong to you, to suppose that truth would not be attained in any other method.

You remark that you find good qualities in many men, on intimate acquaintance, where you had not looked for them. It is so in regard to the different notions on subjects of art and science — when you go with the man who entertains certain notions, and look at his subject from the spot whence he examines it, you see that he has seen something real, although his words have not conveyed to your mind a just idea. There is more difficulty in conveying knowledge by words than many men are aware of. This is not the whole source of our differences in opinion, but it is the source of much of them.

I have thought much of your plan of devoting some years to observation. I do not mean to go into the whole matter — but I must beg you not to commit yourself. There are more difficulties than you are aware of. Where, for instance, would

you find a sufficient field? Our hospital would be too small. But mainly, there is the difficulty of making observations and yet attending to the little business a young doctor can get, let him begin at what age he will. You will not get access in any way to patients who take no medicine. If medicine is not given, it will be taken. If the patients are not under your charge, they will be under the charge of some one who will give medicine. Again, do you realize the difficulties of being singular in your course of conduct? I know that you do not. I have hardly learnt how many or how great these difficulties are. In certain cases they need not be regarded — but in others they cannot be disregarded with impunity. I might say much more, but be assured I shall hear calmly all you have to say, and shall wish that you should seek the means for acquiring knowledge which are the only true ones — on that point M. Louis and you and I shall not disagree. . . .

Our lives in N. E. pass very quickly — working hard and not much troubled, tho' the nullifiers at the South contrive to bluster — indeed it is evident that the leaders in South Carolina wish for secession — but we trust that they will be counteracted by wiser men in their own quarter.

This letter begun on the 20th has been written principally on the 21st. I had hoped for another letter from you and trust that one must be near.

Affectionately yours,

J. J.

The correspondence from which these few extracts have been taken was terminated only by James's return to America, which was so quickly followed by his death. This bereavement, together with the sudden closing of the cherished hopes and plans which it involved, doubtless intensified somewhat Dr. Jackson's sense that he was growing too old to sustain such ac-

tive labor as he had hitherto performed, and strengthened his determination to resign his positions as professor in the Medical School and physician to the Massachusetts General Hospital. With these exceptions, however, he continued his practice for more than a quarter of a century longer; and it was during this latter period that the qualities which made him so warmly loved came more and more strikingly to the front.

His connection with the Medical School ceased with the close of the college year 1835–36, when, to the regret of his colleagues, he withdrew. The following brief correspondence indicates the strength of the personal bond by which he felt himself united to the men by whose side he had worked so long: —

"June 4, 1836. On motion of Dr. Warren the following vote was unanimously passed, and the Dean directed to transmit a copy to Dr. Jackson: —

"The Faculty having been informed by Dr. Jackson, Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic, that it is his intention to resign the office of Professor in Harvard University.

"*Voted*, That the Faculty recognize with gratitude the labours of Dr. Jackson in removing the Medical School to Boston, in obtaining a building for its accommodation, in his lectures in the Theory and Practice and on Clinical Medicine, and in effecting the establishment of the Massachusetts General Hospital and connecting it with the Medical School, and that they learn with deep regret that they are to be deprived of the future services of one who has contributed so much to the reputation and usefulness of the Medical School of Harvard University."

DR. JACKSON TO DR. WALTER CHANNING.

WALTHAM, June 9, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have received your note with the vote of the Medical Faculty in regard to me. I cannot make a formal reply to it. I recall the hours I have spent with my brethren of the Medical School during the last twenty-five years as among my happiest hours; and should be ungrateful indeed could I forget the many instances of kindness and friendship from my colleagues. With these feelings I now think I shall always be with you in the spirit, and am hardly ready to say to myself that our connection has ceased. The interest I have felt in the Medical School has become a part of me, and I can never give it up, though various feelings and considerations had an influence on me in resigning my office and in deciding on the manner of doing it. Yet I should not have done it had I not believed that the time was near at hand, if it had not already arrived, in which my usefulness would be diminished.

I am, my dear sir, yours sincerely,

J. JACKSON.

Dr. Jackson's resignation from the hospital was offered and accepted in October, 1837. He was then just sixty years of age, and though he thought himself getting old, a long period of usefulness and happiness lay before him.

CHAPTER XI

MARRIAGE OF HIS CHILDREN; LETTERS TO MISS ANNA C. LOWELL

In 1835 Dr. Jackson's oldest daughter, Elizabeth, was married to Dr. Charles G. Putnam, and the marriages of Lydia to Mr. Charles S. Storrow, Harriet to Mr. George R. Minot, Susan to her cousin, Charles Jackson, and Francis to Miss Sarah Boott followed within the subsequent six years.

These marriages were all fortunate and happy. Dr. Putnam was the second son of Judge Samuel Putnam of Salem, and in Salem he himself was born and brought up. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1824, and received his medical training in the office of Dr. A. L. Pierson, who, like Dr. Jackson, had been a pupil of Dr. Holyoke. Even before his marriage Dr. Putnam had planned to make Boston his home, and there practically the whole of his active professional life was spent. He was a great admirer of Dr. Jackson, and through his marriage with Elizabeth his relations with her father became peculiarly close. For a long time he assisted him in his office-work, although giving his special attention to obstetrics, in which he became an accepted authority. A man of few words and simple tastes, kindly, unselfish, devoted, a hater of injustice and shams, a true lover of fun, he won many warm friends, and was able to inspire

his patients to an unusual degree with affection, confidence, and esteem.

Mr. Storrow, the son of Thomas Wentworth Storrow, was a man of great modesty, but of unusual ability, a thorough student, and of fine personal traits.[1] A portion of his early life was passed in France, but he was graduated at Harvard College, and afterwards received, mainly in France and England, the thorough training as engineer which he was able, later, to place at the service of the community in the building and organizing of the Boston and Lowell railroad, the Hoosac Tunnel, and the canal and water-power at Lawrence. He was the first mayor of Lawrence, and a leader in its early progress. The success of the Essex Company was due largely to his efforts, and to the confidence which his integrity, his ability, and his accuracy were able to inspire.

Mr. Minot was a son of William Minot, a well-known lawyer of Boston, and grandson of George Richards Minot, lawyer, judge, and writer of history. He was born October 29, 1813. He was in the East India business until that ceased to be the characteristic trade of Boston, when he became the selling agent for large manufacturing corporations. He was the ideal of a Boston merchant. His probity was a tower of strength to himself and to all who dealt with him. What was right and honest was the very law of his being. He was warm hearted and affectionate, and most faithful in his friendships, delighting in liberal hospitality, and

[1] See an excellent sketch of Mr. Storrow which has recently been written for the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, by his former associate, Mr. Hiram F. Mills.

unwearied in his efforts to make every one about him happy.

He was very fond of the quiet pleasures of a country life, and this led him to secure the beautiful estate of Woodbourne, in the then secluded district of Forest Hills, where in winter and in summer the large group of his nephews and nieces found a hospitable and well-remembered welcome.

Mr. Charles Jackson was the only son of Judge Jackson, and inherited his father's sensitiveness, ability, and power of nice discrimination, together with something of his delicacy of health, but possessed, besides, an unusual share of brilliancy and gayety of disposition. He took up the manufacture of iron in Pennsylvania for his life work, and eventually became treasurer of the Glendon Iron Company.

Miss Sarah Boott, who became the wife of Francis Jackson, was a daughter of Mr. Kirk Boott, who had been closely associated with Mr. Patrick Tracy Jackson in the affairs of the Lowell mills.

The Bootts were an English family, and Mr. Kirk Boott's brother, Dr. Boott of London, had made himself of much service to James Jackson, Jr., during his stay in England, and was counted by Dr. Jackson as a near friend. Mrs. Jackson contributed to the family life a quiet effectiveness, steadfastness, and courage that caused her to fill a very important place. Several of the letters by Dr. Jackson here cited make allusions to Mr. Francis Jackson's attempt to develop the iron mines at Westport. The story of this enterprise would be a long and picturesque one, and cannot be told here fur-

ther than to say that if the attempt failed, it was not for lack of industry and perseverance on Mr. Jackson's part. The work at Westport brought Mr. and Mrs. Jackson into close contact with their employees, to whom they showed great kindness. After returning to Boston, Mr. Jackson busied himself in architecture and house decoration, for which he had a distinct talent, and eventually made a home for his father, after the death of Dr. Jackson's wife. It is noteworthy that although Mr. Jackson had had no training as an architect, the houses that he planned, and of which he superintended the building, had an individuality and merit which have enabled them to endure well a comparison with those of later experts.

Through the new and varied interests brought in by these unions of his daughters and his son, Dr. Jackson found full play for sympathy and thought. Each new grandchild brought him new and thoroughly individualized delight.

Losses of property led him, in 1842, to dispose of the Waltham place and to seek to increase his medical practice. In 1850 further losses obliged him to leave the Pemberton Square house for a smaller though very pleasant house on Hamilton Place, where he soon found himself again in company with his brother Patrick and the widow of his brother Charles. Later, Charles and Susan Jackson, with their family, and his nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Morse, joined this pleasant family group.

This quiet and pleasant retreat came to be as familiar to the large group of cousins and friends as Bedford Place had been in earlier days.

Dr. Jackson kept no diary; and although he was a good correspondent, yet but few letters from him have been preserved except those written to his son James during the years 1831 to 1833, and a long series to Miss Anna C. Lowell, covering a period of twenty-four years, from 1842 to 1866. Miss Anna Lowell, with her older sister, Miss Amory Lowell, daughters of Hon. John Lowell, the son of Jonathan Jackson's lifelong friend, occupied until their death a portion of the old family estate in Roxbury, then known as "Bromley Vale." They were women of rare qualities of mind and heart, cultivated, sympathetic, and genuine, the understanding and trusted friends of all who knew them. Their father had been greatly loved and respected by Dr. Jackson, and his traditional and personal friendship for all members of the family was reinforced, in the case of Miss Anna Lowell, by the fact that he was her physician through a long period of invalidism, and had also had the medical care of her father. Miss Lowell and he were peculiarly sympathetic, and after her father's death she turned more and more to him for counsel on every point. He visited her frequently, and in the intervals of these visits he wrote long letters, almost every one of which contains, besides the medical advice with which it opens, some reference to topics interesting to her, or to them both, or some characterization of a mutual acquaintance or a friend. Doubtless, his affection might have served as a sufficient motive for this custom, but there was another reason as well. He believed it to be the physician's duty to do what he could to surround his patients with an atmosphere of cheerfulness and friendship.

He wrote letters with ease and pleasure, and so far as his time allowed, he made them a part of his treatment in many cases. Some extracts from the non-professional portions of these letters to Miss Lowell are here given for the sake of the light which they throw on his interests and the workings of his mind during the last twenty-five years of his life. These extracts are preceded by a brief note from Dr. Jackson's nephew, Colonel Henry Lee, which may serve to indicate the respect in which Miss Lowell universally was held, and by two general references to Dr. Jackson by Miss Lowell herself, which may be taken as supplementary to the longer estimate given on page 183.

COLONEL HENRY LEE TO MISS F. R. MORSE

My dear Fanny, — I cannot think of anybody whose satisfaction with my sketch of Mrs. Kemble would gratify me more than Miss Lowell's. Ever since I was a little boy and she and her sister, Miss Amory, used to come to our house to see Cousin Sally and the rest, I have always thought of those two sisters as enjoying "the quiet and still air of delightful studies," and it gives me genuine delight to have recalled old times to her pleasantly. Some day I shall go and thank Miss Lowell for her visit and kind message.

Your affectionate Uncle Harry.

Beach End, July 19, 1893.

The following extract was copied by Miss Lowell herself, from her diary of 1842: —

"James Jackson [Junior] was often in my thoughts. The sight of his father who so resembles him kept him before me. Some of my feelings about my illness reminded me of his conversation with me, one Sunday evening after his recovery

from the typhus fever, in our parlor, when he told me what a happy illness he had had; — this was just before his last illness which quickly succeeded the other; — and how grateful he felt for it on account of the new sympathy he should now feel toward the sick and the new experience he had gained to assist him in his profession; the pleasures too he had enjoyed from receiving the attentions of so many friends, from the flowers that had charmed his sick-room, the pictures and exquisite productions of art and nature that had been so abundantly sent to cheer his convalescence. I was so full of these recollections that I felt impelled to speak of them to Dr. Jackson. I spoke too of my delightful impression of James's character. He listened attentively but silently, and a pang came over me as I lay awake the next night lest I should have awakened painful feelings by thus speaking. . . . "Oh, you are mistaken," he answered, "it gives me great pleasure to have my son remembered, especially in such cheerful and bright recollections as yours."

MISS A. C. LOWELL TO DR. JACKSON'S OLDEST GRANDDAUGHTER, MISS E. C. PUTNAM

. . . And to your dear grandfather too, how much do you owe, and how glad I am that you appreciate him so fully. No wonder you prize his daily morning benediction. While I had the blessedness of enjoying it for a season I used to feel the benignant influence all the day. . . . It is not merely past relief, comfort and enjoyment, but positive moral good to my soul. That even tenor of his way, which you allude to is doing me good now, as I watch it cheering and soothing me through the rough places of *my* way. . . .

DR. JACKSON TO MISS A. C. LOWELL

Easton, Pa., June 17, 1843.

. . . I found my two Sues in good case; in truth I had all the delight I had anticipated in seeing them. You may have

discovered that nobody thinks my Sue sweeter than I do, and the pleasure she manifested in seeing us heightened the delight of meeting her. The little Sue was coy at first, but in a few minutes she showed her dimples, and soon got into a good frolic with me. They are pleasantly situated here in one of the old Pennsylvania towns, living, of course, a very retired life. We have just now returned from a pleasant ride on the banks of the Lehigh, having visited the furnace which Charles is now building. . . .

BOSTON, July 11, 1843.

. . . [Referring to another friend] I saw the evils of her reserve and over prudence, but I always held her character in great respect. . . . I have faith in culture; it may do much. Yet we all grow in forms according to our own original natures, as some trees send all their branches upward and others droop theirs in various curves. This is a dangerous doctrine, fit for the esoterics and not for the exoterics. But I do not fear to state it to you, for I know that you are constantly striving to regulate every thought and feeling as well as every action by the best principles. That, however, is part of a happy, thoughtful nature in you. . . .

BOSTON, August 14, 1843.

. . . Mrs. —— has many good points of character, and her present situation makes her interesting, and I am glad to hear that she bears her troubles so well. I have known her well many years since, but not for a long while past. Judging from her earlier years I should say to you render her any kind attention you can, but do not be in a hurry to enter into an indissoluble friendship. "How prone he is to be censorious," any one might utter; but I know you will not, at least until you have heard more. What you tell me concerning Mr. and Mrs. P.'s conduct toward their German protégé delights me, it corresponds with all my notions of them. I am also delighted to learn how wisely economical he is. His is true

economy. But it is most essential to the maintenance of a good moral character. Not only as a moral duty in itself, but also as making a man feel independent. This feeling, after a man has passed the early years of life, is almost essential to the maintenance of virtue. A man, not a woman, who is dependent on others, without a very sufficient reason, in real misfortunes, can hardly maintain the purity of feeling and rectitude of conduct which are essential to happiness. . . .

Boston, August 23, 1843.

. . . To-day I went to Cambridge for the sake of hearing John.[1] . . . I got enough to understand the view he took of the Battle of the Nile. It was the true philosophical view, the importance it had in the eyes of Europe and the world at the time in showing that the French were not invincible, that the Mistress of the seas could withstand them on one element at least. The views were such as his grandfather would have presented on the same subject. He did not go into a full description of the battle, but made a rapid and lively sketch of it in a very happy manner. I was entirely satisfied and gratified with his performance. . . .

Boston, August 28, 1843.

. . . I missed hearing Mr. Putnam[2] in the morning, who preached at King's Chapel. In the afternoon I did hear a very forcible discourse, which you will recognize I suspect by the title "Wait." It was in accordance with some of my own preaching, you know, though not with my practice, for I am not over-patient, and have sometimes thought I should hurry out of life sooner than I need, I am so desirous to do at once what is to be done. However, he referred to waiting for results, while we take care to do whatever belongs to us. . . .

[1] Afterwards Judge of the U. S. District Court. The occasion was Mr. Lowell's Commencement Day.

[2] Rev. George Putnam of the First Unitarian Church in Roxbury.

Boston, September 10, 1843.

. . . I must say to your credit that while you live so much in the past you do not fail to enjoy the present, and you may have observed that it is often otherwise. People often talk much of the excellence of old times as a mode of indulging themselves in complaint of the present degenerate age. . . .

Boston, October 2, 1843.

. . . To-morrow is my birthday. Within a few hours I shall have lived sixty-six years on this earth. Like others I found rough places on it and often very dirty ones, but my share in these respects has been comparatively small, while I have spent much of my time in beautiful green fields amidst many of the finest trees of the forest and in the sight of magnificent and picturesque hills. I have had enough and abundant evidences of the goodness as well as the greatness of the Creator. And I have only to lament, which I do with unfeigned penitence, that I have not taken the advantage much more than I have done of the opportunities afforded me.

I do not accuse myself of constant indolence or of frequent wilful sins, but of these last I have committed many, and my indolence has justified the confession which I make most sincerely that I have left undone the things that I ought to have done. I have become too infirm to remedy my negligence, and I try now to do, what belongs to the aged, and is the substitute for active benevolence, to soothe the sorrowful and to encourage the timid and to enforce on the young just entering on active life that the path of duty is the only path to happiness. For the little I can do in these ways I obtain at once the richest rewards, a gratitude which I value because it makes me think better of human nature, and sometimes a strong and warm affection for which I am almost ashamed that it is so vastly beyond my deserts. If I were always to be so richly repaid, I fear I should begin to love others only for the selfish gratification of such returns. . . .

November 2, 1843.

. . . I have done more professional business in October than in any month for many years so far as I can recollect. But this week I have been clearing off my patients, not all by death, which a wag might suppose by my "clearing off." I have not any wish to be so much occupied and would willingly give up a part to younger men. The prejudice in favor of old doctors is not a very wise one. I thought so when I was young and I think so now I am old. In important cases there should always be a young one in attendance. . . .

Boston, November 12, 1843.

. . . Dyspepsy and cheerfulness do not go together. . . . Again too I am aware that you poetical people are able to describe misery so well as to make us prosaic folks realize it to the utmost, and often more than you mean to. . . . I believe that philosophy is a feeble antagonist to dyspepsy. The latter can raise clouds faster than the former can dispel them or blow them away. When the stomach rights itself and the complexion assumes a fresher hue, philosophy sometimes struts in and boasts of the smiles it has brought and the resignation it has inspired. It is hard to fight with the demon in his moment of power. I believe the best one can do is to fix in the mind a conviction that the black and motley crew of despondent thoughts are of fleshly origin, and not, as they would pretend, from a spiritual source. And second to engage the mind as much as possible in some occupation, or rather on some occupation. Now it is just so you do, I believe, and as usual I finish without recommending anything new. . . .

December 5, 1843.

. . . You ask about our Thanksgiving Day. Dr. P. and family were at his father's. The rest were here, all who were in town, except one grandchild. It was for dinner, all were gone at dark. We had a pleasant day; the children enjoyed it

very much, though they would have had much more fun and frolic if little Lizzie Put. had been among them. She is always gay and has a good deal of invention, and she makes the others happy while she enjoys herself very much. . . .

December 18, 1843.

. . . I am delighted as usual with what you gave me of Mr. P.'s sermon. His is the plain, sensible and true view of the conversion to which all men are called. It is a great thing for a clergyman to strip such a subject of the technicalities which disguise and deform it and make it often worse than useless, and to show its true value and worth such that every man can apply it to himself at all times with benefit. You ask about Frank's boy. He is undoubtedly a vigorous, active, sensitive and healthy boy. It might delight you, it does me, to hear his father talk of him, because it shows how strongly he loves him and how much happiness he gives him, and this makes a man better. Fathers need the good which children do them even more than mothers. . . .

Boston, December 27, 1843.

. . . My Christmas did not pass as you anticipated. My wife was sick on Sunday and Monday, so that we had not any company. We should have had those of my children who were disengaged with my three oldest grandchildren, except Lizzie. We hope to have the celebration during the holidays, but the weather is unpropitious, for we wish to wait until Lizzie is well enough, and the want of fair weather prevents her getting into the air to get strength. She is however doing well and is as busy as a bee. She is always the most industrious of creatures, playing merrily, reading intently or working earnestly. She tires herself, but what are we made for but to work until we are tired? It is vain to wish she were stronger. Our business is to cultivate in her the habit which gives strength. . . . By the bye, have I told you how much she was gratified by your letter to her? . . .

Boston, January 24, 1844.

. . . Does any one think that you live a retired life, a monotonous life? How far is this from the truth. You only do not live in the crowd. But how constantly are you seeing those who excite an interest in your heart more or less strong. Your relations with society are not few. Not to mention the large number of old friends who are very near and dear to you, I hear at one time of an old pupil, of intelligence and sensibility, coming in to cheer you; and at another of the unfortunate coming to be cheered by you. Is there a movement in the church, you know it. Is there anything new in literature, you receive it and add it to your old stores. Such is the case and such will be the case. With a mind and a heart open, you will not fail to maintain a good intercourse with the good powers of the world even shut up in your cottage. . . .

Boston, February 14, 1844.

. . . I rejoice in the recovery of your old neighbour. She keeps you connected with the generation you so love to think of. If she goes, you must hold on to the old elm, which may remain for one or two more generations. You must leave some notice of it to be transmitted to the Annas who are to come. May there be a procession of them to be loved by those of the next century. . . .

Boston, February 23, 1844.

. . . Yesterday, one cause of pressure on me was my first attendance as one of the Overseers of the College, which occupied nearly three hours. I was chosen by the votes of the liberal party, and what will you say when I tell you my first vote was against the votes of my friends; and the tendency of that vote was to keep Mr. P. from becoming one of the Overseers. . . . I acted on an interpretation of the laws — on a principle. . . . It is, however, very vexatious to lose Mr. P., who is among the most fit men in the community for the office. . . .

BOSTON, August 12, 1844.

. . . I am exceedingly pleased that you liked to see my dear little Lizzie, and that she likes to see you. She has a deal in her as I think, a spring flowing up all the time, sometimes spattering you, but it has so much vivacity, such pleasant bubbling, that you do not mind the spattering, at least her grandfather does not. . . .

BOSTON, August 23, 1844.

. . . I wrote you a short note from Portsmouth. I shall not describe the White Mountains to you, for I was not on them, I did not walk over them nor round them. . . . The first great pleasure is from riding in the mountainous region, riding as we did in a stage-coach, deep seats, ample room, for we took a coach to ourselves, and the free motion or spring, very different from the motion of a common coach. . . . For the road the lowest path is chosen, for it would be nearly impossible to pass over the mountain-top, and hence you almost necessarily follow the course of some stream or river. You see this winding by your side, sometimes with a full view, sometimes with a glimpse only, expanding at times into a pond, and then, more narrow, hastening over the rapids; for rivers, though arrested by obstacles under which they are very patient, always hurry over the rough troubles and difficulties in their path. Frequently we saw the broad intervale land, spread out in a basin amidst the hills, a basin formerly the seat of a lake with perhaps the regular banks left above it, now enriched by the spring freshets and the source of agricultural wealth, and explaining to you why there are several neat and comfortable cottages, or perhaps a little village in the neighbourhood. Again you get a sight of a mill, and as you approach there is a cluster of houses all erected from the profits of the millers for whom the waterfall is constantly at work. Meanwhile the hills around are presenting you views of various kinds. Sometimes and frequently the rough and rocky mountains,

the rocks in large patches on their sides and in perpendicular bluffs, or discovered only on a near view, amidst the forest which covers them. Sometimes the cultivated fields on the intermediate hills delight you, extending to the tops of the hills, where even the wheat is occasionally seen at this season, ripe, its golden hue changed to one somewhat russet. . . .

In the notch of the Franconia ridge a large stream is seen at glimpses, which has been running often much larger than we saw it, for centuries; and at a point where there is a little resting-place it has often brought down its hard fragments of the rock which have worn for themselves a basin and by whirling round have enlarged it to a diameter of twenty or thirty feet, and kept its surface smooth and polished as that of a vase on your parlour table. Near this point is one of those extraordinary productions, almost justifying the atomic theory of the Epicureans, that all nature has resulted from the fortuitous arrangement of their atoms. This is the old man in the mountain. At a great elevation the mountain presents a flat, perpendicular surface of rock, said to be more than a thousand feet in extent, downward from the mountain-top, but lost to our view in its lower part in the foliage of the intermediate hills. At the top of this wall you see projecting a carved face, a side view, so exact that you can scarcely believe the features have not been chiseled out. They are roughly cut indeed as befits the place, but with wonderful accordance to those of the human face. The face is given as far back as the ears; they are not visible. The neck is less perfect, yet enough to keep up the deception. . . . .

Below the mountain, on one side, you catch a view of a lake, and I asked the driver if that lake had a name. "Oh, it is the old man's lake," said he. It was evident indeed that he was the presiding genius of the notch, and was rightly placed on the summit of the highest mountain in the ridge. . . . I hope you may be equal to such a journey in 1845. . . .

Boston, September 24, 1844.

. . . I have just read Mr. Putnam's excellent oration . . . and what can be finer, higher, more noble. Observe not only his love of truth; but the clearness with which he discerns truth. On this last sentence of mine I shall found a criticism on him, in the common sense of criticism, fault-finding. He does not distinctly say one thing which I expected from him, . . . it is that an honest, a moral man lives in a clear atmosphere and discerns truth much more distinctly and perfectly than one of the opposite character. In other words, an honest man exercises his intellect much more perfectly, because not fettered, (or as if not fettered,) than a dishonest man. Another thing I wanted him to say, that virtue is manliness. I always think that virtue, *virtus*, is derived from *vir;* that virtue is manly courage, and moral virtue is the manly courage to do what duty dictates. What that duty does dictate is another question, but virtue consists in doing what it dictates. Thus I give a man credit for virtue in many cases where I think his actions wrong. Thus I give credit to some of our northern abolitionists for virtue though I think their actions wrong. They misjudge as to what is expedient to effect their object. They are wanting in skill, but they show their manliness, their virtue, in endeavoring to effect a good purpose. . . .

Boston, May 21, 1845.

. . . It was not because I did not think of you and your excellent friend that I did not write to you at once after the melancholy event of last week. I thought of you and her, but what could I say? Words avail little at the moment when the crash is felt. If one can lift the maimed sufferer to an easier position, it is well, but otherwise we must pause for a while. I did not doubt how Mrs. G. would bear the shock, unless she should be overwhelmed at once. It was well that she was impelled to immediate action. She could rally better under that than if she had been obliged to wait. She knows, we all

know, that this is a world to die in. I know how gloomy this may sound to most persons, but not to you. But it is also a world to live in. She has the most interesting objects to live for, and this will support her. She is peculiarly the character to rouse herself to her duties, when she finds them doubled upon her. I feel assured that she will perform them faithfully and wisely. . . . I hope some pleasant afternoon to take out my daughter, Mrs. F. J., to see you. She will pass the summer keeping her mother's house in town. Meanwhile her husband will be building a dwelling for her at Westport. . . .

Boston, July 5, 1845.

. . . I am glad that you went to [visit] the McLean Asylum, as you learnt that instead of a prison it is truly an asylum for those who are under the most grievous malady, the only malady in which one is better from being carried from home, and an asylum where the rule and the practice is to treat every one with the greatest tenderness and true kindness. . . . But you did not remark that the place has its name from one of your relatives, and that your father and Uncle Frank were among the earliest and most efficient trustees, and that their sons are now their successors. The duties of these trustees is not light, and the security which is afforded thereby to the patients is beyond all price. Money could not procure it. It is given from the highest motives, and it is much more than giving money. It is the greatest glory of our hospital that Boston has thus far afforded a constant procession of excellent trustees for it, and when it ceases to do so the hospital must lose its character. . . . The hospital is my hobby, but I will get off of it. . . .

Boston, October 10, 1845.

. . . Frank with his wife and children left us last week, and we have heard of their safe arrival at home almost without fatigue, which is better than we hoped for from such little travellers. . . . Though these little chicks were noisy, I

feel the loss of them, especially of the little girl, who was a great pet with me. She has certainly the most extraordinary quickness and activity of mind, and withal a fun-loving disposition which was a constant source of amusement. She enjoyed her own coquetry in a high degree. It is certainly true, whether because I have arrived at my second childhood or not, that I enjoy more than anything else, the society of my grandchildren, and I was going to say of the youngest of them. But this is not true, for the oldest is yet the nearest to my heart, and probably always will be. She is old enough to have a feeling of friendship toward me, and I have the same toward her in addition to what I feel to the others. . . .

November 30, 1845.

. . . We had a fine Thanksgiving, and I wish very much that you were here to participate in our pleasure. I had my seven oldest grandchildren with all my children, except Frank and Sarah, at dinner, and we did not see a tear for the day but on the contrary many smiles. I lamented only that I had not strength to play as hard as I wished to. In the evening my sister Lee had a fine party of little folks and great ones. There were many out of the family, and I never saw so many children for two hours with so much enjoyment and without a trouble or fret to mar it. . . .

Boston, July 6, 1846.

. . . Yesterday I got your letter from Portland and Gardiner. . . . I am very glad you mean to take an "extra" to the mountains from Portland. At all seasons, but especially in hot weather, it is a dismal thing to be crowded into a stage filled and choked with passengers, and to be obliged to move at the call of the driver. If forced to travel on business, one submits to these things; but when travelling for health and pleasure, it is better to shorten the journey and travel with comfort. We have no news, within my knowledge at least. The Fourth brought more people into town than ever before,

and it was very remarkable that in so large a crowd there was so little disorder. There was an appearance of great enjoyment. My friend Barnard [1] made a much handsomer show with his floral procession than ever before. There are very few philanthropists who do so much good or one tenth as much as he does. He is a real worker, and he attaches to himself many fellow workers and they take care of a vast number of children. This makes me take a great interest in whatever concerns him.

If you come through Lake Champlain in the daytime, I hope you will see my son Frank's place. It is at Westport, about two or three hours' sail on this side of Burlington. You probably will stop in the village of Westport, which is in a bay; and on the north of the bay you see his furnace, a large stone building down on the lake, while on the bank above you see his neat row of houses for the operatives, and above them his own house. As the ground rises gently from the bluff on the lake, and as there are many trees interspersed among the houses, you have a pretty, quiet scene exhibited. May you return invigorated, my dear child, is the wish of

Yours affectionately,

J. J.

Boston, December 13, 1846.

. . . The last week I have spent two days in making a visit to my daughter Lydia, and the other days were crowded in consequence of that. I must tell you that I had a most pleasant visit. Mr. Storrow is building a little city,[2] and it is gratifying to see the care with which he lays the foundation, so far as in him lies, for the moral as well as for the physical welfare of its future inhabitants. I will not dilate upon all the excellencies of his wife and children. Such as I am apt

[1] Mr. Charles Barnard, founder of the Warren Street Chapel, now the Barnard Memorial.

[2] The city of Lawrence.

to perceive in my offspring. I regard it as an innocent gratification at least to look upon their good points, though I would not blind myself, altogether, to their failings. . . .

Boston, December 13, 1846.

. . . At this moment there is a gentleman here from Cincinnati, who seems to have the most practicable and just views in regard to the removal of slavery of any one whom I have known engaged in that cause. His plan is to publish a paper for that object in Kentucky, and it is in that State only that he looks for any immediate effect, that is, any effect within ten years. But there they are almost ready, being perhaps one third of them ready now for a gradual emancipation, the only humane mode. They only need to be waked up fully to the object. Many slave-holders, as well as others, hold out encouragement to him. Cassius M. Clay prepared the way, but he was rash and too rough. It is only by gentle means that success is to be looked for. I shall look more into the matter, but if I am satisfied about it, I may ask you to subscribe at least for one paper. The gentleman left South Carolina some years since, gave up his slaves and many more legitimate advantages because he was not willing to rear a family among slaves and slave-holders. If Kentucky can be brought round, her influence will be important on all her neighbors on the west side of the mountain. . . .

Yours affectionately,

J. J.

Boston, January 11, 1847.

. . . I think that you will always enjoy children, as I do. The first smiles and the first signs of intelligence in my little infants give me as much pleasure now as they did in my own thirty or forty years ago. They nourish me, I shall live the longer for them. . . . What can we find better than to see these little creatures opening their bright eyes to the objects

around them and gradually coming to the use of all their faculties, and to aid them in all this, to help them over rough places, now and then, to carry them to the point where they can get the most beautiful, or the most instructive views of the world in which God has placed them, and to cultivate in them the kindly and good affections? What is there in life more conducive to one's own happiness? Dear, dear me, I am telling an old story. . . .

Boston, August 8, 1847.

. . . I had a very pleasant journey and visit to Frank's. . . . I found S. and the children flourishing, and the little girl continues to be a great pet with me. She is tall for her age, with long natural ringlets, a fair complexion and splendid blue eyes. But mainly she is full of fun and spirits with great bodily activity. The country was never so beautiful in any of my rides. The rains had produced great verdure and the foliage was unusually rich. We watched it on all the hills from Burlington through the Gulf road to Concord, N. H. Lizzie Put. was my playmate, and as we rode in our own extra we had time enough for sport. . . .

November 1, 1848.

. . . For myself and my wife we are as well as any couple have a right to expect, averaging, as we do, threescore and ten. We had a very pleasant journey to Frank's this autumn, enjoyed the gorgeous beauties of the Vermont mountains in their bright red, yellow and russet attire, and found everything very comfortable at Westport. F.'s wife and two children were in excellent health and very happy. His affairs are going as well as anybody's in these hard times. We saw there my new niece, Mrs. Frank Lee, who was an old acquaintance, and whom we had just been seeing on their visit here. But she is always fresh. I cannot succeed in telling you what she is, but I am sure you would see in her much that is very pleasing, for everybody does. I used to say she

had some of the characteristics of Di Vernon; but I gave an idea to some persons that there was something masculine about her. It is not so. She is feminine entirely, though she can draw on her boots to ride through the deep mud of her country, and she can go out alone on the lake in her boat. It is a singular good fortune that my children have her and her sister, Mrs. Hunter, and Mr. Hunter for their neighbours. They are all three extremely sensible and agreeable people. . . .

Boston, August 23, 1849.

. . . Of my afflictions in the loss of three sweet grandchildren you hear through others. It was when watching over one of these and with a limited time for my visit I saw you last week. . . . It is indeed a most grave affliction my dear Lydia suffers. In three months she has lost all her three daughters. Thank God, she endures it as she should do, not stupefied, which she might have been, by such repeated blows, nor with an affected stoicism, but with a tender grief, a grief which makes me dwell upon the happiness which she has enjoyed, at the same time that she is soothed by a sincere, childlike trust in God. . . . As for me, I am in wonderfully good health for a man of seventy-two. I am not insensible, however, to the troubles which have surrounded me. My property has lessened, very much lessened. I have not enough to support me at a very reduced rate of expense, but I am still able to work, and I can earn a good part of my living as yet. I have reason to hope that when I cannot do this, some portion of my property, now unproductive, may be brought into use. I certainly do not like to suffer in this way in my old age, but I can bear it without forgetting the numberless blessings which are left to me. . . .

January 6, 1850.

. . . I suspect that all the adversity which has come upon me will do me good. I am occupied much more than heretofore, and think it is useful to my mind and my body. I shall

move into a very good house this spring; not so good as the one I am in, but better suited to my means, and I shall therefore be more contented in it. Indeed I shall be quite contented in it. . . .

Boston, August 25, 1850.

. . . What new friends have you made; — for if you allow yourself to see new people, you will always make new friends. Do you remember that your father thought it very remarkable, when he made his voyage thro' the W. Ind. islands, that he met so many agreeable people; not seeming to understand that he made them agreeable. . . .

Boston, January 3, 1852.

. . . I am very much pleased by the assurance you give me that I was well thought of by your father. He always treated me with the greatest kindness and friendship. Yet when I saw his strength, the clearness of his intellect, its breadth and length, I can truly say that I felt as if he must see my weakness, and that his benevolence made him tender toward me. I do not know that I ever expressed this before: — but it is a true statement of my feelings as I recall them. I had something of the same feelings in regard to Aunt Nancy, but with her there was a sort of acknowledgment that I was a pupil and something like a pet whom, as I felt, she had taken up from benevolence and, because seeing how I loved and respected her, she saw an opportunity of being useful. She had no occasion to ask me to be her pupil when she saw how much I longed to be so. . . .

I ought to have told you as a matter of great gratitude that I have had so much health for the year past as to have done a good share of business, going almost entirely on my feet. By this course I have maintained my own health, if I have not done much to help others. . . .

August 8, 1852.

. . . My wife and I have been quietly in town and have enjoyed what belongs to old age, peace and quiet, but life has

had its changes, even to us. My dear E. with three of her children have been away for more than a month, and I never feel as if my home was a whole one when she is away. But I have been comforted by knowing that she was doing good and the children enjoying themselves. And her Lizzie stayed behind, your new young friend, for you never knew her till this summer, and she has given me daily delight. I think she was not made in vain, for thus far she has added much to the happiness of the little circle in which she has moved. I have had all the time my dear Sue and her little tribe, in each of whom I find some excellence. My brother too, and his wife, remain with us. . . .

January 3, 1854.

. . . I have been in some measure aware that your past year has been a busy one with you, and therefore felt that it has been a happy one, happy that you could bear to be busy and happy that you were busy. I told you long ago that you were made for a woman of business. I sympathize with you in all your concerns, and have done so especially in regard to your Hungarian lady. You have been in a situation to do just this thing. If you had been thrown an outcast in Hungary, where none of us could reach you, how should we have prayed that you might find just such a kind benefactor. . . . For myself, I have only to rejoice and be thankful that I have so much health. The last year I was once kept in the house five successive days, and that not from present inability to go abroad, but from precaution. Yet that is longer than I have been confined at any one time since I commenced business fifty-three years ago. I am, however, quite sensible of the advance in age. I cannot walk fast, nor can I go over a mile comfortably without a rest. In like manner my mind takes more time for a given task, and becomes sooner wearied than formerly. I am not willing to give up business entirely, for I should, perhaps, lose my spirits, but I mean to diminish it, and shall be willing that it shall all gradually dwindle away.

Within a few years I felt it necessary to attend to business to get income enough to live in the style I was accustomed to, but that is no longer necessary. I do not want many indulgences nor great variety in my occupations. My happiness is derived from going quietly among my children, watching their movements and partaking in their joys and sorrows.

In your letter to E. you say that perhaps all your friends would blame you for the service you are rendering to certain foreigners. I do not know all you are doing. But so far as I do know, I think you are doing right. If you were to beat a drum and call together all the Hungarians in our land, or all the Poles, or all the runaway slaves — and having counted them should divide between them all the income you could save, after supplying your real wants, I should say you mean well and show a good heart, but I should doubt your wisdom. But when an unfortunate lady is brought under your immediate notice in a state of destitution, new to the hardships of this world — you do right to take her up and endeavor to give her the solace which your wealth enables you to afford, and, finding her amiable and intelligent, to love her and try like a sister to educate her to take care of herself; — when you give your heart and soul to such a cause, I commend and love you for it. If [one of] your dear [nieces] were left by any accident in barbarous Spain, alone and in poverty, would you not think that even there some one lady, having wealth and refined by education, might distinguish just such a lamb-like creature from the rude beasts of the forest and take her to her arms and help her and guard her till she could take care of herself? . . . I am firstrate, as the boys say — never forgetting that I am near fourscore. I am engaged in writing a book. . . . It is in the form of letters to a young physician, in which I try to say some of the things which I would say to my son just entering on his professional life. Here is a great long letter, to which I add my kindest regards to your sister. . . .

The correspondent to whom this advice was given succeeded in helping her Hungarian friends to earn their way in this country until their return to their own estates in Hungary became possible; she also organized local branches of the Sanitary Commission and Freedman's Aid Societies, and helped to place Hampton Institute and Tuskegee Normal School on a firm basis.

The next letter refers to business troubles, and indicates Dr. Jackson's courage in meeting them.

BOSTON, January 4, 1855.

. . . I acknowledge them (our late troubles) as deep troubles. To persons bred as you and I have been, the loss of property is a serious misfortune. It is, however, very different from the misfortune arising from moral errors; it does not wring the heart. I assure you I have not lost my cheerfulness for a day. The change is great. C. J.[1] was enriching himself and all of us who were concerned with him in his Pennsylvania Iron Works. His rolling mill at East Boston, in which Mr. B. (the traitor) was agent, was not a profitable concern. I was making up some of my former losses, so at least I supposed, and I felt as if I was rich enough. My son Frank has struggled manfully through many mishaps and his prospects were getting quite bright. Now C. J. has lost a great part of his property and may lose the whole. As, however, he will demonstrate his integrity, and as he has great talents, I doubt not he will rise again. My dear sweet Sue will be all that her health will permit. Her conduct is all that I can wish. From the first moment her sympathy has been very strong for the deserted wife of the villain who has robbed her husband. My son Frank has been a great sufferer. He had sold his iron to the Rolling Mill on credit, in preference to anybody else, feeling sure of his pay. Now he will lose a large

[1] Charles Jackson.

sum by the failure of the Mill Co. He keeps up his courage, and I am not without hope of his ultimate success; but it is much against him in the general embarrassment in mercantile affairs at this time. His character where he is known, on Lake Champlain, will do much to support him. Under many difficulties he has always shown the highest integrity. He is too generous, more than his fortunes will justify. How much loss I shall suffer I do not yet know. Directly and indirectly I fear it will be a large portion of my fortune. But there will be left a competency for my wife and myself. My trouble will be that I cannot help my children as I could wish to do. But I trust in a good Providence that my children will not be found begging their bread. Great riches are a doubtful good. It is desirable to associate with the cultivated and refined portion of society. But to be unknown among the fashionables is not a misery but the contrary. . . .

Boston, August 17, 1855.

. . . Do you suppose that I would not have you fulfil your mission (in modern phrase), that I would not have you engage in philanthropic enterprises and bring into exercise your remarkable business talents which your good mother found out first and I afterwards? I have not any such wish, and I agree that like every one who engages in the real business of life, you must take your risks — risks, I mean, to life and limb — risks as to your health. Have not I conceded enough? I want you to do the most possible good to others with your money and your personal services. I urge only a proper economy. If you shorten your days, your personal labors will be lost, and your money will not go into hands more ready to distribute it. If you live and are sick, your labors will be abridged, if not lost. . . . I want you to be methodical, and that you cannot well help being; to limit your engagements, positive and implied, to your powers, and when you have done your work, to relax your mind by whatever will amuse it, and

to cast off all anxieties, leaving the future to Him who only can order it with wisdom and with power. The result of all this, if you heed what I say, may be for you to give up one class of pupils, to excuse yourself from one or two classes as a pupil — riding more, perhaps, and studying less — and generally in not pushing and goading yourself onwards, when your instincts would make you lie down on a grass-bank. This is not a very long sermon; is it? But you say it contains only truisms. . . .

January 18, 1857.

. . . For myself the year '56 has been as good as any, so far as regards my happiness. I began the year before to do all the work which came in my way, and in this last year my practice has extended and my income is increasing. For twenty-five years I have not done so much profitable business as in the last year. My health has been very good. It has been a pleasure to me to do medical business. I can do nearly half as much as I could thirty years ago. I have grown so old that people stare at me and seem to say, "What, are you alive yet? I thought you must have left years ago." I am, however, treated with great kindness, and there are many who have been strangers to me who have become quite attached to me. Now and then I am jealous of myself. I fear that I may be getting too old without recognizing it. But on the whole I cannot discover that I really have lost my faculties, so as to unfit me to assume the responsibility of my profession. My family, too, are doing tolerably well, though not all of them flourishing. My dear wife is infirm, but is free from great suffering. She takes a less active part of the duties of life, allowing me to do some of the housekeeping. But she enjoys reading, and gets through more heavy volumes than I do. And, lastly, my grandchildren are at least as good as the average of children, and to me they are very delightful. I could fill pages with their praises, but I spare you. . . .

January 9, 1860.

. . . I have kept moving and had most grateful evidences of professional confidence and gratitude. I must acknowledge, however, that I have increasing intimations that I am growing old, and I prepare myself to leave off business the moment I see that I am not trustworthy. The difficulty is, the old man cannot be sure to see his own failure. I am jealous of myself on that account. Thus far I have had evidence of a certain kind that my brethren do not see that I am failing, since they consult me for themselves and their families where no courtesy obliges them to do so.

Boston, August 14, 1860.

. . . Within a fortnight, a lady asking my opinion respecting her sister's case, I stated to her some chances of evil. She then began to talk of "how she should feel." "My dear lady," I replied, "it is a case in which you must think what you have to do, not what you have to feel." . . .

Boston, January 6, 1861.

. . . As to our public affairs I think that we must have much trouble. I dare not look for a favorable arrangement in my day. It seems to me most probable that we shall be divided into two or more nations, and that we can never be so grand a country as we have looked to be. But I do encourage a hope that we may ultimately settle down without any hard fighting. I know that knowing men say that wars often do much good. But I have not much faith in them. In Italy they seem to have done good enough to pay for all the evils so far, but they were in a very morbid state. They, that is the Italians, lived, many of them, in great misery. We, we of the North especially, have had only too much prosperity in many ways, that is as to those points most regarded by political economists. It would seem as if there was too much knowledge and too much virtue among us, too much regard to moral principles, to allow us to rush on to destruction. Un-

happily, we have persuaded ourselves, many of us, that we were acting under the guidance of moral principles in goading our unfortunate and unhappy brethren at the South. If we are found fault with, we think it a justification to say that they at the South have been worse, that they are more to blame than we are. That is not any justification. We are in favor of liberty; we wish to give freedom to the captive. It is well to have good wishes. We may wish to relieve the sick, but that is not a good reason for urging them to take quack medicines. Leave them to the regular doctors. To follow the analogy, I say leave the slavery to statesmen. What is to be done when millions of one race are in slavery under millions of another race? What 's to be done requires more wisdom than is to be found in a debating club of the brightest and best young men, even in New England. I am sure the matter will not be helped by abusing the poor whites, who are, I think, in rather a worse state than the blacks. These whites are acting like fools. They are certainly hurting themselves. We are comparatively well off, though I think we are to suffer much pecuniarily. But our first step should be to acknowledge that we have been too harsh toward our brethren. Possibly they may begin to see their errors too. If they do not, let us show them that we will do more than they have a right to ask of us, on the one condition that they will live in peace as regards us. I should want to try this course for half a century at least, and see if it would not work better than the plan we have been pursuing. As one important point, in the beginning I should wish to persuade New England men that the white man in Virginia was no more to blame for being born a master than the black man for being born a slave; and next, that if all the white men were to turn out to freedom all the slaves, I should think it as virtuous as it would be to turn out all their own children. That they, the whites, should think what is their duty, seriously, I agree. But they will and must think only how to keep the blacks under, while

they are abused and threatened by the North. Between 30 and 40 years ago the masters in Virginia were thinking seriously on this subject, but then they were stopped by the abolitionists. I might write three more sheets and still have more to say. I will stop. I doubt about sending you this. I will do it, however, to show you something of my views on this subject and very probably they are (?) the same as yours. . . .

Boston, June 3, 1861.

. . . I hope that you like my friend Becky.[1] . . . But if you did not see much of her, you might not suspect that such a quiet dry-looking little body could be worthy of the praise I have given her. I have asked several doctors who served as house pupils in the hospital each year, whether I have exaggerated her merits, and each has confirmed all I have written. . . .

August 4, 1861, after a playful allusion by Dr. Jackson to causes of anxiety that might be harmful to health, whether something as great as the fate of a nation or as small as the success of a plum-cake, he goes on to say: —

One of the most intellectual and most excellent women I knew in the olden times once directed such a cake (perhaps connected with some interesting occasion), and looked at her watch when Nabby put it into the oven. In due time she visited the kitchen again, filled with apprehension that the cake might have caved in or burnt to a crisp, or endured some other mishap; and holding her watch in her hand, in a few minutes she gave the order, with a controlled voice, that the oven door should be opened and the cake brought forth. The interesting article came out in the most becoming colors and

[1] Becky Taylor, formerly a nurse at the Massachusetts General Hospital. See letter about Dr. Jackson and Becky Taylor, by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, on page 162.

giving out the most savory smell, it bore the closest scrutiny; and this being made, my good old friend clasped her hands together and looking up ejaculated, "Thank Heaven!" . . .

BOSTON, February 7, 1862.

. . . I have not forgotten that I had not made a reply to your eloquent and patriotic letter, which I have just read over for the third or fourth time. I feel ready to rejoice in all the good which this war may bring forth; but I cannot shut my eyes to its evils. I have in general an aversion to war; as a general thing it is demoralizing. But we are now led to think of our duty to our country, to think in what way we can serve it, and we may hope that our feelings and principles and conduct will be elevated. At this very moment we are put to a heavy trial. We should be ready to do what we are, I am sure, very capable of doing, to pay a good part of our expenses as we go. We work for the future as well as for the present, and may fairly leave a large share of our expenses to be defrayed in future years; but we ought not to burden those years too heavily. Above all, we should refuse, with our eyes open, to incur the heavy evils of a depreciated currency. I believe that our people, certainly in New England, are higher-minded than the government, the legislative part of the government. Every day from the first Monday of December should have been spent in making up a tax bill till it was completed. The evil day in the eyes of our representatives was put off till now when the money chest is absolutely empty. However they are now at work, and if they will pass a good revenue law within a week, I will try to forgive them. I have more confidence in the executive and in the military, than in the legislative department of our government. I feel assured of Mr. Lincoln's honesty and patriotism; it is only to be lamented that he had not been educated as a statesman before he came into office, but he is a good scholar. I place great reliance on our young general. He is evidently wise. I think that we must proceed

against the South, if not this year in another year. But, here is a great But. When we have succeeded in overcoming the armies of the Confederates; when we may seem able to dictate the terms of peace, what shall those terms be? Then we shall need great and honest statesmen. I see no mode of proceeding which is not beset with difficulties, nor have I heard of any suggested by others. It is very easy to say we will bring them back into the family circle; that they shall become again a part of the United States, members of the same Republic. But it seems to me simply impossible. I will not attempt to give reasons. To treat the seceded states as conquered provinces, is equally impossible. If we are divided into two distinct republics, divided, not by any range of mountains, not by an artificial canal, a mile in width, deriving its waters from the Mississippi, but by an imaginary line which is expected to arrest our attempts to pass over it; a line to be marked by the blood to be spilled in the daily broils along its borders; bad as it will be, such I think will be the only line by which our territories can be limited. The consequence must be an elevation of the military power by which each nation must be kept in restraint. Thus you see what is in my mind; we must fight on till we come to this sad end. I turn away and beseech a good Providence to avert such evils from us; looking to human means alone, I see no means of avoiding them. As things now stand, we must fight. I wish that we may be ready to make peace as soon as it is safe to do so, and it is partly on that account but more on other accounts that I wish we may be made to realize what we are about by taxation as heavy as we can bear. . . .

West Roxbury, July 11, 1862.

. . . I came here the 15th to pass a week with my daughter Harriet, and your letter reached me here this morning. I talked with Mr. Thuolt two or three years ago about the influence of his exile on his health, and I have wished very much that he might return to Hungary, if it were only for

his recovery. . . . But it is not literally his native soil that can resuscitate him. If he cannot find there the home which he formerly knew; if he should find only thorns and thistles occupying the fields which once belonged to him, and he should be forbidden to change the cultivation to that of wheat and barley, his heart would be cast down more than ever. . . . If there were any tolerable chance of his being useful to his country so that he could restore her to independence by the sacrifice of his own life, I would advise him to go. . . . I sympathize with Mr. Thuolt very strongly. I certainly agree with you that if he goes, Mrs. Thuolt should go with him. If you keep this letter, endorse upon it "a specimen of old age." When you write to me again, say a word or two of my old patient.

Very affectionately yours,

J. J.

BOSTON, January 19, 1866.

. . . A Happy New Year, my dear child. . . . If I ever had any influence in making you realize how much a good life affords to all who will open their [eyes], it will please me much. . . . You may wonder to hear that I am overloaded with work. . . . I am trying to leave to posterity some knowledge of those I have lived with in the last eighty years of my life. In these endeavors I shall no doubt be guilty of many an error. You, I believe, are much better prepared by your daily records of the past. Let me rejoice with you that you have so much gratification in the welfare of your nearest friends, your brother, sister and the nearest to you.

Adieu, my dear friend. May God ever bless you is my constant prayer. J. J.

This letter was written by Dr. Jackson in his eighty-ninth year. He died within a month of the close of his ninetieth year.

CHAPTER XII

LETTERS TO PATIENTS AND FRIENDS; LATTER YEARS OF LIFE

The following are scattered letters to various patients and friends: —

DR. JACKSON TO A PATIENT AND KINSWOMAN

November 9, 1854.

My dear ——, — Allow me to put on paper as briefly as I can some of the most important of the things which I stated to you in conversation.

. . . Your muscular and nervous systems have become very much enfeebled. This has happened in part by the rest, which has been prescribed for you. It is not easy to reconcile this treatment with that which is required to gain muscular strength. The necessity for this last has become so great that some sacrifices are necessary. You may regain this strength, but it cannot be done suddenly, nor by any violent means. Neither can it be done by any medicine. It cannot be done in any way except by the use of your muscles; by what we call exercise. To be most effectual this must be done in the open air. It must be begun in the most gentle manner, and increased very gradually, — especially at first, — for the first few months.

This is a hard prescription. To comply with it you must have faith and hope, patience and perseverance. You cannot go on gaining steadily and daily. The gain will be slow, and now and then you must have drawbacks. Accidents, which no forethought can wholly prevent, will occur, and you will

seem to lose all you have gained. But you won't lose all. When you fall down you must jump up and shake yourself, throw off the dust, rest awhile, and then start anew. But when it seems too bad you must cry a little ; that is nature's mode of relief. Then, the next day, start anew. Never give up the ship and she will not give you up. Remember that you have some good Perkins blood in you, some which came straight down from the Colonel, who never thought of giving up even tho' he could not stand on his feet.

I believe that you may keep off the bed and couch more than you now do, but you must change gradually. At first try to sit up often but not long at a time. I think that it would be very difficult for you to get ahead by walking in the first instance. But you may get on the horse and let him walk. Do not hurry to go faster. If you do not get the horse beyond a walk for a month, you should not be discouraged. And when you do put him on faster gaits, let it be for a few steps only, and repeat this little often before you increase the length of your trotting or ambling.

The winter will come in your way ; but winter has some good days, and you must make the most of them. If the roads will not let you ride, you must drive. Never stay in the house a day when you can get out. But wait till the walking is good in the spring before you try your feet abroad, — or before you try them much. And then continue the riding and driving, because you cannot walk enough for a long time.

It is dismal to look to a distant period for the reward of your patience and labour. Remember that some of the reward will be coming to you as you go on. This will be growing more and more, with the exception of a relapse now and then. One year may do a good deal ; two may make a very great change.

I will not blink out of sight the affliction you have in not taking more personal care of your children. I will not deny that this is a sore trouble. But for that very reason you must

persevere, — you must go ahead, but go moderately — because this is the only way of regaining the power which you long for. You can do something. You can give general directions now, and you can see the children and know how they are. By degrees you will gain on this head, and ultimately will be all the mother again. Only persevere.

Now I know how much easier it is to preach than to practice. But I believe that you can practice much better than I could under such circumstances, so I will preach, and will believe firmly that you will succeed. And to this end may the good God bless you and help you.

Yours truly — sincerely —

J. Jackson.

DR. JACKSON TO MR. JOHN M. FORBES

August, 1855.

My dear Sir, — In accordance with my promise, I am about to address you on the subject of gout.

The first question on this subject is whether anything can be done to prevent the occurrence of the disease in one who is liable to it. I do not think that you can certainly prevent it, but that you may lessen the chance of having it, at least of having it often or severely. The prospect of benefit is good enough to make it worth while to take the necessary care; especially as this does not involve anything injurious to health or anything difficult to do. Gout, you know, is the disease of a gentleman. In England it occurs among great scholars, distinguished professional men, and hard-working statesmen. I don't know whether a man would be allowed to be prime minister long unless he had the gout. In other language, it occurs in men who drink wine freely, and employ their minds over much; especially if this employment be connected with great responsibilities and anxiety of mind, and still more if they lead sedentary lives. I would not limit the disease too much. It may, perhaps, be found among stupid and dull

plodders; and sometimes the juice of apples well fermented may take the place of the juice of the grape. I doubt, however, whether brandy would bring on the true gentlemanly disease, even in a duke.

You may find out by the above how to take rank among the great men of our good fatherland; but if you indulge any tender regard to your great toes, you may learn how to avoid the malady. To this end, first, give up wine and all fermented liquors, until something occurs to show that you have need of them. Drink water pure and simple, or season it by tea, coffee, or cocoa. I do not say by lemons, for there is some doubt as to the free use of strong vegetable acids.

Secondly, let your diet be plain and simple, not taking much variety at any one meal. . . .

Third, take exercise freely, liberally, heartily, not grudgingly, as if you hated to lose the time. Make it pleasant; exercise in the open air, on foot, on horseback, both. Work in your garden if you have any taste for it. But gardening is one of the fine arts, not to be polluted by those who do not love it. Do not talk about the weather, or at any rate do not omit exercise entirely because the weather is bad. If there is a snowstorm, take a man and horses and break the paths, if you cannot do better. In connection with this I may recommend cold bathing every morning, with good friction after it. It helps very much. But do not think that any little lady's work like this is to be compared with good hard exercise in the open air.

Fourth, as to business and head work. Shall I advise you to give it all up? No such thing. It is your mission, as the modern good folks say, to do business and make money, so that you may do a great deal of good. But do not sell yourself to it, for then perhaps you may find that a devil is cloaked under it. Keep your business in such bounds as that it shall not prevent you from taking care of your wife and children, to keep them well, nor from taking care of your wife's hus-

band, lest she should not get another. If a man won't do that, he is not a good husband. I know that when a man engages in business, he cannot always keep it within exact limits. But if he determines to try, he will commonly succeed. It is your business to decide which field you will plow up this summer, which you shall allot to corn and which to potatoes, etc. But you are not to do the hoeing for any of them. If the hay is down and there comes a thunder shower, you must leave your foreman to put it in, unless he happens to be struck by the lightning, and then you may turn out. But that will happen only once in ten years. You cannot avoid responsibility, but you must not be anxious. Lay by as many lacs of rupees as you think necessary in some proper bank; then sport with the rest if you please, but only if you can keep on laughing if you lose.

Do not be anxious about business matters, nor about anything which can be avoided. Lastly keep good hours. Early to bed and early to rise, at any rate rise early. It is not a matter of poetry that the morning air brings health more than that of any other part of the day. So much for prevention.

If you take what I say to heart and bring it out in your life, you may not need anything more But I won't promise that. Causes beyond your control may bring the gout. What shall you do then? Or can you do anything? I think you can.

After this comes some medical advice, ending as follows: —

If the heat and pain are great, I think a little tepid water the best application. . . . There is no harm in mixing a little rum with the water, so long as you do not taste of it, but I do not know that there is any good in it. Old folks think it safer to add the rum, but we young ones know that the old have many notions.

And now I hope that you may live a hundred years, and

every year laugh at the old doctor who has written this long epistle to you in August, 1855, because he was frightened at a little swelling on your great toe.

Yours truly, J. JACKSON.

DR. JACKSON TO MR. AUGUSTUS LOWELL

MY DEAR SIR, — I received from you yesterday a very beautiful present, for which I beg you to accept my warm thanks, — thanks for the present, greater thanks for the feelings which prompted it.

Few things give me more gratification than the manifestation of friendship and goodwill between the Lowells and Jacksons. This has grown out of a friendship contracted nearly a century ago between two lads at college and continued between them as long as they lived. It was a true friendship formed between two virtuous youths, anxious to help each other in the formation of good and honorable characters. There was some romance with all this. They kept bachelor's hall, and made up their minds to resist the attractions of the fair sex and live only for each other.

However they soon grew wiser, and ultimately one had two wives and the other three.

I rejoice with all your friends at your rapid recovery. As to your eyes I do not doubt that they will act together as they used to do. Hitherto I think that they have looked at the objects before them as straight as any eyes, and they will not be willing, either of them, to go astray.

I am affectionately yours, J. JACKSON.

November 25th, 1856.

DR. JACKSON TO MISS LOUISA HIGGINSON ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF MISS NANCY STORROW

BOSTON, May 23, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I need not tell you how much I have sympathized with you. I think I realize in some measure how

you will miss dear Aunt Nancy for a long time — for the rest of your life. I know that she has been a part of you. But I believe that you will not give yourself up to vain mourning. You will rather thank God who has allowed you so long to enjoy her society. Grief you must feel; but there is a solace for this, of which you cannot be deprived. You will thank God for the many and great talents which He bestowed on her, and for the diligent and constant and admirable use which she made of them. She almost reached fourscore, and lived a long life counting her years. But counting her good deeds; her labors in every good cause, for her near friends and for, I may say, the people of all lands, I may say that she lived a very long life. Mind as well as body was duly exercised, and she always had stock from which she poured out stores for the delight of her friends, — stores of wit and wisdom, affording pleasure with profit to all around her. And how much was all this beautified by the benevolent and kindly spirit which accompanied her conversation and conduct at all times. The circle of friends was very large in which she had an influence; and in it was included persons of all ranks and descriptions; — the most humble and simple, and scholars and wits of the highest order.

I have often remarked on the title she bore, which was accorded to her by a most extended circle of friends. I refer to the title of Aunt. There are many aunts recognized by loving nephews and nieces, but there are a few to whom it is awarded by many hundreds of loving and admiring friends. I have known perhaps half a dozen in my long life. Let me enumerate them. They are Mrs. Bromfield, Miss Sally Roberts, the sister of Mrs. B., — Miss Sally Russell of Charlestown, Aunt Parsons, and our own Aunt Nancy, — possibly one or two more who have escaped my memory. Grandmother Atkins had a similar title, but not the same. The Aunts you see have three single women to two married ones. Aunt P. was distinguished for her goodness — her fine temper and

benevolence, while the others in addition to these excellent characteristics, were noted for their knowledge and sagacity; for their sharpness and wit; for the freedom of their speech; for an elevation of mind and character; for purity of heart, — and if they were capable of being sarcastic, they guarded against the abuse of the power thence derived. In the instance of our dear friend and Aunt, while her conversation afforded delight and amusement to all who had the happiness to see her intimately, she constantly had the power to purify the hearts and to elevate the minds of those who came under her influence. I might say much more, but I will add only to these rambling annotations, — that there was always a peculiar freshness in her thoughts which showed that they were her own, not reflected from another. How constantly will the events of life recall her to our minds, — recalling what she said or did under interesting and important circumstances, — or perhaps suggesting imperfectly what she would have said under new and unexpected occurrences.

Let us not mourn — we shall have riches left by her, of which we cannot be deprived while we retain our memories. Let us thank God for the inheritance thus derived from her, and live over again the bright days for which she furnished the light.

It would have given me the greatest pleasure to have seen her in her last days, but I feared that I should make her suffer from the very efforts I might lead her to make. I know that she had every alleviation which medical skill could furnish, while a restoration to health was impossible. I beg you to give my thanks to Frank for the clear accounts which he gave me respecting her case. Assure him and your daughters of my kindest regard for each of them.

For you my dear friend I implore God's blessings.

Your old friend,

J. Jackson.

DR. JACKSON TO MISS IDA AGASSIZ (MRS. HENRY L. HIGGINSON), ACCOMPANYING A WEDDING PRESENT

My dear Ida, — I understand that you are soon to be placed under bonds or in chains. For my part, if I thought there would be any difficulty in placing the chains upon you, I should be almost willing to assist my young friend in doing so.

That you may know that I am in earnest, I send you this one link fitted for your wrist. Try it on, see whether it will fit and whether you like the look of it and the feeling of it. If it will not fit you, be so kind as to send it back and let me try again.

If you object to the sight of it or the feeling of it, let me beg you, for my sake, to keep it till New Year's Day, and then if you cannot get reconciled to it, send it back with a list of the objections you find to it. If you get to like it, I hope that at some future day you will thank me for persuading you to submit to your hard bonds. Or, let me correct this hope, and rather pray that you may not find any of the bonds imposed on you too hard or too tight.

In short, let me hope and pray that you and Henry may live together through many years and with as much enjoyment as belongs to this sublunary life.

Believe me to be to both of you a very sincere friend,

James Jackson.

Hamilton Place,
Nov. 20th, 1863.

The following letter, although already printed in the "History of the Boston Public Latin School,"[1] is reproduced here for the sake of the picture that it gives.

[1] Published in 1886 by the Boston Latin School Association, in commemoration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the school.

DR. JACKSON TO BENJAMIN A. GOULD, ESQ.

PEMBERTON SQUARE, BOSTON, October 4, 1844.

DEAR SIR, — It is about sixty years, since, in May or June, 1785, I first went to the Latin School under Master Hunt. It was not in School Street, but in old Faneuil Hall that I first attended this School; for the old School-house was undergoing repairs that summer. Having just moved into this town, my three older brothers and myself were sent to the School at an unusual time of the year, and I was so young that I was not put into any class until the regular period, July, when I was placed in the first class, or first form, as we sometimes called it. Those were great days for me; I felt elevated, and thence remember the time very well. I remained in the school till December, 1788, when I removed from Boston.

The Latin School was then divided into seven classes, and the pupils spent seven years in it, usually entering it from seven to nine years of age. During this time, however, or after arriving in the third class, I believe they went twice a week, half a day, to an English public, or private, school, where they were taught writing and arithmetic, etc.

The class to which I belonged was a large one, but leaving it early, and not remaining in town to be conversant with my classmates, I have lost the recollection of most of them. Francis Welch, Esq., is the only one living now whom I know. The late Judge Peter O. Thacher was of my class, and my great crony while in it.

Master Hunt was at the head of the School before, and for many years after, I was in it. Mr. Payson first, and afterwards Mr. Dingley (afterwards Dr. Dingley of New York), were ushers.

We began our studies with Cheever's Latin Accidence, a book which I have always held in great veneration; next came "*quid agis*," which you will know means Corderius, his

dialogues, if you had the happiness to study the book. This book was made easy by the English translation of its short sentences, in columns opposite the Latin; and I am satisfied that this easy introduction to the reading of a foreign language is the most eligible mode, at least for little boys. Several small works followed, among which I have always held in sweet remembrance Erasmus's Colloquies, more especially the Alchemist and the Shipwreck. I have never since heard of a shipwreck in every detail without bringing to mind this colloquy, which I must have read as early as 1786 or '87. It is not now in a studied recollection only, but most frequently, that this remembrance of those school-days, of many particulars in my studies, as well as in my sports, have come back to me with great delight.

In general, I recollect that we were well drilled in the grammar, so-called; made familiar with the inflexions of words and with the rules of syntax; required to be exact in the pronunciation of words, and in the accent and quantities, though not following all the rules now deemed most correct; and were put early to "making Latin," at first in the easiest and simplest methods. The principle of emulation was in high respect in those days; we contended for places at every recitation; and I must say that neither then, nor in other Schools afterwards, nor at College, did I ever discover the evil effects which are ascribed to the influence of this principle at the present day by gentlemen whom I respect very highly. They may be right; but I know my friend Peter Thacher and I were almost always next to each other, and were changing places every day, and that we were the best of cronies, all the time, in school and out. The same was true as to others, under my close observation, in this and other Schools, and in College. At least, generally, neither envy nor hatred was engendered between the nearest rivals; but, on the contrary, a sincere friendship was maintained between them in many instances.

To these desultory remarks I wish to add something respecting Master Hunt. He certainly was not well spoken of among his boys, when I was in his School, and if their judgments were to be relied on, he was not among the excellent. But the same was true in respect to most of the schoolmasters I knew when a boy. It seemed to be matter of course to find fault with the Master. And, at College, the excellent Prest. Willard was spoken of in terms that were opprobrious by the pupils under him; so that it was not till my Junior year that I discovered that he was not a cold, austere, heartless despot, but on the other hand, a man of great sensibility, truly tender-hearted, a lover of justice, but not given to severity. Master Hunt was a passionate man; and certainly committed errors from this cause. But these were occasional. In general he was kind, and he was, I think, greatly interested in the welfare and improvement of his scholars. While I was in his School he was frequently adopting temporary measures to excite an interest in their studies among his pupils. Often he would come into school and write with chalk some Latin sentence on the wall. "*Labor omnia vincit*," is one of the earliest of these which I recollect. At one period he took half a day in each week for a general examination. He began with the first class, going thro' the books they had studied, and went up to the seventh, the highest, calling on each boy to answer some question, to translate a sentence, to parse a word, or to scan a line. He would always make us repeat the rule in syntax and in prosody.

In this way the earliest studies were recalled to the oldest scholars, and the youngest formed some notions of the whole matter to be studied. The School was in perfect silence during this time, and all were acquiring some knowledge. When the interest in this plan began to flag he dropped it, and so as to other temporary practices. At another period he called on the two highest scholars to choose sides, and the whole School was divided between them. Then questions were put, as in

the other case, and the contest was which side should give the most correct answers. The interest attending these contests was very great; and I do not recollect that they ever gave rise to bickering, or ill-feelings of any sort. Sometimes the old master would take occasion to speak in commendation of his former pupils; and most especially of Harry Otis, as he was not irreverently called in those days, for he was just commencing the active business of life. Mr. Otis had not then shown that he was the most eloquent of popular orators in our town; he was not yet at the head of the bar, nor yet the most prominent leader in our General Court in a high-minded and patriotic party. But at that day, Master Hunt distinguished him as the first among the scholars he had educated, noting his industry and accuracy as a student, as well as the great talents which, in his anticipations, destined him to be one of the great men of the land. We boys had reason to rejoice in this high and just estimate of our venerable friend; for when Mr. Otis became Major of the Boston Light Infantry, Master Hunt gave us a half-holiday whenever that company "turned out," in honor of the Commander; always endeavoring by his remarks to incite us to imitate the hero in his industry at least. I make this statement as creditable to the sagacity of Mr. Hunt, showing that he was not a mere pedagogue; and of his readiness to avail himself of everything which would incite in his pupils the love of good learning.

You will not doubt, my dear sir, that it is nearly sixty years since I was at our great School. Old men tell long stories and run into little details. Let them pass. I sat down desirous to show you that I remembered the School with great pleasure, and always have, and I regret that I did not go through its whole course of studies; and also desirous to do credit to Master Hunt, of whom, since I arrived at years of discretion, I have always thought well. I think his pupils did not do him justice, and that some occasional sallies of passion were remembered by them, while many excellent, daily ser-

vices, performed with a good spirit and honest purposes, were overlooked.

I am, your friend and servant,

JAMES JACKSON.

DR. JACKSON TO MRS. ELLEN (DWIGHT) TWISLETON IN LONDON

BOSTON, July 1, 1860.

MY DEAR ELLEN, — If you had been living here for the last half-dozen years, I should address you by a different name, but, as it is, I feel as if writing to one of my own dear children in using the name familiar to me, — the name which brings up your image fully before me.

Your letter has afforded me very great pleasure, — both as an assurance of your continued kind feelings to me, and as accompanying a very flattering attention from Dr. Clark;[1] — an attention which I should probably not have received except for the good word you may occasionally have spoken for me. His letter is every way gratifying to me. Its object is to show me that he, and men like him, in England, are simplifying their treatment of disease, — abstaining from the liberal use of strong drugs, — formerly so common, — grounding the use of those they do employ, on careful experience, — and meanwhile laying much more stress on diet and regimen, — what we call hygienic treatment, — than formerly.

I say that all this has gratified me very much. It corresponds with what I have been doing my whole professional life. I began, as every young practitioner should do, that is, to follow the practice of my masters and teachers, — especially that of my old master Dr. Holyoke. His was the practice of the day, in its general character, — only more cautious and more simple than that of most of his contemporaries. In the very first grave case which came under my care, I laid great stress on the hygienic treatment. However, I made quite free

[1] Sir James Clark of London.

with the Herculean remedies in my early life; but gradually I grew more cautious, and before the time that you knew me my treatment was comparatively tame. Twenty-five years ago Dr. Bigelow came out very strongly against our medication, — that was in an annual discourse before our Medical Society; — and on a like occasion in May last Dr. Holmes has taken the same side with all the warmth and ardour which belongs to his style. This discourse has produced a great sensation here, so that Dr. C.'s letter came to me at an opportune moment. Holmes's discourse is not yet printed. When it is out I shall send to Dr. Clark a copy of it; and probably I shall delay my reply to him until that time. But enough — I must remember that you are not yourself the Doctor, but only a friend of his. Excuse me. It is one of the common effects of old age to become garrulous. Let me not finish with your learned friend without saying that it would delight me very much to receive from you a picture of him, drawn by the Sun or by any other hand. I have long held him in very high respect for the characteristics of his heart, as well as for those of his head.

I see almost as little of your dear sisters as of you. Since Lizzie[1] has taken up her residence in the country I have not seen her at all. I love her tenderly, as I always did. I believe that she is most rationally happy with a truly devoted husband. Mary,[2] you know, is my *old* friend in every sense. I regard her as something like a contemporary. She is so much occupied in good works that I do not often find her at home when I reach her new habitation. For she has moved afar off to ground literally new. Her house is in a part of the city where the tide was flowing when you left us.

I myself remain, though past the period which the Psalmist describes that of labor and sorrow. It is nearly thirteen years since I was threescore and ten, — and I have had some sorrow certainly since then and have done some labor, but I have been as happy as in any portion of my days. My latest sorrow

[1] Mrs. J. Eliot Cabot. [2] Mrs. Samuel Parkman.

was in the loss of my dear sister, Mrs. Henry Lee, — the youngest of my father's nine children, all of whom lived to the adult age. I only now survive. My sister was, to a day, six years younger than myself. She was infirm in some measure, but was still active until about a month since, when she had suddenly an apoplectic stroke and died at the end of forty-eight hours. She lived loving and beloved, — always contributing to the happiness of the circle of friends to which she belonged. I have not murmured. I have thanked God that she was permitted to enjoy life so long, and then was removed with so little suffering. I could relate other sorrows, — but I could tell vastly more blessings which have occurred since I passed the end of my threescore and ten. Since then I have had labors too. But they have not been heavy, nor severe. I have gone on with professional business, though with slower steps than in my youth. But I have found my happiness in this business, and I pray that I may not be compelled to relinquish it altogether till the last days of my life. It causes me some anxious hours — even days — but most of my days are made happy by it. It may seem strange to you — but my profession is perhaps the most happy of any to one who loves it. The intercourse with the sick is most cheering — in many more hours it is so than those in which it is painful. The intercourse with the sick elicits feeling all the time, and when everything is placed on the basis of truth, when one can talk plainly with those who are wasting away, even under pain, there is often an amount of pleasing intercourse greater than you can imagine. In such hours human nature sometimes shines out in the most beautiful colors. I think that you must have realized in some measure the truth of what I have said in recalling the last days — painful as they were — of your own dear mother.

I beg you my loving child to make my acknowledgments to your good physician, and say that I shall wait a little to see his book before I make a reply to him.

Assure Mr. Twisleton of my best regards, and believe me always and most sincerely your friend,

J. Jackson.

The following letter was written to Mrs. Edward Twisleton (Miss Ellen Dwight),[1] shortly after her marriage: —

June 10, 1852.

My dear Ellen, — I send you a book which you have probably read. Yet I send it because it relates to me and mine; and when occasionally it comes in sight, it will remind you of an old friend who loves you very much and will always love you. You have been very much in my mind the last few weeks, and with you have come all your family, those who are gone and those who remain — all highly interesting to me. The confidence so kindly shown to me by your parents has given me a sort of right to take an interest in the affairs of all of you. In looking back I have recalled especially the many conversations I had with your excellent mother on the subject of education and on its application in her own household. I would recall especially the school-days of you and dear Lizzie — when I saw you walking so modestly, and when it delighted me to catch the eyes of both of you. I studied you both and canvassed your characters with your mother. She would not overlook a fault or defect, but she dwelt with unfeigned delight on the virtues which she saw budding. And now, when she cannot see, or not with earthly eyes, how the buds and germs have swollen, I view them with a double pleasure; — for her and myself too.

Such and such-like have often been the gratifications I have had in viewing the development of those school-girls. But I

[1] Dr. Jackson was very intimate with the entire Dwight family. Mrs. J. Eliot Cabot used to speak with great warmth and affection of his position of trusted adviser and arbitrator even in non-medical circumstances of delicacy and gravity, and for a wide circle of friends.

have thought of your mother by my side, especially in these last days; I have thought how her heart would have swollen, how closely she would have scrutinized the whole subject, and how firmly and heroically, and yet with what strong palpitations of the heart, she would have surrendered you, satisfied that you had decided wisely.

Go on, my dear child. I am sure that you will make new friends happy as you have old ones. And you also will be happy. Grief and sorrow belong to human life. But the happiness which comes from a pure heart and high principles and a sincere trust in God, this will not fail you. May Heaven grant you all earthly good, but above all the comfort which comes from Heaven only.

Most sincerely yours,

J. Jackson.

It will have been seen that several of the letters to Miss Lowell contain references to the problems of the abolition of slavery and to the question as to the propriety of the coercion of the Southern States by force of arms. Dr. Jackson's opinions on these matters were those, not of a student of history, but of a busy citizen. Nevertheless, they had been deliberately formed, and were based upon strong feeling. For this reason the letters are of interest, partly as illustrating the writer's mental characteristics and attitude, and partly as indicating a sentiment shared by a considerable number of intelligent men, and one which would perhaps command more attention to-day than on the eve of the Civil War.

Dr. Jackson was a man of great liberality, and fully recognized that no one person's opinion expressed more than a portion of the truth. At the same time, many influences, drawn from inheritance, tradition, and per-

sonal character, combined to give him a conservative temperament, inclining him to hold fast to what was good in the old where others might be relatively eager to change it for the new, and led him to entertain firm, unquestioning convictions, formed in harmony with this temperament.

His father had been preëminent as an upholder of law and order, and not only had this tendency determined the formation of his course of action as regards home politics, but it underlay also his hatred of the exhibitions of mob-rule abroad, as in the French Revolution. The letter to Rev. Richard Price[1] gives strong expression to this view. He also had a strong sense of justice which had made him oppose the oppression of the Tories after the Revolution.

Sentiments like these were distinctly congenial to Dr. Jackson, as is shown by expressions quoted on page 345, where he tells his son that reforms which come slowly, as a natural outgrowth, are to be preferred to those obtained by revolution and violence, and where he speaks of the perpetuation of slavery as a national, not alone a sectional sin. He admitted that age and circumstances had intensified this feeling. It was for younger men, he said, to be Republicans. He had watched the civic achievements through several generations of the fine New England families to which the ties of birth and kinship had so closely bound him, and the thought of seeing so many of the children and grandchildren whom he had watched from birth to man-

[1] Recently published by the Massachusetts Historical Society, in the Price papers.

hood, and had found so full of life and promise, swept away in battle, for an issue that he believed could be better met in other ways, was a trial hard to bear.

It should be said, nevertheless, that he was not a "peace at any price" man. Thus, in one of the letters to his son, cited on page 345, in which he discusses the Nullification movement of 1832, he distinctly says that if persuasive methods proved insufficient, the national government should resort to arms in asserting its authority. When Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson returned, wounded, from the South, after his splendid service as organizer and leader of a colored regiment, the first in the field, Dr. Jackson asked him to call upon him, and listened with warm interest to his account of the brave conduct of the negro soldiers.

In some of the letters to Rev. Francis Wayland and to Mrs. Twisleton, as well as in those to Miss Lowell given on pages 378–379, these views are expressed with especial definiteness. It will be seen that most of these letters were written some years before the actual outbreak of the war.

DR. JACKSON TO REV. FRANCIS WAYLAND

Waltham, July 24, 1834.

My dear Sir, — I received your kind letter of June 20th in its due season, and at the same time your "Elements of Moral Science." I deferred writing to you till I should have read the book, and other occupations have prevented my finishing it till this afternoon. I now thank you very sincerely for the book, — I thank you much more for having written and published it. I know not where a work can be found which lays down so distinctly, so perspicuously, our moral duties and the reasons for them, as this does. . . . The great

doctrine that he who acts from the highest motives, who obeys the law of love and thinks only of being useful to others, does thereby act the most perfectly according to his own nature and the most certainly secure his own happiness, — this doctrine I hold to be the most sound and the most useful of any which can be inculcated on men. To you I need not say that this will not justify a visionary philanthropy, which makes men neglect that charity (that is, love), which should begin at home. For if a man does not love, and will not serve those of his own household and neighborhood, he will never truly love and serve others. But I must stop — I did not mean to echo any of the excellent things which I approve in your book, — I meant after a general assent, to express a dissent on one point, and that at the close of the book, which I have just read. I mean in regard to war. I am not satisfied that war should be proscribed entirely. Though in respect to almost every war I should agree with you, I am not sure that it is never justified. If I were the head of a family, or patriarch of a tribe, where there was no superintending government, and were surrounded by other families or tribes, — should my neighbor injure the persons of those under me, or lay waste the fields, whose produce was necessary for their support, — I think I should be justified in inflicting such injury on my enemy as would prevent the attainment of his object or the repetition of his aggression. If indeed time could be allowed, I ought first to seek redress peaceably — or security from future injury. But if these could not be obtained otherwise, I think that physical force, aided by ingenious but honest contrivance, ought to be employed by me and my tribe to secure the enjoyment of peace in future. Merely to satiate the feelings of vengeance this should not be done, but for security in time to come from a ferocious and unprincipled enemy. If this would be true of a tribe, it would also of a nation ; as I need not urge to you. Thus, first of all we should clear ourselves of injustice, — that we should perform all our

duties to other nations, though they may fail toward us, — that we should not hastily engage in war, except in defence when actually attacked, — that we should not voluntarily engage in war except we could not otherwise secure respect for the lives and property of our citizens, where they were necessarily exposed, — all this I should fully grant. And, moreover, I am persuaded that war might almost always be prevented by a nation, who should sincerely strive to prevent it, and who should exhibit a proper temper under injury. But that cases may occur, in which good men might go to war, seems to me certain; and if I am right, the cause of peace would be best promoted by allowing that, while the few occasions in which it could be right might thus be urged with more force. You will not understand me, as having done more than hint at the argument in justification of war under some circumstances. If God has clearly forbidden war under all circumstances, there should be no further question on the subject. But I have never so understood the matter.

There is another point, on which I wish to make a few remarks — viz; slavery. I think that you have not said a word on this subject to which I do not assent, and I believe that my detestation of slavery, imbibed almost with my mother's milk, certainly under the earliest instructions of my father, is as great as any man's. In a work like yours, therefore, I am much pleased to see the doctrine on this subject laid down so simply and clearly and yet so strongly, that I know not how any man can resist it, unless as to immediate emancipation. On that head I think that liberty should be given to them, as it should be to children, as fast as they can use it with safety to themselves, but that they shall not be sent off unprepared. As I have understood, Washington did, by the discipline of his slaves, prepare them for liberty, and I suppose he thought his whole life would not more than do it, and therefore emancipated them only at his death, when he could not be assured that the same education would be continued.

But I wish to say further, — whatever is the right course on this difficult subject, I feel persuaded that that course will not be adopted the sooner in consequence of the efforts of our anti-slavery societies in N. Eng. On the contrary masters and slaves in our southern states will be injured, as I fear, by the efforts in this quarter. If we had slaves, it would be our affair — and so far as regards the D. of Columbia it is our affair. But the several states are different nations as to certain points, — this of slavery is one of those points — and galled as now the southerners are by the curse of slavery, they will be rendered outrageous, if we all write on this subject, and perhaps even by the efforts of a minority among us. The effect would be greater pertinacity in the system of slavery, probably greater cruelty toward slaves, more frequent instigations to murder the masters by the slaves, etc., etc. If the slaves could rise with a prospect of success, I do not see, and never have, why we should not sympathize with them as much as we were justified in doing with the Greeks. But as things are, I fear we shall hurt all parties and delay the abolition of slavery by ill-timed and injudicious efforts. If money would remove the evil, we should not hesitate to give our part — let the U. S. pay five or ten millions a year — or whatever is necessary. But let us not attempt to interfere with the internal concerns of our neighbors in a mode which must probably lead to cruel wars or to increased severity toward slaves. We have made a treaty (for such is our Federal Constitution) in which we did all that we could, not all that we wished. Let us not destroy the good effects of that treaty by attempts, which may display our good principles and feelings on one point, but which will not effect a good purpose. So far as individuals, in a dispassionate manner, can present arguments against slavery, as you have done, it is all well — I wish any man in the slave-holding states would read and reflect on such arguments.

In what I have said there is nothing to which you may not

agree, so far as your book shows; and I know not what your opinions are further than the book shows. But I have been led to write upon the subject the more because your young friend, Mr. Gould, with the best of feelings, was so warm on this subject, that I could not have any fair discussion with him. I shall hesitate much, I say it sincerely, if I find you differ from me. But I do not want you to task yourself to write a long argument. What I have written has been literally *calamo currente*, as you see. I know you will understand me without too much detail.

I derived sincere gratification by your remarks on my son's character and the state of our science. I had the pleasure yesterday to receive a letter from a young man in Virginia, of excellent character, who says that he was with my son in Paris a year, "day and night," and he can assure that his purity was not soiled there, and that he did much to withdraw others from the evil habits, so common in large cities. Excuse this from a father. Nothing is, or ever was so dear to me as this purity of heart and life in my son. In regard to our science I should like much to talk with you — for it is too much to write all I have to say. It would gratify me exceedingly if you can give me your company for several hours when you are next in this quarter. Do remember this.

I am with unfeigned respect,

Your friend,

J. Jackson.

DR. JACKSON TO DR. WAYLAND

Boston, April 5, 1838.

My dear Sir, — I thank you for your book on "Human Responsibility." . . . I have seldom read a book with more entire satisfaction; for I go with you fully on all points, except that I think your desire to be candid has carried you too far in respect to the Texas question. I think if I were a Senator in Congress, I should hold it an objection to the admission of

Texas that it would cause an extension of slavery, and by increasing the power of the slave states cause a greater and greater extension of the evil in ways which we cannot foresee, perhaps. In agreeing to leave the matter of slavery to the states, our forefathers probably thought, and certainly might have thought that, as the prospect then was, slavery could not acquire a predominating influence in our country, and that the natural tendency would be the other way. However, I may be wrong in all this. With this exception I go with you heartily — and the merits of the book are the soundness of doctrine, the strength and clearness of its logic, the perspicuity of its language, the truly Christian feeling everywhere manifested in it, and its adaptedness to the times. I hope it will be read by every man who is engaged in the works of the day, whether for civil, philanthropic, or religious purposes. You have admirably shown that men should not forget their individual responsibility in associating themselves with others. I think so much of this and of the risk of being involved in proceedings, which I cannot approve, that I have been very cautious in joining popular societies. I am a firm Unitarian, but I have never been willing to join our Unitarian Association from the fear that something would be done by it, which my conscience would not approve.

That you may long continue your labors, so useful to your fellow men, is, my dear sir, my sincere and ardent prayer.

Very respectfully

Your friend,

J. Jackson.

Rev. Dr. Wayland.

DR. JACKSON TO DR. WAYLAND

Boston, October 16, 1850.

My dear Sir, — Your book on "Human Responsibility" is, I believe, out of print. The object of this letter is to request you to publish forthwith a new edition of that valuable work.

There is at this time a great agitation, as it is termed, on the slavery question. This is managed, perhaps, by mere politicians; but it is aided by very many excellent men; and men who are also intelligent. Yet they do not seem to me very clear-sighted on this subject. The horrors of slavery are before their eyes, and these are rendered more startling by the thought that they may be imposed on men who have been living in freedom among us and are known to us personally. This matter is held up before their eyes so as to hide all other objects, and to prevent their seeing the true relations of this. Withal, they disregard all considerations of true policy in managing this matter, and are not at all likely to attain any useful end. The evils of a civil war are treated as not worth their regard. If they could hope to make good freemen of all the blacks in our country, the importance of the object would deserve consideration; but I suppose no zealot really entertains such a hope.

The first step to a better course is to make every man see what is his proper duty in this distressing and perplexing business. The evils of slavery, and the aggravated evils of reclaiming men who have had the vigor to escape from it and who have been tasting the sweets of liberty for one or five or ten years, — these evils are appalling. We should do all that we can to avert them — all that we can with propriety. If we are under bonds to give the pound of flesh, we may hold to the letter of the bond, and see that not one atom more than the pound be cut. But we should not surely make two confederacies of our one; and bring about a war, which would probably last till we and our children have run our race. But I am running off.

It seems to me that many sensible and honest men might be brought to a rational view of this subject by a perusal of your book. So thinks a friend of mine. So much does he think of the advantages of having the book read at this time, that he authorizes me to say that if an edition of a thousand

copies is published at once, and if any loss should be incurred by the publication at the end of a year, he will bear the loss. If there be a profit, it will of course belong to you. If you are too much engaged to attend to the business at present, we can, if you will allow it, do all that here. To be useful, the publication should take place at once.

Excuse the freedom I take with you, and believe me with sincere respect,

Your friend,

JAMES JACKSON.

REV. DR. WAYLAND.

The four following notes were written by Dr. Jackson at different periods to his oldest granddaughter, Elizabeth Cabot Putnam, who spent much of her childhood with her grandparents at Waltham and in the delightful house at Pemberton Square, and was taken on nearly all the trips to visit his daughter, Mrs. Charles Jackson, at the Iron Works in Pennsylvania, and his son Frank at Westport on Lake Champlain. This trip was then made by stage over the rough roads from Whitehall to Westport, through Vermont by a forty-mile ride, which used to be enlivened by many stories and jokes. In the winter she often accompanied him to concerts and theatres, which he always enjoyed. Jennie Lind's singing was a great delight to him.

MY DEAR LITTLE LIZZIE, — You know that this earth we live upon is a globe. You and I have travelled upon it, and have gone so far west that the sun has not risen upon us so soon by several minutes, as it would have done at home. You may not understand how this is, but it could be easily explained to you on an artificial globe, as might many other things relating to the earth. I therefore send you my terres-

trial globe as a birthday present from Grandmother and myself. We three have had many pleasant times together at home, as well as on our travels. May we have many more; and may you have many happy returns of this anniversary. This is our wish, for we wish all possible happiness to you.

I am, my dear Lizzie, your affectionate Grandfather, and old fellow traveller and playmate,

J. Jackson.

Pemberton Square, February 19, 1844.

My dear little Betsy Bucker, — You will be gone before I get to your house this morning; so I send you the money, which I wish you to spend for me in the garden. There is half a dollar for Anna and the same for Charlie. Get for them what they like, but if they do not choose you may choose for them. Take the rest for what you choose for yourself and Jimmie and anybody else.

I am your old play-fellow and young grandpapa,

J. Jackson.

July 4, 1848.

Boston, July 27, 1856.

My dear little Lizzie, — I must always love to call you *little*, as that word recalls you when I first knew you and loved you. It was most meet for you to write to me from Waltham, and your letter gratified me very much. I loved you from the moment of your birth, and it was my delight to fondle you and kiss you — but I was often too hard and troubled you, and you very naturally complained. But as soon as you were old enough to understand how much I loved you, you ceased to complain and met me with sweet smiles. It was at this time that you remember Waltham, and Grandmother and I must always be associated with Waltham in your mind. You were indeed most sweet to me in your infancy; but I could not be sure that you would always be so. As you grew up you might lose some of your regard to us old folks, and besides

you might not always conduct so as to please us. Thank God no such evil has come upon us. You have always given us unmixed delight, except when we used to be anxious about your health. And now your character is fixed and I trust that your health is also, so that I have long ceased to feel any anxiety about you. I now place you among my friends, and you may soon find me calling on you as my counsellor — for so it is right for old people to avail themselves of the strength of the young. Your excellent parents will call on you in the same way, and you must not hesitate to deal plainly with them. There will always be some things which the old ones will believe that they understand best, and as to some of them they will be right. But there are frequent occasions on which they may well consult those who are younger and fresher. You will take pleasure in these things, for I know how you love to be useful. There is a certain care which we should all take of ourselves. We can do it better than others, and by doing it we save burdening others. But our best happiness is found in doing good to others; — and it is because you seem to have discovered this that I promise myself you will have a fair share, and perhaps a large share, of happiness — such happiness as this world affords.

I am very glad that you have found your visit so pleasant at your new Waltham house. Your friends there have always lived amidst wealth and abundance. Being people of taste, they have learnt how to maintain the air of repose. I dare say they have some objects in life, something which interests them, but they can lay these aside and be always ready to attend to a temporary visitor. I do not know the young people, but the parents have always been my friends, and Mrs. L. especially so.

Grandma and I are as well as we can be these hot days and nights, and are never too warm nor too cool to love you.

Your loving grandfather,

J. J.

Boston, June 14, 1861.

My dear little Lizzie, — I got your note just as I left the house this morning, and went to Temple Place and told them I had got a love-letter from a young lady — and of course roused their attention. But so it was — so full of love and kindness, — wishing that I might share your pleasures and enter into your joys. And you know that I always have from the moment you had any distinct joys — and you have seen how much it has added to my happiness to do so. The distinctions of age are not to be blotted out — they are real — but a sincere love, like yours and mine, will enable the old and the young to participate in each other's joys — and sorrows too. — I have not loved everybody whom I have known, but I have striven to see the good points in the characters of all men and women. At first I must have done this from something in my own nature, for I was not aware of it and yet was doing it without any plan, when one day, sixty years ago, my friend the first Anna C. Lowell said this to me — Ah, James, I see that you are destined to succeed in the world and to make friends, because you are so ready to see the good points in the characters of those you meet. I was much gratified by the remark from one whom I loved and respected so much as I did Aunt Nancy — for that was the good name she commonly went by — and partly from a desire to be worthy of her sweet praise, partly perhaps from the lower motive that it would advance the interest of a young doctor to gain friends in this way, I cultivated the habit. Well, now, don't suppose that I have acted up fully to this principle — but I have striven to do so, and I am sure that my life has been made more happy by doing so. I am not stating all this to you as to one who needs to be taught it. On the contrary, it is because I have been delighted to see how much you have acted upon it, whether you know it or not.

Of course I do not mean to say that we should ignore the faults and follies of all we know. It is right to see things as

they are — it is quite right, on proper occasions, to point out the faults of our neighbors — but it is much better to look at the best part of every one's character and conduct as much as we can. It is one of the ways of doing as we would be done by — and an important one.

It is evening and time for me to go into the parlour. When you must go away, remember to catch some leisure minutes and write more love-letters — to your loving

Grandfather,

J. J.

During all these later years, Dr. Jackson, with his warm care for all that concerned the circle of his family and friends, — his searching interest in each circumstance of their lives, — became, to a striking degree, a centre of interest for them too, young and old alike, as the following poem by Dr. O. W. Holmes, accompanying the gift of a set of silver salt-cellars on his eightieth birthday, may help to indicate: —

This shrine a precious gift enfolds;
Look, when its lids unclose,
Not on the shining dross it holds,
But on the love it shows.

What though the silvered brow may seem
Amid the youthful throng
A little farther down the stream
That bears us all along;

Those murmuring waves are mute to-day,
The stream forgets to run,
The brown locks mingle with the gray,
And all our hearts are one.

Ah, could we bring earth's sweetest song
And bear its brightest gold,
The gift our grateful hearts would wrong,
Our love were still untold.

Boston, October 3, 1857.

After he had given up a part of his active practice, it was his invariable custom to make, each morning, a round of visits to those of his children and their families who lived in the neighborhood. As he started before eight o'clock, the neighbors came to regard him as a thermometer, so many different coats had he, from the long, wadded camlet to the short, close-fitting spencer, according to the weather, and he was so punctual that the clock could have been set by his ring at the door.

These morning calls were times for playing with his grandchildren, who still recall the sunshine of his visits, his interest in their doings, and his remembrance of their birthdays.

He took great delight in discovering family traits as they appeared in succeeding generations of the families he had known so well, and always maintained that the members of the younger generations, especially when physicians, ought to be wiser than their predecessors.

The hospitable customs of earlier days were kept up through this long period of peaceful age. On Sunday evenings there were gatherings of the children and grandchildren, nephews and nieces, in the pleasant parlor of the Hamilton Place house, as there had been in Pemberton Square; among them, almost invariably, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Dr. J. B. S. Jackson, and occasionally Dr. Jacob Bigelow and other intimate friends.

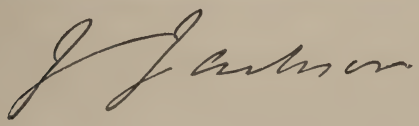
After his wife's death, Dr. Jackson was joined by his son Francis H. Jackson and his family, with whom he lived thenceforward, in Hamilton Place and later in Marlborough Street, until his death, which occurred on August 17, 1867.

For the last year he was an invalid, but until then his mind had remained unclouded, and he was able to dictate, for the Public Library at Newburyport, the "Reminiscences" to which allusion so often has been made.

The memorials that follow were published for the most part immediately after his death.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON BY REV. J. F. CLARKE

Sometimes a man is so happy as to have his goodness seen at first, and yet remembered afterwards — to please in the beginning, and to charm in the end. Such was the good physician who passed quietly on last week — whose virtues have walked their round, not making a pause nor leaving a void, during sixty years of service to this community; who was to Boston one of its essential features; whose wisdom was so perfect that it seemed like the instinct of nature; whose purity of heart saw God all day long; a man in whom piety and charity, twin sisters, seemed so at home as to be inborn gifts for which he deserved no merit. Of such a man, who can tell how much he has done to hold the community to a high standard of truth and right. He walked in our midst, our perpetual, silent monitor. When we saw him in the street, moving with his deliberate step, and met his grave, sweet salute, we felt better for it all the day. Such men are the salt of our society; lamps of wisdom put on the candlestick of faithful work; giving light to all that are in the house. Who does not remember some of his quiet, sagacious sayings; who will not always have a picture in their heart of the good old man, to whom the Apostle John would have written as to



Gaius, — "Beloved, thou doest faithfully whatever thou doest." There came to my memory in thinking of him, the lines of an old poet describing such a temperate life and such a serene departure: —

"Wouldst see a man all his own wealth,
His own physic, his own health,
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear its garments well?
A well-clothed soul that 's not oppressed
Nor *choked* with that she should be *dressed*.
A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine,
A soul whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy steams —
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven has a summer day?
Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguile
Age? Wouldst see December smile?
Wouldst see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering
Winter's self into a spring?
In sum, wouldst see a man that can
Live to be old, and yet a man
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers,
And, when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends;
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay, —
A kiss, a sigh, and so away?"

BY DR. JACOB BIGELOW [1]

Our acquiescence in the just order of Providence alone tempers the solemnity and sorrow with which we regard the departure from life, even at its latest and maturest period, of

[1] *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, August, 1867.

one whom we have loved and honored. It is the fate of most men to fall prematurely by the wayside of an unfinished career. A few having reached the goal of ordinary old age, sink gradually into the shade of infirmity and seclusion. The end of the most protracted life is at best labor and sorrow. Yet we may esteem as fortunate the lot of one whose physical and intellectual strength had been so nearly commensurate with his great length of days; who has associated his own history with the hopes and fears, the affections, the joys and sorrows of more than one generation; whose intellect during more than fourscore years was never crossed by a cloud; whose energies during that long period never shrunk from the performance of all active duties; whose presence has been invoked as a blessing by the afflicted, and whose words of wisdom and experience have been oracles to his professional brethren.

When some of us first knew Dr. Jackson, now gratefully remembered as our earliest and longest professional friend, he had been at least ten years engaged in active practice, and was then almost at the zenith of his professional reputation. He had rapidly risen to this point by the possession of qualities not common at that day, when medicine was less a liberal science than it is now; when the community were perhaps more exacting, while they were less discriminating, and when the judgment of a man's own peers could not always be depended on for impartiality, if, indeed, for competency. The qualities that distinguished him then, as since, were habits of unsparing application, a power of rapid acquirement, and of ready adaptation of knowledge to use. To these were superadded the high moral attributes of an uncompromising love of truth, of justice to the claims of others, of a deep sense of the responsibilities of his profession, and a devotion amounting almost to parental love towards those who had become the objects of his professional care. Excelling his contemporaries in the extent of his professional erudition; vigilant in observing the early progress of his science, as it tended to good or to

evil; studious and retentive of the peculiar features of each succeeding case that passed under his observation; cheerful, hopeful, courageous and buoyant in the presence of the sick — he received during his extended life, more than any man among us, the deference of his compeers, and the ardent, grateful, and almost filial reliance of those who in sickness leaned on him for succor, or in danger looked to him for rescue.

The character of Dr. Jackson was naturally impulsive and sanguine. Coming in his early life from the schools of European erudition, he brought with him a deep respect for the labor and learning, the authority and conventional prestige, of the then accepted luminaries of medical science. His methods of practice during the first half of his professional life were in a high degree energetic and decisive. He believed, in common with many others at that day, that most diseases were susceptible of control and even of removal, by the active forms of medical interference then generally in use. These opinions and habits were greatly modified, if not subdued, in the subsequent portions, perhaps the last half, of his long and observing life; so that although he never lost his professional fondness for the forms and implements of his art, and sometimes carried their use to a scrupulous degree of exactness, yet he became more tolerant of nature, more humble in his expectations from art, and more distrustful of reckless interference whenever certain harm was to be balanced against doubtful good.

Of his moral and affectional attributes it is difficult fitly to speak. Alike in the prosperous and adverse conditions of life, we have never seen his kindly heart give way to an unjust or an ungenerous impulse. Under affliction which might have prostrated a mind less disciplined by Christian energy and faith, we have known him cheerful, self-controlling and unrepining. When in a momentous period of his life, his parental hope was abruptly blighted, and an idol which he had fondly cherished, until solicitude was lost in gratification, suddenly fell from his grasp, he did not sink, nor for a moment forget

that duty remained to be done. With an endurance exemplary as it was exalted, he stepped to the post made vacant by the death of his son, and for long succeeding years, reversing the apparent order of nature, carried out in his own person the career which had seemed destined to another of his race. He became the biographer, and as it were the continuer, of his son. Who could so fitly eulogize the virtues which he himself had helped to form? Who could so well sustain the character which was but a reproduction of his own?

It is now a third of a century since this great affliction was thus received and thus sustained. He sought for and found consolation in his communings with the memories of the dead, and the conscientious pursuit of his duty to the living. He resumed his professional activities, his interest in life, his relations with society, and his influence in the harmonious organizations of his own profession. For many years, even up to a late period, he carried with him the respect, the attachment and tender regard of many friends who had cultivated and loved him. Who does not even now remember his quiet step, his benign smile and friendly greeting, long familiar in our streets, as they were welcome in our dwellings?

At length the light of his gifted intellect slowly and fitfully faded out in the advancing shadows of physical decay. And now the light of his earthly presence is forever withdrawn from us, leaving his memory alone to console and direct us. It is well that he has lived, to complete in his character a model of social and professional excellence; it is well that he has died, leaving in the history of his life the record of a task well finished, and a memory on which there is no stain.

BY DR. O. W. HOLMES[1]

The time has not yet arrived for doing justice to the character and services of Dr. James Jackson. The first expressions of love and honor which follow him to his resting-place

[1] *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, August, 1867.

are only such as have been long on the lips of all who knew him, mingled with the natural regrets which seem almost selfish when we remember his age and his infirmities. The general verdict of his contemporaries among us would doubtless have been that he was the model practitioner of their generation. The voice of the profession would assuredly assign him the same position among the teachers of the art of healing.

He himself would have been so unwilling to be overestimated that those who knew him best cannot help feeling as if they were restrained by the memory of his own serene and tempered judgment in using the terms which at once suggest themselves when speaking of his gifts and virtues. Yet an intelligence so lucid, a knowledge so practical, a skill so consummate, a devotion to his duty so entire, a spirit so cheerful, a benevolence so thoughtful, a character so truly balanced, a long life so filled with noble service, can hardly be spoken of as they deserve without our seeming to use the rhetoric of eulogy. Keeping close to the truth, as known and acknowledged in the community where he has lived so long, we find that we have drawn what looks like an ideal portrait.

He would not have claimed for himself any extraordinary intellectual attributes, any more than he would have claimed any special merit for the style of those "Letters to a Young Physician," which were mentioned in these columns a day or two since among those writings by which "literature, as well as science and history, gained much more than it would have gained by the arriving of fifty new knights sworn specially to 'letters.'" But sagacious, observing instincts, well-adjusted reflecting powers, and practical energy to use them efficiently, are not often found in such large measure, so harmoniously blended. He was a child to learn, a father to teach, a brother to help.

We might perhaps find men in whom single qualities were

more developed than any one for which he was distinguished; not easily a man whose outfit for the duties of life was more admirable, and who used all his faculties to greater advantage. He retained his power and his disposition to be useful, into some of the last years of his protracted life. When mind and body alike felt the weight of infirmity, his tender affections still drew him to those he loved. There is a story that old men have been kept alive by transfusing the fresh blood from young veins into their own. Many young hearts were tributary through nobler channels to his old age. The love of the second and third and fourth generations gave new light to his eye and fresh color to his cheek, as they gathered around him to look, to listen, to serve, to caress. It was a rare delight to meet in his own home this most beloved of old men, who seemed to have hoarded the sunshine of more than fourscore years to give it back in smiles to those whom he has now left in a world less bright since he has gone.

So passes from us the last of those three brothers whom many of us remember as honors to their several callings, types and patterns of the best class of American citizens. United in the dearest friendship while they lived, we may hope that they are at length reunited among the good and faithful servants who have entered into the joy of their Lord. As the last of them leaves us, we seem to look upon them once more as when we used to see them together in their daily walk. Charles, grave, learned, judicial by nature, gentle, unselfish, modest, whom to have known is the most precious legacy of the past to many of the living; Patrick, great-hearted, impetuous, sanguine, constructive, executive, whose footprints were among the first along the opening track of New England's progress; and with them this teacher of teachers, this healer of the sick, this counsellor of the perplexed, this consoler of the sorrowful, this benefactor of the needy, whose sympathies were as boundless as the day, and whose priceless labors extended through two thirds of a century. With all

gratitude for his beautiful and most useful life, feeling, as we do, that he had filled the full measure of his years and of his services, it is yet with sorrowing hearts that we strike from the roll of living men the revered and cherished name of James Jackson.

CHAPTER XIII

MEDICAL WRITINGS

Dr. Jackson's medical writings were marked by soundness of judgment, accuracy in observation, fine discrimination, sympathetic insight into human nature, clearness of literary style. Physicians in active practice rarely have the time, temperament, or training for extended original research, and with him especially the personal and medical issues of the movement absorbed both thought and care.

As compared with his colleagues, he was a prolific writer, in spite of the fact that he was never very strong, and was always under the pressure of a large and exacting private practice, to which, during twenty-five years, there were added the demands of hospital work and teaching. If the table of contents of the "New England Medical Journal" be scanned, it will be found that he wrote more of the articles than any other single physician, Dr. Warren coming immediately after him with one less. The whole number of his communications to that journal between 1812 and 1823 was fifteen.

Besides these shorter articles, the "Transactions of the Massachusetts Medical Society" contain several lengthy reports on epidemic diseases and on vaccination, compiled by committees of which he was an active member.

He also wrote a number of elaborate addresses, of which the chief are those on Fever, on the Brunonian System, on Dr. John Warren, and on Dr. John C. Gorham.

In his earliest professional years, Dr. Warren and he edited the "Pharmacopœia," a task which must have involved much labor, though lightened by the collaboration of Dr. Gorham.

Soon after he began his teaching, he brought out his Syllabus and his two volumes of lectures. In 1836 he published the volume of cholera cases observed and reported by his son, but edited by him, and wrote the preface and appendix to Louis' researches on the effects of bleeding, which his son-in-law, Dr. Putnam, had translated into English. The "Letters to a Young Physician" were not published until 1855, when he was seventy-eight years old. Yet in 1860 he wrote the "Memoir on the Last Sickness of General Washington," to accompany Hon. Edward Everett's "Life of Washington," and in 1861 "Another Letter to a Young Physician," both of which gave signs of clear, unhampered thought and ready pen.

The place that these "Letters" held in the estimation of those for whom they were principally intended is well indicated by the following note from the late Dr. Morrill Wyman, one of Dr. Jackson's younger colleagues: —

77 Sparks Street, Cambridge, Mass.,
December 21, 1901.

Dear Dr. Putnam, —. . . Dr. James Jackson's "Letters to a Young Physician" . . . were much read when they first appeared and are too valuable to be forgotten. The dedication to Dr. Warren gives an indication of the sterling charac-

ter of its author. His kindly and just regard for his colleagues; his encouraging hand always outheld for his younger brethren; his "begging them to allow him to be an honorary member of young physic;" his full appreciation of the advance of the Medical Profession within his own observation and the great pleasure to him to have aided in this advance, all indicate the character of the man. The "Letters" also illustrate his ability as a careful observer, and the mental qualities to so consider, weigh, and collate these observations that they defined an affection in the "Iliac Quarter" not before recognized as a distinct disease.[1] In the "Sick-Room" he was the personification of all that his Letter directs, and Dr. Holmes's "Sick-man's Chamber" tells us how grateful to himself while a patient was Dr. Jackson's visit

Your grandfather was most gentlemanly and winning in his manners in a sick-room, and as a physician exact in observation and sound in judgment. . . .

Sincerely your friend,

MORRILL WYMAN.

Dr. William Osler, whose warm sympathies and broad learning have led him to see and to signalize the proof of good work done by men who deserved well of their own day but are in danger of being forgotten by ours, has recently delivered an admirable address on American Bibliography, in which he enumerates certain books and articles which the eager searcher for new facts rarely finds it essential to consult, yet with which each liberal student should be familiar. It is pleasant to find that among these are the "Letters to a Young Physician" by the elder Jackson, and the few writings of his son.

Among the numerous communications thus indicated

[1] See Dr. Fitz's letter, footnote, page 434.

there are several of such significance as to call for special notice.

Thus, as early as 1812, he wrote an account of cholera infantum, which Dr. W. D. Booker of Baltimore, in his recent presidential address on the early history of the summer diarrhœas of infants,[1] speaks of as "one of the most complete and valuable articles that has ever been written on the cholera infantum." After quoting at length from Dr. Jackson's clear and telling description, a good example of his fine pencil-painting, Dr. Booker continues: "The pathology is enriched by a number of autopsies which were made in common by Dr. J. C. Warren and Dr. Jackson during a period of several years. These autopsies are the first which have been reported on cholera infantum, and are of great value in establishing the inflammatory character of the disease." Further quotations are made describing Dr. Jackson's opinions on the pathology and the treatment of the affection.

In 1815 he published a full syllabus of his lectures, and in 1825 a text-book comprising two carefully written volumes, both of them intended for the use of the students. It is almost needless to call attention to the fact that the medical instruction was then given largely in a didactic form.

"Medical schools of that day did not give, and were not intended to give, complete medical instruction, but only to supplement the instruction of private teachers. . . . Students still continued to enter their names and study for the

[1] Booker, "Presidential Address," *Trans. American Pediatric Society*, 1901, p. 17.

major part of the year with some medical man in their own neighborhood, and 'attended lectures,' as it was called, only three or four months in a year."[1]

This text-book is of especial interest from the fact that it furnishes a clear and conscientious statement of the physiological doctrines of the day, in which the author seeks an adequate basis for the accepted system of therapeutics.

One or two of the points brought forward in this statement are worthy of comment. Thus, a great deal of stress is laid upon the supposed active coöperation of the blood vessels in the processes of nutrition. It was thought that in them the crude materials of digestion were converted into substances fit for assimilation by the tissues. This process of conversion was supposed to go on, not in the arteries and capillaries as known to us, but in still more minute vessels, standing in a close relationship to the cell-elements, and called "formative" vessels.

Much use is made by Dr. Jackson of the term "vital," to cover complex processes which could not be analyzed farther. This expression is objectionable if employed in such a way as to discourage closer study, and perhaps was felt by the men of that day to furnish a more real explanation than it conveys to us. Nevertheless, it is still an admissible term if taken as indicating, for example, chemical processes of a higher degree of complexity than those with which we feel ourselves relatively familiar. Our advance consists mainly of a better recognition of the intricacy and nature of the problems at issue.

[1] From *A Century of American Medicine*, by Dr. E. H. Clarke and others.

The same kind of comment could be made on Dr. Jackson's therapeutics as contrasted with our own. We have made considerable progress, and a good deal of it rests on a solid basis, but so much of pure empiricism, and even so much of superstition and of tradition, is handed down in this department of medicine, that we cannot claim to stand on a wholly different plane from that of our grandfathers. We scoff at so much bleeding and purging and mercurialization, and read with amusement how Dr. Jackson's contemporary, Dr. Gamage,[1] drew two hundred and twenty-five ounces (seven quarts) of blood from a typhoid patient, in a series of successive, almost daily, bleedings; yet it should not be forgotten that in the eyes of very competent men, there is justification for more bleeding than is now in vogue, and that thorough cleansing of the *primae viae*, by one method or another, has much to say for itself as a means of removing the poisons generated by chemical transformations of the food and of the intestinal secretions. Dr. Jackson himself was considered very moderate in the use of the more violent remedies, and it is noteworthy that in one of his letters he refers, as if with approbation, to the stirring publications by Dr. Jacob Bigelow and Dr. O. W. Holmes[2] criticising the established methods, and advocating a degree of reliance on natural processes of repair such as few practitioners had considered to be justifiable.

The very brilliancy of our recent achievements in the

[1] *Some Account of the Fever which existed in Boston during the Autumn and Winter of 1817 and 1818*, by William Gamage, Jr., M. D.

[2] See page 398.

domain of pure science leads us to overvalue the practical bearing of our discoveries, and makes it hard to form a just estimate of the medical practice and medical theory of the men of Dr. Jackson's day.

If their standard of scientific knowledge was far below our own, the scientific attitude, among the best men, was as pronounced as now, and led them to equally close observation and critical judgment. Even their theories lose much of their apparent absurdity when considered in the light of their genesis, and with a comprehension of the meaning of their terms. Thus, when John Hunter invokes the "stimulus of necessity" to explain the coagulation of the blood, one is led at first to take the statement as a sign that the judgment even of so great a man as he may be obscured by mysticism and the acceptance of traditional error. But Dr. Jackson accounts for the remark by saying that in Hunter's terminology the expression "stimulus of necessity" was used as pointing to the closeness of the bond by which the different organs and functions of the body are united.

The blood "necessarily" coagulates when it can no longer perform its proper function of contributing to the life of the organism as a whole. On the same principle, "if every part except the stomach were truly palsied, then would the stomach cease to act; for it would be in the same state as when the nerves which go to it are divided." This is a most important doctrine, and has of late been attracting renewed attention. In brief, however defective or grotesque the pathological and therapeutic systems of a century ago appear to

us, it may be believed that some new thought, some forward tendency, was carried by them to the students of that day, and — best of all — that they helped to recall to them the aspirations and devotion of the great teachers by whom the doctrines had been framed, and to communicate something of their fervid zeal.

The "Discourse on Fever," which was read as the annual address before the Massachusetts Medical Society, June 3, 1818, is a contribution of interest to the medical historian. His principal thesis is that, if one observes carefully the various disorders of which fever forms a part, striking similarities will be found to exist between them, underlying a variety of special differences. The differences are attributed to a number of causes, such as the fact that this or that organ becomes inflamed simultaneously with the outbreak of the fever, or that the toxic substance causing the fever is present in greater quantity in one epidemic and less in another, etc. The points of resemblance are considered to be due to the fact that, after all, fever is fever, and has its own characteristics, most of which can be recognized in each case.

This opinion is placed in contrast with that of Sydenham, who had taught that each epidemic fever formed a distinct species. According to Sydenham, the fever of one epidemic demands a wholly different treatment from the fever of another, and for each case, he thought, it might conceivably be possible to discover some specific remedy. According to Dr. Jackson, fever is a more or less definite process, occurring in certain stages, which follow each other, sometimes in regular, some-

times in irregular succession; and the task of the physician is to learn to recognize the stage which is present at a given moment, and to correct the functional disorders — as of the heart, the capillaries, circulation, etc. — which characterize that portion of the disease.

Of course, in one sense both of the writers were correct, and in many senses neither of them was, or could be so; but it is interesting to note that in some of the most recent monographs on fever the essential unity of this disorder is distinctly taught, as at least probably correct, and thus Dr. Jackson's main contention is, on the whole, substantiated. It was the therapeutic outcome of the inquiry which lay nearest to his heart; and he was ready to pin his faith on the importance, for treatment, of learning to discern, with a quick eye, the presence of this or that condition of the circulation or of the nervous system which was peculiar to one or the other stage of "fever," and was discoverable underneath the other manifestations of disease or side by side with them. The aim was a good one, but of course the writer's knowledge of physiology and pathology was not adequate to the solving of the complex problems that were at stake.

In 1822 he published in the "New England Journal of Medicine," under the title "On a Peculiar Disease resulting from the Use of Ardent Spirits," an account of what is now known as "Alcoholic Neuritis." In this article the main features of that important affection — the pain, the paralysis, the tendency to mental symptoms, the prolonged course — are all graphically though briefly laid down. Even the greater susceptibility of women

to this action of alcohol is pointed out. It is pleasant to note that in the complete bibliography given by a recent German student of this subject[1] Dr. Jackson's name occurs the first, the date of his contribution being separated from that of the next writer, Dr. Magnus Huss, by an interval of thirty years. I do not remember to have met with this historical recognition in any other publication, though Dr. William Osler long ago called my attention, in conversation, to the accuracy and priority of Dr. Jackson's description.

It is plain that this disease had been attracting Dr. Jackson's attention for a number of years before the publication of his article, since the same account, in almost identically the same words, is given in a book of carefully written notes on Dr. Jackson's lectures, made by his friend and pupil, Dr. Edward Reynolds, and dated 1815.

It may be said, in passing, that the fidelity shown in the writing of these notes illustrates at once the degree of consideration in which didactic lectures were held at that day and the care with which the lectures themselves were prepared.

The remaining contributions to be noticed are from the "Letters to a Young Physician," which was published, as already has been stated, in 1855, with its noble preface, addressed to Dr. J. C. Warren, that won Dr. Holmes's eloquent outburst of praise.[2]

Perhaps the best known of these letters is that in

[1] Ernst Remak, "Ueber Neuritis," *Oesterr. Zeitschr. für prakt. Heilk*, Wien, 1860, vol. vi, p. 769.

[2] See above, page 173.

which he describes the disease now known as appendicitis. At the period when he wrote, the inflammatory affections of the bowels had been but imperfectly differentiated, though better than he supposed.[1] He could not give, from personal observation, the anatomical evidence to substantiate his diagnosis, but he laid down the chief physical characteristics of his new disease with a nicety that left but little to be desired. Thus, on page 247, he writes: —

"There is another disease, in which the cœcum may be suspected to take a part, which is not extremely rare; and yet, so far as I know, it has not been distinctly described. I will attempt the description, but may not be successful; for there is great variety in the severity and in all the circumstances of the cases, which I include under this head. It came to my knowledge gradually, in a group with other diseases in the same vicinity. After I had been led to distinguish it from the others, I could look back and find that I had seen it before.

"In my early years I noticed, as others have done, that in peritonitis the inflammation was greatest on the right side of the abdomen, and in the lowest half of it. Let me call this lower half the iliac quarter, for it extends somewhat beyond what is called the iliac region. Subsequently I found that this

[1] Dr. R. H. Fitz, whose opinion on this subject is authoritative, writes as follows in a personal letter to the editor, dated February 19, 1903: —

"There is no doubt that Dr. Jackson's 'painful tumor near the cœcum' was appendicitis, and his descriptions are accurate, even to the usually favorable prognosis of the attack, and to the determination of 'McBurney's point.' His observations apparently were original, although, . . . if he had read Copeland's *Dictionary of Practical Medicine* (1836), he would have found that the source of the iliac phlegmon and iliac abscess was associated with the cœcum, vermiform appendix, and pericœcal tissue; if he had read the *Medico-Chirurgical Transactions* (1837), he would have found John Burne's article."

quarter was also the seat of other diseases, oftener than the corresponding part on the left side. I may mention painful affections and tumors of different sorts, which I met with on the right side more than on the left. At length, within the last fifteen years perhaps, I got to distinguish the particular disease, which I wish now to make known to you. I must give a name to this affection, as it is inconvenient to get on without one; therefore, in the present state of our knowledge, I will denominate it 'a painful tumor near the cœcum.' . . .

"The cases, which I have related, differ from each other in their severity and duration, and in many important details. If I could recall all I have seen, this would be more fully exemplified. I have not seen one case of the disease which has proved fatal; so that no examination post mortem has enlightened me upon its seat and particular characteristics.

"What, now, are the symptoms common to these cases and which may be regarded as essential to this disease? They are pain in the right iliac quarter, but not confined to this, for it often passes beyond the limits of this quarter, particularly upward; and a tumor, varying in size, so deep seated in the abdomen as not to be felt without some direct pressure on the part, more or less tender, sometimes very tender. This tumor is to be felt near the outer edge of the right rectus muscle of the abdomen, where this is crossed by a line drawn horizontally from the anterior superior spinous process of the right ilium. It must not be understood that the centre of the tumor is to be found exactly under the angle formed by the lines above mentioned, only that some part of the tumor lies under it. This may not be mathematically correct; but I believe that the indurated body will always be found, when the fingers are pressed down as near to this angle as one would come in an examination of this sort."

A number of cases are described at length, the earliest of them dating back to 1846. Strangely enough, the

never met with an instance of abscess-formation, and as his patients all recovered from the primary attack, aided as he believed by opiates, mild cathartics, local leeching, and counter-irritation, he could record no autopsies.

Another disorder, previously little studied, of which Dr. Jackson gives a description which even to-day would be accepted as almost perfect, is that to which he gave the name of "Intermittent Hemicrania," or headache.

Nowadays this affection is usually classified as a form of "neuralgia," and the important fact is often lost sight of which Dr. Jackson's comments and description kept in view, that the disorder stands in close relationship to true migraine.[1]

Another interesting chapter is concerned with the report of an important case of *alternating consciousness*, the patient being a young girl of eighteen.

This case, so far as I know, has remained unnoticed by the writers on this subject, but the account is given faithfully and in detail, and the comments, though of course not altogether such as would be made to-day, are logical and judicious.

It is greatly to the credit of Dr. Jackson's judgment in therapeutic matters that he strongly recommended a thorough "open-air" "treatment for pulmonary tuberculosis," such as has recently come again to the front almost as a novelty. Thus, on page 198 of the "Letters," he says: —

[1] A careful study of this disorder, made on the basis of a large number of observations but without knowledge of Dr. Jackson's conclusions, has convinced me of the truth and importance of this statement. — Ed.

"I stated the opinion, which I had then entertained for some years, and which has been confirmed by all my subsequent experience, namely, that the most important thing for all, threatened with phthisis, is to lead an active life in the open air; and that, if they cannot do that without too much suffering in our cold climate, they should go to a warmer one, where they can do it; but that this step is seldom necessary, except for those who have been in the habit of keeping much indoors."

Again, referring to a particular patient, he writes: —

"As he had passed his life in professional business, he had not become tender. He was, however, accustomed to drive about in a gig, and I advised that he should ride as much as possible on horseback."

Also, on page 177: —

"I once had a patient who got his living by white-washing. That is, he passed his time in washing the inside walls and ceilings of houses, thus surrounded by moisture, and in rooms where it was necessary to keep open windows, and consequently steady drafts of air about him. He was satisfied that he did better, when he kept at his work, than when he staid at home."

Perhaps, after all, the essay which embodies most clearly Dr. Jackson's own personality, and which is therefore the best suited for notice in a personal memoir, such as this, is that on "Conduct in the Sick-Room," with which the book opens.

In this brief but careful study, clear-cut as a piece of fine sculpture, which follows the physician through the bed-chamber of his patient and points out by what plan he can best ascertain the truth, and best learn

to see and reach the sick man's varied needs, while maintaining the physician's dignity, it is clear that Dr. Jackson gives an accurate description of himself, and whether we agree with him on all points or not, it is to this fine description that one who wishes for a true picture of him as the practicing physician should first turn.

The following extract from the "Introductory" chapter of this little book may fittingly close these notes on Dr. Jackson's medical writings: —

"The true physician . . . cannot fail to be modest in his pretensions; for he is aware how his knowledge and power are limited, while he feels the magnitude of his task. Is it his business to cure all his patients? It is so, if he can do it, even in the sense now attached to the word *cure*. But, in the original sense of it, he should cure all; for in that sense to cure meant to take care. The priest had the parish for his cure, the physician the sick for his. In this sense the sick were under his cure till they got well or died, if they were willing to remain so. The physician may do very much for the welfare of the sick, more than others can do, although he does not, even in the major part of cases, undertake to control and overcome the disease by art. It was with these views that I never reported any patients 'cured' at our hospital. Those who recovered their health before they left the house were reported as 'well,' not implying that they were made so by the active treatment they had received there. But it was to be understood that all patients received in that house were to be cured, that is, taken care of."

The titles of the papers written for the "New England Journal of Medicine and Surgery" by Dr. Jackson are as follows: —

Volume I. 1812.

1. Remarks on Morbid Effects of Dentition.

Volume II.

2. Diseases of the Pancreas.

3. Tic Douloureux.

4. Case of a Disease which has lately prevailed in Some Parts of the Northern States.

5. Collections of Morbid Anatomy. II. Inflammation of the Lungs and Petechiæ in the Pericardium.

Volume III.

6. Collections of Morbid Anatomy. III. Case of a Boy who swallowed a Piece of Copper.

7. Collections of Morbid Anatomy. IV. Case of Inflammation in the Mucous Membrane of the Alimentary Canal, occasioning Obstinate Diarrhœa.

8. Case of Inflammation in the Mucous Membrane of the Alimentary Canal and Malformation of the Heart.

Volume V.

9. On the Properties of Life.

10. Collections of Morbid Anatomy. VI. A Case of Psoas Abscess.

11. A Case of Rheumatism in the Heart, Eyes, etc.

Volume X. 1821.

12. Cynanche Laryngea.

Volume XI. July, 1822.

13. On the Occasional Prevalence of Fever in Certain Families.

October, 1822.

14. On a Peculiar Disease resulting from the Use of Ardent Spirits (or Arthrodynia à Potu).

Volume XII. July, 1823.

15. A Case of Tubercles in both the Chest and Abdomen, terminated by Hydrocephalus Internus.

Other Publications.

1. Observations concerning the Influenza which prevailed in Boston in February and March, 1807. (Read June 4, 1807.) M. M. S. Vol. II.

2. Report of Committee on Vaccination. (1808.) M. M. S. Vol. I, Appendix.

3. Remarks on the Brunonian System. (1809.) M. M. S. Vol. II.

4. Report on the Spotted or Petechial Fever by Thomas Welsh, James Jackson, and John C. Warren. (1813.) M. M. S. Vol. II.

5. Eulogy on the Character of John Warren. (1815.) M. M. S. Vol. III.

6. A Syllabus of the Lectures delivered at the Massachusetts Medical College to the Medical Students of Harvard University. (1816.)

7. A Syllabus of the Lectures to the Senior Sophisters in Harvard University. (1816.)

8. A Discourse on Fever, Massachusetts Medical Society. (June, 1818.) M. M. S. Vol. III.

9. Text-book of a Course of Lectures on the Theory and Practice of Physic, Part 1, 2. For the use of the medical students of Harvard University. (1825–27.)

10. An Address at the Funeral of John Gorham. (31st of March, 1829.) M. M. S. Vol. IV.

11. Report to the Massachusetts Medical Society on Spasmodic Cholera. (1832.)

12. James Jackson, Jr. Memoir, with Extracts from his Letters to his Father and Medical Cases collected by him. (1835.)

13. Louis, P. C. A. Researches on the Effects of Blood-letting, etc. Translated by Charles G. Putnam, with Preface and Appendix by James Jackson. (1836.)

14. On a Variety of Paruria Retentionis Peculiar to Females. (1836.) M. M. S. Vol. V.

15. A Report founded on the Cases of Typhoid Fever or the Common Continued Fever of New England which occurred in the Massachusetts General Hospital from the Opening of that Institution in September, 1821–1835. (1838.)

16. Letters to a Young Physician. (1855.)

17. Memoir on the Last Sickness of General Washington and its Treatment by Attending Physicians. (1860.)

18. Another Letter to a Young Physician. (1861.)

The principal positions held by Dr. Jackson, other than those of medical character and the titles conferred upon him, were as follows: —

Harvard University	Professor emeritus	1836–
	Overseer	1844–1846
	LL. D.	1854–

Corresponding Member Royal Academy of France, 1835–
President American Academy of Arts and Sciences, 1838–1839
Member American Philosophical Society.
Honorary Member Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society, London.

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The Riverside Press
Electrotyped and printed by H. O. Houghton & Co.
Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.

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